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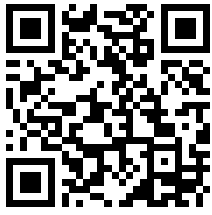

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Vol. V. No. 1. April, 1928

The FIGHTING FORCES

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
for THE ROYAL NAVY
• • • THE ARMY *and* • • •
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Edited by
LIEUT.-COL. R. M. RAYNSFORD, D.S.O.

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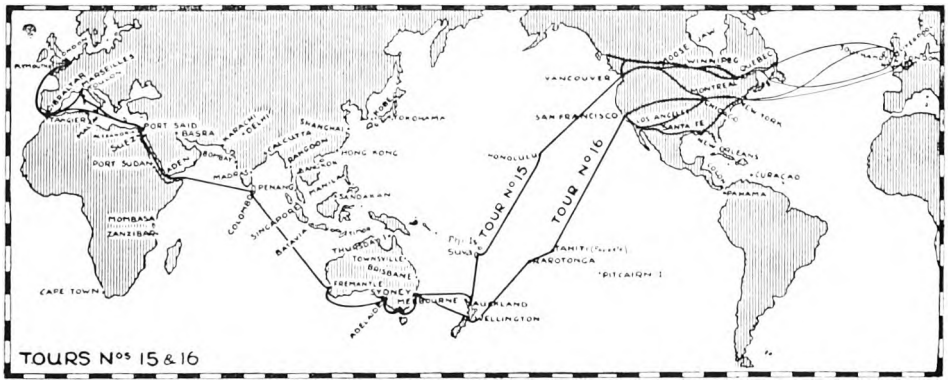

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THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

He lived to know the after years,
The strife of tongues, the critic's pen;
But free from private aims or fears,
He strove to serve his fellow men.

With steadfast faith and loyal heart,
With honour stainless to the end,
In war and peace he played his part,
The soldier's leader—and their friend,

MURIEL KENT.

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. V APRIL, 1928 No. 1

EDITORIAL

The Services Estimates.

In the debate on Air Estimates in the House of Commons on March 12th Mr. John Buchan said he could not help wondering uneasily whether our defence problem was really being considered as a whole or still in watertight compartments. Mr. Buchan's uneasiness is justified. Our defence problems are considered in watertight compartments and probably will continue to be so, for the all-powerful horde of permanent civilian officials at the three Service Ministries (they are dug in to an incredible extent at the Admiralty), are tooth-and-nail advocates of three separate and self-contained departments. We firmly believe there can be no hope of really big results in Service economies until our defence problems are debated as a whole in the House of Commons, and until the present Committee of the Chiefs of Staff becomes an executive body with power to enforce their orders upon all three Services.

Considered individually the chief features of this year's Estimates are as under :—

(*a*) Naval Estimates.

It is a curious characteristic of a large section of our politicians and our Press that their attention is easily distracted from large issues by some minor, but more intriguing incident. In the excitement over the *Royal Oak* episode, the introduction of this year's Naval Estimates has produced a minimum of comment. True, they are not very striking in themselves, and the First Lord's speech was largely composed of a defence, obviously

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for political reasons, against the charge that the Conservative Government had failed at the Naval Conference at Geneva. The speech also contained a " gesture " to the United States to stay her hand in cruiser construction. This " gesture " takes the form of dropping three cruisers out of our replacement programme which it has been officially asserted, again and again, is the minimum for our needs. This policy of abnegation has evoked little response from America and it is to be hoped that in future the Government will take the more robust course of building purely according to our own naval needs, and according to our commercial needs as well, for it should not be forgotten that " trade follows the flag."

There is to be an increase in the Fleet Air Arm which we deal with later on. A most satisfactory feature of Mr. Bridgeman's statement was his tribute to the high state of discipline in the Navy, as testified by the marked decrease in punishments, and the admirable relations existing between officers and ship's companies. This throws into still higher relief the utter absurdity of the sensational headlines which found their way into some of our newspapers in connection with the incident already referred to. The whole episode shows how extreme is the lack of knowledge in certain sections of the Press of the merest elements of Naval life and technique, though admittedly the Naval tendency towards secretiveness contributes in some measure towards this ignorance.

For ourselves, we can only say that it is an amazing tribute to the discipline of the Navy that such incidents do not occur more frequently in view of the life of constant " proximity " they are forced to lead.

Similar incidents arising out of incompatibility have occurred in the Army and have caused but little comment. A somewhat notable case of this nature occurred at Aldershot in 1925 and was not even mentioned in the Press. But then, the public knows a good deal about the Army and is extremely ignorant about the Navy. As a result, when some episode of this nature does come to light in the Navy, an absurdly exaggerated importance is attached to it.

(*b*) Army Estimates.

The speech of the Secretary of State for War on Army Estimates on March 8th was, on the whole, a businesslike statement. To start with, he was able to show a net decrease of £515,000 ; thus, for six years running, there has been a substantial and progressive reduction in the Army Vote. In 1922 the figure

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stood at £62,300,000; this year the net total of the Army Estimates is £41,050,000. There are reductions in numbers and establishments, and a ruthless reduction of expenditure on new works and lands. In this connection it is permissible to hope that a little more foresight will be shown in the future. At the Cavalry School at Weedon, the completion of the stabling accommodation, conceived on highly extravagant and ambitious lines, has synchronized with a drastic reduction in the establishment of horses now to be maintained there. The transformation of the 11th Hussars and 12th Lancers into armoured car regiments is a spectacular but welcome change. These famous regiments will retain their titles, privileges, precedence and identity as regiments of the Corps of Cavalry of the Line, a course of action which will do much to soften the blow. When the time comes for certain infantry battalions to be transformed into tank battalions, we hope the change may be effected in the same way. There are no other very striking changes. Mechanization, especially of first-line transport, is to proceed slowly, but surely, and even India, largely as a result of the War Secretary's visit, is coming into line, though we deplore the fact that there was no mention of the formation of an armoured brigade in that country. We confess to having read with immense satisfaction Sir Laming Worthington-Evans's remarks on the work of the Armoured Brigade at Tidworth. "Psychologically," he said, "the effect on training had been very marked. The mere fact that something new was actually being done had put new life into all units. Even the experience of being attacked by the mechanized force was exhilarating and stimulating. It was a pledge of progress." THE FIGHTING FORCES has been one of the few Service journals to stress the appalling dullness of the old-fashioned, and the vitalizing effects of the new-fashioned methods of training, and it was pleasant to find our views confirmed by the Secretary of State for War himself.

As regards the Territorials, there was such a storm of protest over the abolition of the bounty last year, that this year they have been left almost entirely alone. The expected reduction of infantry establishments has not even been put into force. This is a pity. It would not be an unpopular move, as there are many units who can never hope to get anywhere near their establishment.

Sir Samuel Hoare was able to show a substantial reduction in expenditure in the gross Air Force Estimates all the

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(c) Air Force Estimates.

more satisfactory from the fact that the strength of the Royal Air Force is being increased from the equivalent of sixty-nine squadrons to seventy-three squadrons. From our own point of view the most satisfactory item of all is the provision of two new flights of flying-boats, one for home waters and the other for overseas. In his covering memorandum the Secretary of State for Air recognizes that flying boats have "great potentialities for protecting Imperial communications." The only other item in the Air Estimates requiring comment is the question of expenditure on airship and civil aviation. Whilst the provision for the latter shows a reduction of £49,000 (the Vote standing at the low figure of £415,000), the net provision for the two airships still building is £432,000. We fully share the doubts expressed by certain Members of Parliament as to the wisdom of so much money being expended on airship construction and are of opinion that it would have been far wiser to have utilized a substantial proportion of this sum for the development of flying boats for our Imperial airways. This type of aircraft has now proved its reliability and is rapidly gaining the confidence of the commercial world. On the other hand, airship construction remains a purely speculative venture and years must elapse before airships can take their place as a reliable means of transportation.

* * *

The Fleet Air Arm.

In the first few words of his Naval Estimates speech Mr. Bridgeman said the principal item of expenditure was £198,000 to the Fleet Air Arm. This item is for two new flights required for training purposes in anticipation of the completion next year of the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Glorious*. We may, for convenience, classify the carriers as under :—

(*a*) Latest types	... ...	*Furious*, *Courageous*, and *Glorious*.
(*b*) Earlier types	... ...	*Hermes*, *Eagle*, and *Argus*.
(*c*) Obsolescent types, capable of operating a few sea-planes only	... ...	*Ark Royal*, and *Pegasus*.

The total cost of these carriers runs into many millions. The *Courageous* has recently been converted at Devonport

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Dockyard at a cost of £2,025,800 and her total cost must be in the neighbourhood of £4,000,000, which represents an outlay of over £50,000 for every aircraft she is capable of operating. Is it worth it? Does the Navy require all these huge carriers now building and in commission and whose cost must deprive her of money sorely needed for other purposes? Could the Navy not secure increased and more effective air support by other means involving infinitely less expenditure? If we had any doubt about the answers to these questions, it was set aside when we read in our morning paper an account of the recent Combined Fleet exercises off Gibraltar. "An early disaster cost the Red Fleet the aircraft carrier *Eagle*, which was torpedoed *twenty-two* times by destroyers and submarines."

* * *

Naval Economies.

Every year, as the time approaches for presenting Naval Estimates to Parliament, we see an outburst in the daily Press, or by some politician, against "inflated staffs at the Admiralty." In such criticisms little or no attempt is made to discriminate between the professional element, which now makes up the very necessary Naval Staff, and the civil element which has swollen out of all proportion to its utility and to the financial, administrative and clerical needs of that office and the present-day fleet. Unhappily it needs a national crisis, like the Boer War, to produce an Esher Committee, strong enough and independent enough to purge a great department of State. Year by year the cry goes up for economy in the Fighting Forces, and the Navy, being the most expensive and, in peace time, farthest from the notice of the Man-in-the-Street, is generally most hotly assailed. Yet, year by year, it is the fighting or training needs of the Navy which suffer; oil fuel is cut down so that sea exercises have to be carried out in hectic spasms, a cruiser or two is dropped out of the programme, a few more officers are doomed to half-pay and unemployment; but the huge machine of civil administration in Whitehall remains unchanged.

The number of naval officers working at the Admiralty has, admittedly, very greatly increased as compared with what it was before the war, but it should never be forgotten that disasters, such as the sinking of the three *Cressys*, the escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, our defeat at Coronel, and the

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whole colossal mess of the Dardanelles campaign, came about very largely owing to there being no thinking and planning personnel, no properly developed Naval Staff in time of peace—*i.e.*, before August, 1914.

* * *

The Secretary of the Admiralty.

In the course of their well-intentioned labours to secure economy, a self-appointed Committee of M.Ps. turned their attention, recently, to the Naval Staff and, in due course, let it be known that in their view its numbers were excessive. Shortly afterwards the Service learnt with amazement from the lips of the First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff, that, in making their investigations and report, this Committee had not even had the courtesy to inform him that his Staff had come under their scrutiny, much less had he been invited to explain its construction and its work.

What is infinitely more amazing, however, is to read that the Secretary of the Admiralty appeared before this Committee and represented his chief without the latter's knowledge or consent. We write " his chief " advisedly, for that is the proper relation of the head of the clerical staff to the professional head of any of the Services. The fact that there is a ministerial head constitutionally superior to the professional head does not, or should not, alter this position.

Unfortunately a misguided Coalition Government placed the Secretary of the Admiralty in the anomalous position of being both the servant of the Board and one of its members. It is not very widely known in the Service that this is the case.

The whole mysterious manœuvring which brought about this change is traceable to Treasury influence. It is this same influence which, instead of working on the side of true economy in the Navy, keeps innumerable Civil Service officials in Whitehall, duplicating each others labours, and interfering with the proper functions of the naval element in the Admiralty Office. It would surprise many of our less initiated readers to know the extent of this interference and the nature of some of the opinions expressed in official documents on purely professional matters by gentlemen whose associations with the Fleet are limited to occasional visits to H.M. Dockyards.

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In their famous report on the Reconstruction of the War Office in 1907, the Esher Committee said :—

> "We desire to repeat that the criticism of military policy by civilians, whose functions should be limited to examination of estimated cost and expenditure, has become a habit, incurable unless drastic reforms are applied."

and again :—

> "The entire system of War Office finance . . . is based upon the assumption that all military officers are spendthrifts and that their actions must be governed in gross and in detail by civilians. This theory is largely responsible for the unreadiness for war which has been frequently exhibited, as well as for reckless and wasteful expenditure . . . . There can be no doubt that in proportion as officers are accustomed to financial responsibilities the economy which they alone can secure will be effected."

Almost every word of the foregoing might be applied to the Admiralty of to-day. A special committee within that office is reported to have been examining the whole question of the duties of the Naval Staff, but what is wanted is a far more powerful committee, like the Esher Committee, to purge the Admiralty of redundant secretarial and financial staffs and to restore the Secretary's Office to its proper place. This may yet come, but, meanwhile, we can at least hope that the present holder of that office will not again presume to represent Admiralty opinion without the authority of his Naval chief.

* * *

Sea Training.

The great assembly of ships for the Mediterranean and Atlantic combined exercises suggests the thought that we may be spending too much on battle-fleet training. This is quite distinct from any idea that battleships are obsolete extravagances, a view to which we are very far from subscribing.

But it is arguable whether we need keep such a large proportion (14 out of 16) of our battleships in sea-going commission. The Navy of to-day is hard put to it to give its officers sufficient sea training and adequate experience in command. That training is of primary importance, but one

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of the lessons of Jutland which does not, even yet, seem to have been learnt, is that in battle no amount of collective training is of value unless the spirit of individual enterprise and responsibility is kept alive in commanding officers. That spirit is in danger of being lost by too much service in big ships and big fleets, long intervals ashore and lack of opportunity to take the initiative.

It is in the " little ships," on independent service, that the naval officer has most chance of showing his true worth in peace time. The lieutenant-commander of a river gunboat is frequently faced with responsibilities unknown to the captain of a battleship ; yet it is only of late that small ship commands have been regarded as good service for promotion. The more ships we can keep in commission the better for sea training and for developing the right type of naval officer. As things stand to-day, however, if we are to incur increased expense by adding to the number, we must find proportional economy by reducing the individual cost. The only way to do this would seem to be to commission more small ships and to pay off some of our older battleships into reserve.

* * *

The Navy and Publicity.

It is no easy matter to find out what the Navy is doing. Yet like the Army and Air Force it is obvious that they have their vital problems of the day. It is, however, a matter of extreme rarity to find an article by a *serving* officer in the Navy on a subject matter connected with his own profession. The reason is not far to seek. Writing is not viewed with any sort of sympathy by the Naval authorities ; on the contrary, it is severely frowned on, and the old parrot-cry of " Detrimental to Discipline " is still produced to quell the aspirations of those who wish to put their views and ideas into print. Those who, greatly daring, do send forward articles for consideration have to submit to a particularly rigid censorship, even in the case of articles for *The Naval Review*. This is a " Hush, Hush " journal, of somewhat forbidding appearance, with no title or wording of any sort on the outside covers, produced by the Naval Society for private circulation amongst its members. All articles are anonymous. It is strictly enjoined that *The Naval Review* is not to be left about where it might be read by unauthorized persons, and that its contents are not to be discussed with anyone outside the range of the

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Service. Actually, some very excellent articles appear in *The Naval Review*, and it is a great pity they should not have a wider publicity. One cannot imagine, for example, that anything catastrophic would occur if this journal was on view in the Service Clubs. But seeing that there is all this exaggerated secrecy about their own private journal, it is only natural that Naval officers should feel it would be highly injudicious to submit articles for publication in other magazines. In fact, there is good reason for thinking that prospects have suffered and promotion been blocked in cases where this very obvious warning has been neglected.

We believe that this official attitude, which quells thought and quells discussion, and with which many senior Naval officers are by no means in accord, is detrimental to the Navy as a whole. Besides which the Navy needs publicity, and is in some danger of losing its hitherto assured portion in the affections of the public through the lack of it.

With the Army it is far otherwise. Sound, constructive, helpful, well-written articles by serving Army officers are to be seen on all sides in the various Service journals. Army censorship is, on the whole, extraordinarily liberal, as witness the exceedingly outspoken articles which constantly appear in print. At the Staff College first term students are discouraged from writing, for the very natural reason that their time is fully taken up in finding their feet and becoming *au fait* with their new surroundings, but after the first term is over they are encouraged to write as much as they like. It is realized that writing promotes study, promotes thought and discussion, the development of logical reasoning, and a certain independence of outlook. Force of character and personality are now as ever the chief attributes of a successful commander, yet the ability to express himself clearly and logically, whether it be by word of mouth or the written word—and the one helps the other—is more than ever essential to the officer of the present day.

As regards publicity the Air Force have many factors in their favour. The Air Ministry, unhampered by tradition, have thoroughly modern ideas on this important subject, and realize to the fullest extent how important it is to keep their branch of the Services well before the public eye.

It is a great pity that the Admiralty seem so adverse from coming into line with the other two Services in this subject.

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The Army learnt with very sincere pleasure that the King had approved of the promotion to the rank of Field-Marshal of General Sir George Milne.

Field-Marshal Sir George Milne.

Throughout these extraordinarily difficult times the Chief of the Imperial General Staff has kept firm hold of the reins and won the confidence of the Army to a degree which it is no exaggeration to say has far exceeded that of any of his predecessors. He has been strong enough and able enough to rely on his own judgment, and has been swayed neither by clamorous Fleet Street demands for innovation on the one hand nor reactionary influences on the other.

We have consistently pressed for a speeding-up of mechanization, but it has not been from any lack of realization of the many difficulties that lie in the way. In spite of all these difficulties the C.I.G.S. has done wonders during his tour of office, and it is no secret that the General Staff regard him as the best Chief they have ever had. His speech at Tidworth last year to the Armoured Brigade, apart from being a clear-cut exposition of what future warfare will entail, revealed his sense of humanity as well. Mr. H. G. Wells has characterized the military profession as " ruthless and insensitive," but at any rate the Head of the Army has none of that callousness of outlook which seems to regard the Great War casualties as merely a subject for academic discussion.

" A complete change of outlook is essential." This is Sir George Milne's considered opinion, and this he is aiming to bring about. It is to be hoped he will be given time to complete his work. At no very distant date the question of his successor will be considered. It would be in the interests both of the nation and the Army if Sir George Milne were given an extension of his tour of duty, until such time as mechanization, and all it stands for, is firmly established.

* * *

When R.A.M.C. officers get together and talk things over, sooner or later one of them says : " My dear fellow, the Corps is dead." There is much to justify this pessimistic view. Promotions to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel since the Armistice probably do not number a hundred, and Majors awaiting promotion are getting on for fifty years of age. Majors

The R.A.M.C.

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who have twenty years' service cannot hope for promotion until all the present Lieutenant-Colonels, Colonels and Generals have retired. Nothing seems to be done nowadays in the way of giving a helping hand up the ladder of promotion to the Majors and—though their interests are not quite so much affected—the more junior ranks of the R.A.M.C. This cannot fail to have detrimental effects, and unless something is done, the R.A.M.C. will become a Corps with its tail down. It seems to us that the senior officers of the Corps are somewhat to blame. With a few exceptions, they appear not to have, or at any rate to have lost, the art of leadership; they give little encouragement to their juniors, they rarely make speeches or addresses, they just stay on, and seeing that the increase of pay of 1926 gave, somewhat unnecessarily, extra emoluments to Lieutenant-Colonels and Colonels, it is perhaps not to be wondered at. But there is no keenness in the Corps. It is not only due to grievances about rank and pay. In the old days before the war, there was always a new "stunt" in progress, and everyone was eagerly working towards some definite goal, *i.e.*, anti-typhoid inoculation. Now there is a lack of these vitalizing influences. Yet a man with imagination, a medical live wire would quickly galvanize the Corps out of its rut of despondency and restore the *morale* which undoubtedly existed after the South African War, even if pay and promotion left something to be desired. Not but what the present stagnation in promotion is utterly unjustifiable. In the Navy a surgeon reaches the equivalent rank of Lieutenant-Colonel after twelve years' service. In the Indian Medical Service Majors are promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel after twenty years' service. The I.M.S. and the R.A.M.S. take seniority in India by rank. This obviously gives the I.M.S. officer certain advantages, such as Senior Medical Officer on service, etc.

After the South African War conditions improved enormously in the R.A.M.C., and the very best types at the medical schools were encouraged to join the Corps. The result was that competition was keen, men went to special crammers, and passing in was the sign of a good professional man. *These are the men who are now awaiting promotion*, and beginning to lose heart.

Since the Great War conditions have steadily deteriorated. The superstitious look on it as a Corps that has no luck about it, no officer of the R.A.M.C. will put his son into the Corps.

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Yet the R.A.M.C. officer knows his importance in war, and has a vivid recollection of the splendidly efficient work his Corps did in the great crisis. He was a big noise in war time, and should be a big noise in peace as well. The normal practitioner only sees disease ; the Service doctor sees health, and health is what the profession needs to study.

The War Office have tried to run their doctors for a century and made a mess of it ; there is too much " military " business about the " high ups," and not enough doctoring. Colonels and Generals are styled late R.A.M.C. Not what they are but what they once were. There is a mass of useless paper work going on that is not wanted. Why have an A.D.M.S. of an area ? And why have a D.A.D. of Hygiene to assist him ? Neither are wanted. The man who runs the hospital can do all this area stunt on his own. What is the solution ? Obviously an Imperial Medical Service, divorced from the War Office, and run by doctors for doctors.

Meanwhile it is doubtful if the Army realizes how much it owes to its doctors. Quite a large proportion of the work done is outside what it is necessary to do, *e.g.*, attending officers' and soldiers' families over the age of thirteen, inoculating friends, paying two visits a day where the practitioner would only call once in three days, examination of eyes, X-rays, etc., etc. Few people seem to recognize how much is done that is outside the regulations. It is only after retirement that one fully realizes how much the Army doctor did. While in the Service it is all taken very much for granted.

Mess Presidents and A.D.C.'s especially are rather apt to forget about the doctors when invitations are being sent out. Not a very important matter, perhaps, but these things do count and are not without considerable influence on the youngster who contemplates entering the R.A.M.C. It is one of the things a real R.A.M.C. leader would attend to tactfully and get put right.

* * *

The Mongol Complex.

We remember how, when we were younger than we are now, much merriment was caused by a plaintive query from the Bench, " Who is Connie Gilchrist ? " We do not ourselves wish to ask a similar question about Jenghiz Khan, having a weak strain of Gibbon still left in our mental outfit, but we feel inclined, with apologies to the Swan of Avon, to exclaim

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" Who is Jenghiz ? What is he that all the scribes commend him ? " Personally, we think that the dragging of this old military Lazarus from his tomb has gone a great deal too far. As to what circumstances have brought about this curious revival of interest in Mongol strategy and tactics of 700 years ago we cannot hazard even a wide solution. A learned friend whom we have consulted on the matter vehemently asserts that the striking advertisement on our back cover has gone to the heads of certain military writers, that it has touched a Chinese complex, and has made them regurgitate with recollections of a one-time vassal of Pekin. We do not say that we accept this explanation. But since, like Gibbon, we " cannot refuse ourselves to those events which, from their uncommon magnitude, will interest a philosophic mind in the history of blood," we turn aside for the moment from weightier topics to give our views about this curious craze.

Although a distinguished writer has recently assured us that Jenghiz Khan and his armies attained the " intellectual discipline " so lauded by Marshal Foch, he does not tell us that J.K. could neither read nor write, drawbacks shared by the immense majority of his subjects. And though we are given much information regarding the tactics and organization of the Mongolian armies, it is not brought out that such knowledge is based on tradition merely. It was not indeed till nearly 70 years after the death of Jenghiz that these traditions were collected and reduced to writing. Although we have not personally read the Mogul history of Fadlallah—mediæval Persian unfortunately always makes us tired—nor the Syriac extracts made by Assemannus from the IXth Dynasty of Abulpharagius, we doubt very much whether they have much military value or are without a marked Jack-the-Giant-Killer strain. At any rate, we have read in one of these sources—we forget which—that J.K. deduced his seventh ancestor from the immaculate conception of a virgin—a statement which, to say the least of it, made us view other items of his career with some suspicion.

That there are some features of warfare common to the days of Jenghiz Khan and our own is of course obvious. The advantage of mobility is one of them. But this recognition of a commonplace was desperately *vieux jeu* long before J.K. was winning his spurs. Seventeen centuries earlier Wu had declared that " Lightness is the most important

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thing in War ; if the men are free to move the fight prospers." Our authority is " The Chinese Book of War," published in the fifth century before Christ. Again, J.K. shares with Peter the Great, Frederick the Great and Moltke the distinction of galloping off his first battlefield. J.K. sometimes shielded an attack with women and children, a barbarism we seem to have heard of in the Great War ; and there is reason to believe that his Chinese engineers used gunpowder for demolitions.* But these trifling similarities will not lead us to study the strategy and tactics of the Mongolians of the 13th century. Jenghiz Khan sleeps with his 500 wives and concubines in the far valley of Killien. Let us avoid making that venerable warrior turn in his grave by instituting fruitless comparisons between his campaigns and war of to-day.

* * *

The Boom In Parthians.

Unfortunately, there is nowadays not only a rise in Jenghiz Khan stock, there is a boom in Parthians as well, and in nearly every military article, lecture or address we have seen of late an effort is made to unload this dubious oriental scrip, and to expatiate on the exploits of these old-time archer-hussars. We do not propose to waste our reader's time with a monologue on the defeat of Crassus by the Parthians. The event took place one thousand nine hundred and eighty-one years ago, and has about it an ancient fish-like smell. We content ourselves with saying that the references by the scribes to that contest convince us that they have an exceedingly sketchy notion of the Battle of Carrhæ ; and that, to us, any attempt to make that disaster to the Roman arms " mesh " with these days of aeroplanes, wireless, mechanization and gas seems to transcend the limitations of human reason. This is a time to look not backward but ahead. Let us scrap all this B.C. junk and get on with the job.

* * *

North-West Frontier.

Military policy on the North-West Frontier aims at concentrating regular troops at points whence they can operate as a striking force and co-operate with each other. Eventually, it is hoped to connect Fort Sandeman and Wana by a motor road,

* Mr. Harold Lamb's recently published book about J.K. reveals another of his characteristics. One of the laws he made was as follows :— " Get drunk only three times a month. It would be better not to get drunk at all. But who can abstain altogether ?"

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and we shall then have, what we should have had years ago, a lateral road traversing the frontier from Quetta to Peshawar. When this is an accomplished fact, there seems no reason why the whole of the North-West Frontier should not be organized as a single Frontier Command. The present distribution of Commands is not sound, as both the G.O.C.-in-C. Northern and Western Commands have to adopt a Janus-like attitude, facing both towards Afghanistan and British India. If war broke out they would immediately slough that portion of their command which lies in British India and address themselves to their legitimate problems of defending India from external aggression. A G.O.C.-in-C. of a Frontier Command should not so be bothered with questions of internal security, such as the quelling of communal riots, and should, with his staff, be able to devote himself to trans-Frontier problems.

* * *

Waziristan.

There is a quotation in Cicero which reads : " Let war be so carried on that nothing but peace shall seem to be sought." This aptly describes the Indian Government's policy in Waziristan, the result of which is that, except for the occasional malcontent, the inhabitants are friendly and the land is at peace. As a result, the existing roads carry a continuous stream of traffic, both foot and motor, and as a means of protection against the aforesaid malcontent or the cupidity of " he who has not " the tribes along the Road (it is always spelt with a capital " R " in Waziristan) are employed as armed police. These are known as *Khassadars*, a word meaning " special man," or special constable. A Khassadar wears no uniform beyond an armlet ; he is paid one rupee a day and supplies his own rifle and ammunition. His duty is to sit on a hill overlooking the Road and watch for disturbers of the *Sirkar's* peace. In other words, when going about our lawful occasions, we are now protected by our former enemies.

The policy of Government in maintaining law and order is as follows :—First, the Khassadars, whose ultimate role is that of tribal police but whose actual and present employment is that of sitting over the roads to take on any would-be raiders. Behind the Khassadars are the Scouts, or Militia, semi-regular troops recruited from Pathan tribes outside Waziristan. Their function is to patrol the country off the

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roads and to support the Khassadars if required. Both Khassadars and Scouts are under civil control; the former are commanded by their own tribal officers and the latter by British officers with Pathan under-officers. It will thus be seen that Waziristan is both governed and held by the civil power and that the principal role of the regular garrisons is the same as in any other part of the Empire, namely, a striking force ready to act in aid of the civil power if called upon to do so. These garrisons are situated at strategic points in Waziristan, within co-operating distance of one another, and from which, when the road construction programme is complete, regular troops will be able to move quickly and in any direction to suppress disorder if it should get beyond the powers of the local forces. The largest garrison is at Razmak, whence it sallies forth three or four times a year in all the panoply of war and with all the usual military precautions necessary in mountain warfare, partly for training purposes and partly to " show the flag " and remind the tribesman of the power behind the throne.

The civil government is represented in Waziristan by a Resident who is under the Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province. He it is who lets loose and calls off the dogs of war, but in any case punitive action is never taken until political diplomacy has failed, and the tribes concerned usually have plenty of warning, and are able to remove themselves, their families and their portable property to a place of safety. Only in very extreme cases would punishment be carried out without warning.

But in actual fact the civilization of Waziristan is proceeding apace, and an era of prosperity is opening. The tribesmen are at last beginning to realize that the *sirkar* desires peace, and to realize too that the Army of Occupation brings money into the country, money which can be acquired without that danger to life and limb which is inseparable from raiding. The Malik, or tribal leader, with the lion's share of the money to spend, builds himself a more comfortable house and furnishes it with modern comforts. He even purchases a motor car. Is he likely to be willing to risk the loss of all this property by taking up arms or countenancing acts of violence? The answer is obvious.

Work has actually been commenced on a bridge over the Indus at Mari-Kalabagh, which bridge will carry the broad gauge railway up to Laki Marwat, and eventually into

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Waziristan. It is estimated that the bridge will take three years to complete. There can be no doubt of the wisdom of this policy of opening up Waziristan with roads and railways; only thus will the tribesmen be weaned from their ancient habit of raiding, and only thus will this part of the Frontier problem be solved.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant to be able to report that the Secretary of State for War actually got as far as Razmak in his inspection of the Frontier, though he only stayed two hours as he had been forbidden by his doctor to spend more than that time at an altitude exceeding six thousand feet. All the British units in Waziristan, *i.e.*, a battalion, a battery of light guns, a section of medium howitzers (tractorized) and an armoured car company are concentrated at Razmak, so it was his only chance of ascertaining how British troops are standing the strain.

There is no doubt he found the troops were remarkably fit and moreover exceedingly efficient, as there are no distractions from the serious business of training. But he may not have been told that the troops hate the place, because of the entire lack of women.

* * *

British Cavalry in India.

Ever since the days of John Company it has been our policy to maintain a certain proportion of British troops in India. The object of this appears to be threefold :—

(*a*) For Internal Security

(*b*) India is an ideal training ground for "small wars."

(*c*) The presence of British troops undoubtedly at one time increased the *moral* of an Indian Brigade. Whether this is so at the present time is at least arguable. There can be no doubt, however, that a British unit is invaluable in aid of the Civil Power as, by no stretch of imagination, can the British soldier be accused of partiality in a Hindu-Moslem dispute.

In addition to its Internal Security services, a British infantry battalion takes its turn of duty on the Frontier. It is true it only does one year as against two years spent by an Indian battalion, but it nevertheless does its turn. A British cavalry regiment on the other hand, does no Frontier duty, and in consequence finds its only opportunity of active

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service on these occasions when the Indian has to be protected from the results of his own internecine strife.

A British cavalry regiment is an exceedingly expensive unit to maintain, and there seems little doubt that an armoured car company could carry out the same Internal Security duties at less cost and more efficiently. In Delhi, for instance, a section of armoured cars are kept ready, like fire engines, ready to dash out as soon as the alarm is sounded. The moral effect of these engines of war, moving quite slowly up the Chandni Chowk, is guaranteed to have a much greater calming, and deterrent effect than a cavalry regiment, however gallant. A horse and rider make a tempting mark for a sportsman with a stone, anxious, from the safe concealment of a side alley or a house, to precipitate a riot and thus eventually, to provide his employers with a stick with which to beat the Government.

It is, on the other hand, rather a waste of time and energy to throw stones at an armoured car, as, even if the occupants of the car notice the stone, no harm is done except, perhaps, to the paint work.

We suggest, therefore, that British cavalry regiments in India should be replaced by armoured car companies. Being British units, they will fulfil all the conditions indicated in (*a*), (*b*) and (*c*) above, and should be able to carry out operations in aid of the Civil Power more efficiently and less provocatively than cavalry units.

It is further suggested that an Indian cavalry brigade should consist of three Indian cavalry regiments and an armoured car company. The " stiffening " of British troops would remain, but the spirit of co-operation would be substituted for that of competition.*

* * *

Air Co-operation with the Army.

For the first time since the war, as we pointed out in our last number, Bombing and Fighter units of the R.A.F. participated in the Army Manœuvres held last year. It is to be hoped we shall see an appreciable increase in the number of such units taking part in the Army exercises and manœuvres during the current year. No doubt the reason

* The above was written before the Secretary of State for War made his speech on Army Estimates in the House of Commons. The above suggestion, however, forms a quite natural corollary to the changes that are to be made in Cavalry organization.—Ed.

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that this policy was not carried out prior to 1927 was due to the fact that the Air Ministry was too busily occupied in post-war reconstruction, in organizing the Air Defences of this country, in meeting the heavy demands made by the Navy on account of the Fleet Air Arm, and last but not least, in fulfilling its commitments overseas. The Air Ministry's task has been no light one, and the supply of personnel and material for these purposes must have taxed their resources to the utmost. But the time of strain is now over, and there ought to be no difficulty nowadays in these Bombing and Fighter squadrons fulfilling their essential duties with the Army. In fact, their absence for so long a period must have left its mark, and there must be a great deal of leeway to be made up in the matter of training of personnel and the solution of tactical problems. Of such problems undoubtedly the most important is the employment of Fighter and Bombing squadrons in mobile warfare in close tactical support of a mechanized brigade. It is, in fact, a matter which calls for constant practice and highly specialized training, and it is to be hoped that opportunities will be forthcoming, enabling this to be carried out not only in this country but later on in India as well.

* * *

Aden.

The recent announcement that the R.A.F. had taken over control of Aden needs no great comment, beyond the fact that it is a new departure and differs in some respects from that associated with Iraq and Palestine. R.A.F. control of the hinterland of Aden is a task well within the capabilities of the Air, but when, as in this case, such control includes defence against attack from the sea, the problem is one of which we have no practical experience to guide us in commenting on the advisability or otherwise of the experiment. But we can assume that in this particular instance there is not much likelihood of any attack of this nature materializing, and that therefore the task confronting the R.A.F. is well within its ability. The R.A.F. now seems well established throughout the whole Middle East, and its responsibilities here and in India have assumed a scale far in excess of any we should have thought possible ten years ago.

The past few months have shown very clearly what these responsibilities entail, for the R.A.F. have been actively engaged in all these regions including Aden itself, where, as

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a result of an invasion of the Aden Protectorate by a large number of Zeidis, No. 8 (Bombing) Squadron were called upon to take action with a view to forcing the Zeidis to evacuate. This they did quite successfully, by the simple method of dropping warnings on the recalcitrant tribe.

In Iraq, on the other hand, the Wahibis are proving a hard nut to crack, and the Iraq-Nejd situation is causing considerable anxiety. No. 47 (Bombing) Squadron, now stationed at Khartoum, has also been called upon to deal with disaffections in the Upper Nile Province, and has performed its task with complete success.

* * *

The R.A.F. in India.

The Government of India seems at long last to have appreciated the potentialities of aircraft and the necessity not only for an increase in the number of Air Force units, but also for re-equipping the Air Force in India with up-to-date types of aircraft. The announcement that the strength of the R.A.F. in India is to be increased from six to eight squadrons will be received with general satisfaction. This increase is apparently to be met by the dispatch in the near future of two (Nos. 11 and 39) Bombing Squadrons from England. We understand that these squadrons will be re-equipped with one or other of the new "General Purpose" machines, the Westland Wapiti or the Fairey IIIF.

Air Force reinforcements for India introduces another question. If ever the long expected attack on India, *via* Afghanistan, comes off, British troops will be badly handicapped by the lack of maps of that intriguing country. We fear that it is improbable that the King of Afghanistan will ever be persuaded to allow us to survey his country in peace time. The only alternative is to arrange for aerial survey should war ever break out, for failing maps we should have to fall back on air photographs.

The types of machines with which the R.A.F. squadrons in India are equipped indicate that they are, or should be, fitted to undertake photographic work. Therefore it should be only a matter of making the necessary arrangements for the provision of photographic equipment. This should be available in peace, so that in the event of hostilities this important work can be undertaken without delay. Furthermore, unless the personnel who may be called upon to under-

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take this photographic work in an emergency are provided with the necessary facilities for constant practice in taking photographs under Indian climatic conditions, the results are unlikely to come up to the standard required.

Possibly this question may have been considered; it certainly demands consideration, and the fact that reinforcements are being sent out in the near future leads us to hope that these squadrons will be equipped for photographic work. The necessity for it may, and we trust never will, arise, but it is a form of insurance which it would be unwise to neglect.

* * *

The Late Lieutenant-Commander W. N. Barstow.

It is with the very greatest regret that we have to announce the death, early in January last, at the early age of thirty, of Lieut.-Commander W. N. Barstow, R.N., late Assistant Editor of THE FIGHTING FORCES. Owing to ill-health he was invalided from the Royal Navy in 1924, while serving on the Australian station. Undeterred, he immediately interested himself in journalism, for which he had a real gift, and became a regular contributor to the Australian papers. On his return home he became associated with THE FIGHTING FORCES and his articles written sometimes under the pseudonym of "Forebridge," and sometimes under his own name, were remarkable for a singular charm of style and clarity of view. His last article, "The Battle of the Falklands," and perhaps his best, which appeared in the January number of THE FIGHTING FORCES, was written in the South of France when he was, as he knew, slowly dying. Yet his sense of loyalty enabled him to finish it, in spite of intense suffering.

Lieut.-Commander Barstow saw varied service during the war. He was present at the Battle of the Falklands and served on the Red Sea and North Atlantic, and the rigours of the latter following close on tropical service may have sown the seeds of the malady from which he died. He married in 1923 Miss Mary Fraser, of Brisbane, Australia, and their intimate friends know what a staunch helpmate he found in her. It was through her devoted assistance that he was able to overcome, as far as possible, the disabilities under which he so constantly worked.

For ourselves we can only deplore the loss of a singularly capable and charming collaborator.

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THE SERVICES IN PARLIAMENT

By A Parliamentary Correspondent.

THERE can be no complaint of the lack of interest in both Houses of Parliament in the Fighting Services, and the debates during the first weeks of the 1928 session have been of the greatest importance. It is my unpleasant duty, however, to record two serious failures of Parliament to deal with admitted grievances of humbler members of the Services. Despite the efforts of General Sir John Davidson and others, nothing has been done for the pre-war Navy and Army pensioners. These old soldiers and sailors, who almost to a man offered their services in the late war, received very little addition to their meagre pittances despite the tremendous rise in the cost of living and the far better pensions enjoyed by those who retired after the war. Widows and orphans of insured persons in industry have had a mighty pension scheme arranged for them, and the insured old age pensioners receive their reward at the age of sixty-five. But the old veterans of former wars, many of whom served in the last war, are still forgotten. And the other disappointment is the failure, through parliamentary slackness, to do something for the young seaman or stoker who is discharged as unfit for service from the Royal Navy through tuberculosis and without any kind of pension or compensation in 90 per cent. of the cases. After all, these young fellows have to pass a very stiff medical examination, and there is no question of their having any trace of T.B. when they enter the Service. And it is hard to believe that only 10 per cent. of them subsequently discharged have contracted the dread disease as a result of their sea service. Sir Bertram Falle, who has been member for Portsmouth since 1910, having won a place in the ballot for private members' motions, brought this question—admittedly of real human interest—forward in private members' time. During the whole debate there were less than forty Members of Parliament present, and three times a count was called; members dropped in to make a quorum and then disappeared. Even so Colonel Headlam, the Secretary to the Admiralty, was prepared to grant what Sir Bertram and the speakers of every other Party advocated—namely, the right of appeal against the decision of the Medical

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Board that the disease is not attributable to naval service. But before Colonel Headlam could make this reply and concession a final count was taken, and only thirty-six members could be whipped up to keep the House. As this was four under the minimum number, the Speaker adjourned until the next day, when Government business had precedence, and thus this last chance of getting justice for a humble but deserving section of the King's Forces was lost through apathy and neglect.

I must also refer to the question of the political rights of soldiers and sailors, officers and men alike, that has been before Parliament. In the 1918 election and subsequent elections, officers and men of the Forces were allowed a good deal of political latitude, the reason being, of course, that a large proportion of the civilian population was then serving in uniform. These privileges, or, if we like to call them so, laxities, have gradually been pruned away, and we are back now to pre-war. All ranks of the forces may use the votes to which they are entitled, but they may not take any sort of part in politics, even when on leave, such as asking questions of the candidates at meetings. There is, of course, very much to be said for this, as in the opinion of most people the less the Services have to do with politics the better; but in their zeal the Admiralty, followed by the War Office and Air Ministry, have taken away a far older right of the half-pay officer. Up till August of last year an officer on half pay had the full rights of any other citizen. Many distinguished officers, notably the late Lord Charles Beresford, entered Parliament from the half-pay list and were brilliant members of that Assembly. Lord Charles's dramatic resignation from the Board of Admiralty and his successful candidature for Parliament had the most far-reaching effects. He performed the greatest service to the Navy and the nation on the green benches, and was largely responsible for the reorganizing and strengthening of the Fleet and for its state of efficiency in 1914. But now no half-pay officer is to be permitted to stand for Parliament or indulge in any other political activity, while any such officer who is a Peer is precluded from sitting or voting in the House of Lords. The only exceptions made are in the cases of Admirals of the Fleet and Field-Marshals who, although on full pay and technically on the Active List, are supposed for this purpose, by a polite fiction, to be outside the zone of future

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employment. As this will apply to the comparatively young Air-Marshals also, the anomaly is evident.

The real cause of these orders is that under the Trade Union Act of 1927 the Civil Service is prohibited from taking any part in politics. And in the Civil Service there is no half-pay list. Our civilian bureaucrats could not tolerate the thought of the half-pay naval or military officer enjoying privileges from which they are precluded, and they rushed this Order in Council through after Parliament had risen last year. And despite the efforts of Commander Bellairs and Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, neither the Admiralty nor the War Office will budge. The present Parliament and the present House of Lords have a very large percentage of service men of all ranks. But in a decade from now there will be few service members in Parliament, except of an age when they are past their best work, and the legal profession and business men, always very fully represented, will be supreme.

On February 28th Viscount Haldane initiated the most important discussion on Army affairs that has taken place since the end of the war. His Lordship severely criticized the new distribution of duties at the War Office and the future staff organization of the army in the field. He was joined in the debate by the Earl of Midleton, another ex-Minister for War, and the Earl of Cavan. Lord Haldane re-echoed the doubts of many distinguished soldiers as to the new duties of the Master-General of the Ordnance and the proposed appointment of an extra staff officer to represent him at G.H.Q. in the field. Everyone knows that the Army is in a state of transition owing to its rapid mechanization. This must mean considerable alteration in the duties and powers of the M.G.O.; but Lord Haldane and others have doubts as to whether all this could not have been done without altering the position of the C.-in-C. in the field, who, as the ex-War Minister pointed out, is there to fight and not to spend his time reading papers or discussing technical matters with various people. Therefore the less he is hampered with advisers who have a right to claim a hearing from him the better. He admitted an early mistake of the same sort when he was Minister for War; for it was Lord Haldane who allowed himself to be overborne by technical opinion and provided an Inspector of Communications, who when he war began was got rid of both by Lord French and Lord

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Haig. Lord Haldane expressed himself as very suspicious of the rising prestige of the sappers and the gunners, and said that the changes proposed should not have been made without a thorough investigation on the lines of the Esher Committee; for, as he pointed out, the M.G.O. furnishes the Army with rifles and guns, but he does not enter the field to advise on their uses. Why, then, because he provides the "dragons" and the tanks, should he advise on their use? Therefore there was no necessity for the M.G.O. to be represented by a principal staff officer at Headquarters in the field. His business is only to supply these things, and to leave to the C.-in-C. the responsibility for using them. According to Lord Haldane it was bad enough having the M.G.O. on the Army Council; but it is a blunder to have an Assistant M.G.O. on the staff of the C.-in-C., and there is bound to be friction between the M.G.O. and the Q.M.G. Who was the C.-in-C. to go to with regard to the erection of works for siege operations? Legally this was the duty of the Q.M.G.; but the M.G.O. has the engineering corps under him; and both of them are in future to be on the staff.

The Earl of Cavan made a very valuable contribution to this debate. He showed that the compromise by which wheeled vehicles came under the Q.M.G. and track vehicles under the M.G.O. could not last very long owing to the rapid advance of mechanization. Lord Cavan's very important speech was a plea for a trial for the new proposals, about which he admitted he had his doubts; and he hoped they would be thoroughly tested in manœuvres and staff rides. And he said that if he were C.-in-C. in a war now, with the rapid development of material that is taking place, he would welcome the assistance of a D.M.G.O. to advise him as to the employment of the new mechanical arm; and that the D.M.G.O. would be a useful liaison officer with the M.G.O. at home. He added that when he was C.-in-C. in Italy hardly a day passed when he himself had not to decide on comparatively minor questions, such as where the mechanical workshops should be.

The Earl of Midleton also had his doubts, and thought that the M.G.O., with his new duties, would be overloaded. As to the Q.M.G. being responsible for the whole of the R.A.S.C. as well as for all works and barracks, it would mean that an infantry officer, for example, would become responsible for the fortifications of the new base at Singapore.

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The Earl of Onslow, Under-Secretary of State for War, replied, and his speech showed the confusion that has arisen, perhaps inevitably, owing to the rapid changes that are taking place with mechanization. Apparently the Army Council thinks that not only can there be a different organization in peace and in war, but that there shall be a different organization for minor wars and major wars. But who can tell whether some minor war is not going to develop into a major war? As an illustration of the confusion that is bound to reign until this matter is settled, probably after long years of experience, Lord Onslow pointed out that it will be the duty of the R.A.S.C. to undertake its own repairs, but that it could not undertake the whole of the mechanical repairs of the Army. So the R.A.S.C. will remain entirely with the Q.M.G., the R.A.O.C. will be transferred to the M.G.O. and will be responsible for the repair of all vehicles except those belonging to the R.A.S.C. We must all hope that there will be a period of profound peace until this matter is finally straightened out and settled.

Perhaps the Minister's best point was when he pointed out that the late M.G.O. at the War Office, General Sir Noel Birch, was, at the close of the war, Major-General of the Royal Artillery at G.H.Q., and used to cross over to England regularly to consult with the Minister of Munitions, and that in so doing he in practice carried out the duties that will now fall to the Deputy M.G.O. in the field. The whole matter was best summed up by Lord Haldane in his final reply. His words are so important that I will quote them in full :—

> " The only way of preparing for war is to have your mind perfectly distinct in time of peace, and to make your preparations in times of peace on a war basis. That is not consistent with the idea that if there is to be a large war, or if a war develops into a large war, you can suddenly abolish one or (possibly) two of the principal staff officers surrounding the Commander-in-Chief, and suddenly send a new administrative officer to take their places. That is the kind of thing that courts disaster. It is a thing which I hope will be got rid of, and I trust that whatever is ultimately laid down will be laid down in distinct and definite terms, and not in such a fashion as will lead people to think that there is uncertainty as to what will happen in the field."

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This debate showed the House of Lords at its best, speaking on one subject and arguing it on non-party lines. But when the Army Estimates came before the House of Commons it was a very different story. In one evening the Elected Chamber comported itself as follows :—The Minister of War gave a general survey of the whole work of the Army ; he almost apologized for the retention of the cavalry regiments, and hinted that when a mechanical horse is invented the last four-footed animal will disappear from His Majesty's Forces. There was much about mechanization, a little about the Territorial Army, and some account of his visit to India and the reorganization of the Indian Army. Major-General Sir Robert Hutchison dealt principally with the same subject as I have referred to above as forming the subject of the House of Lords debate, and he took Lord Haldane's view as to the probable conflict of responsibility in actual practice between the new M.G.O. and the Q.M.G. Mr. Tinker, a Labour Member, who served as a private soldier on three fronts, advocated the complete abolition of cavalry ; and Colonel Howard-Bury, himself an infantryman, spoke up for the cavalry because no motor machine had yet been invented which would work without noise. The debate swept back then to the War Office reorganization, then on to disarmament generally, and then drifted into a long complaint from officers, speaking for the Territorials, of the cold shouldering of this Force. We had arguments as to whether the lance should have been dropped, as to the strength of the Army, the health of the troops in Shanghai, and whether soldiers were to be sent to Iraq to strengthen the Air Force in view of the new threats from the desert. There were complaints about the reduction of the R.A.M.C., and demands for the employment of trained pharmacists and dispensers of medicine for the troops. Indeed, the whole debate was straggling and ragged, and all that came out of it was that the Minister of War still believed that there could be different organizations of the staff in the field for large wars and small wars, and that the rank of Brigadier was to be restored to the Army List. It is high time we had Standing Committees, as in the French and American Parliaments, to deal with details of the administration of each of the three fighting forces. For a general debate on the floor of the House, with time limited and only one day available for the raising of a score or more subjects of the first importance, means that

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the Minister for War of the day can play off one interest and one section against another, and little is done for the advancement of efficiency or improvement of the lot of the serving soldier.

On the other hand, the discussion of the Air Estimates was more business-like this year and the debate was probably the best that has taken place during any of the ten years since the separate Air Force has been in existence. The present House of Commons is rich in members with practical experience of flying. The only loss on this occasion was the absence of Air-Marshal Sir Frederick Sykes. Captain Guest —ex-Minister for Air—Admiral Sueter, Colonel Moore-Brabazon and Mr. Malone, the last three all pioneers of flying and veterans, indeed, of the early struggles to have the importance of the aeroplane recognized as against official neglect and indifference, contributed to the debate. The three questions discussed were the relative strength of and expenditure on the Air Force as compared to the Army and Navy, the importance of a more vigorous policy in extending civil aviation, and the great airship problem. On the first two subjects there was general agreement. It seems absurd that only £16,000,000 should be spent on the air out of a total Estimate of £115,000,000. Probably there will be no remedy for this until a Ministry of Defence with a combined General Staff is established, and several members referred to this; but a general debate was impossible. Two years ago the Prime Minister promised an opportunity for this debate, but this promise has not yet been implemented.

On airships a remarkable speech was made by an elderly, bearded Labour member, Frank Rose, usually in disagreement with his own Party on most subjects, a journalist by profession, and very pugnacious by temperament. With a wealth of figures he showed that whatever the future of the airship for naval and military purposes, its commercial future on the present showing is nil. His main argument, to which there was no official reply, was that on the present costs of airships with a useful load of only 15 tons, able to make 100 long distance trips a year, each single voyage would cost £10,000. Thus for every ton of passengers, freight and mails carried, the cost would be nearly £700. But quoting Dr. Eckener, on whom the mantle of Count Zeppelin has fallen, and whose living depends on his accuracy of statement in regard to airships, to put the airship service on a commercial

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basis, £1,200 per ton would have to be charged, or *eightpence per ounce*. As I say, no reply to these figures was attempted.

The Pacifist Motion, when it came on late in the evening, suggested the abolition of all fighting aeroplanes by mutual international agreement and the international control of civil aviation. This is not so Utopian as it sounds on first hearing if—and it is a very big if—other nations will agree. If all the Powers could be induced to agree to the abolition of all fighting aeroplanes and to the control of their civil aviation services, air fighting would be off the board. But we shall have to travel a very long way before the French and Italians, to mention only two nations, would agree.

The brunt of the discussions on the Navy Estimates dealt with the failure of the Geneva Conference, which clings to Mr. Bridgeman as the witch did to Tam o' Shanter. The dockyard members, irrespective of party, made their usual claim for more work for the royal yards and less discharges of dockyard "mateys." But owing to the American ship-building programme resulting from the Geneva failure, questions of high policy overshadowed the whole debate, and matters of immediate interest to the officers and men were in consequence neglected.

Two naval officers, Commanders Fanshawe and Kenworthy, made a protest against any further axeing of the personnel of the naval War Staff, and received an unexpected reassurance from the First Lord on this vital question. Commander Kenworthy also referred to a matter of the utmost importance, characteristically ignored in his reply by the political spokesman of the Admiralty, and that was as to where the responsibility will lie in any future war for the defence of merchant shipping against aeroplane attack. This may well prove as great a surprise as the submarine, as a commerce destroyer, was in the last war.

It is notorious that there is a conflict of opinion on this matter, for the comparatively small naval wing of the Royal Air Force will be needed with the fleet for tactical purposes; while the Home Defence Aeroplane Force is almost entirely concentrated for the purpose of preventing air attack on the capital. The most cheerful part of the First Lord's statement was that describing the phenomenal improvement in naval discipline, and should reassure any person, if such exists, who has been shaken in his faith in the spirit of the Fleet by the incidents concerned with the *Royal Oak* at

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Malta. In the pre-war fleet in the year 1912, 117,000 punishments—most of them small, of course—were inflicted for various naval offences. In 1922 this figure had gone down to 65,000, and in 1926 to 45,147, of which 42,700 were minor punishments; while the Courts-Martial had decreased in number from 127 in 1912 to only 14 in 1926. Offences against superior authority numbered 102 in 1912, and were only 4 in 1926.

One more attempt, unfortunately fruitless, has been made by service members to obtain a general discussion on the Estimates of the three Fighting Services *together*, and the need of co-ordination, the formation of a General Staff, and even a Ministry of Defence. But although the Prime Minister undertook to give facilities for such a discussion over two years ago, he found himself unable to take the initiative. It must be understood that the arrangement of Government business is made by the Ministerial Whips. Twenty Supply Days during the Session must be granted, and the official Opposition chooses the subjects. The Estimates for the Fighting Forces are taken automatically; but then there is a keen competition for the remaining Supply Days, the members representing mining constituencies wanting to discuss coal, the agriculturists farming, the commercial members trade, and there are many keen educationists; the Foreign Office always has a day, and sometimes two; the Home Office, which covers all questions of police, prisons, motoring anomalies, " Dora " and cognate matters, have to have one day allocated to them during the Session. So that a purely Service matter, even of this importance, is liable to be squeezed out, and I fear this is what will happen again this session.

To sum up: While the Services have had a good deal of attention in Parliament during the present session, the machinery for discussion is out of date. To draw attention to any particular question, a Token Vote on a reduction of, say, £100 in the Estimates must be put down, and this is automatically treated as a Vote of Confidence by the Government, and the Whips are put on. There is a bad old tradition that a defeat on Supply means the resignation of the Government. As this would lead to an election and an automatic fine on every member of anything between £500 and £1,200, M.Ps. are naturally reluctant to oppose the Party Whips. The only remedy is the introduction of the official Standing

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Committee system, as in France and the United States of America. There should be Standing Committees, corresponding in membership to party strength in the House, with power to send for Ministers and, what is far more important, senior Civil Servants, members of the Army Council, Air Council, and the Board of Admiralty, and to cross-examine them. A vote in such a Committee should not be considered as an attack on the Government of the day. There are unofficial committees at present, especially in the Conservative Party, but they are purely private, and from the Whips' point of view serve the desirable purpose of occupying the attention of more active Service members without any definite results. It is to be hoped some such reform will be brought about before the inevitable post-war evolutions denude Parliament of the many Service members of to-day who received the best part of their education in the hard school of war.

March 17th, 1928.

[The following further information was received from our correspondent just as we were going to press.—ED.]

Rather unexpectedly, when all the Defence Estimates had been disposed of and the Prime Minister had refused time to discuss Imperial Defence as a whole, the Liberal Party, largely through the efforts of their Chief Whip, General Sir Robert Hutchison, chose the third reading of the Appropriation Bill, on which the smaller Opposition party has the privilege of choosing the subject, and decided to take the time for the discussion of Imperial Defence as a whole. This gave an opportunity to Service members, for which they had been waiting three years; and, for the first time in the present Parliament, defence questions as a whole were debated.

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THE NAVY AND FLYING BOATS

By An Ex-Air Force Officer.*

A COMMUNICATION from a Naval Correspondent which appeared in the preceding number of The Fighting Forces, is one of many indications, all emanating from Naval sources, of a recrudescence of animosity towards the establishment of a separate Air Force. Despite the Prime Minister's warning, given on February 25th, 1926, the spirit of non-co-operation continues to rear its head and of late has shown a quite definite virulence as a result of developments of far-reaching importance which have taken place in flying-boat construction. The eminently satisfactory progress of these developments reflects the greatest credit on the Air Ministry and the designers, but this progress has evoked very mixed feelings among the Naval authorities. Though they are grudgingly becoming aware of the amazing efficacy of flying-boats, yet recognition of their obvious potentialities seems only to cause a more-than-ever strident declamation of the well-known Naval slogan : " We want our own show or nothing." In other words, despite their obvious advantages, they refuse to touch flying-boats with a barge pole, unless they can have the complete running of them themselves.

Whether or no this self-centred attitude, this total unwillingness to co-operate with the Air Force, is openly supported by the Admiralty or not, matters not one iota. What does matter is that senior Naval officers have once more shown their antagonism to a separate Air Force and they could hardly do this unless it were with the cognizance and approval of the Admiralty. Unfortunately there seems little doubt but that these feelings are shared by the Navy as a whole, and realization of this fact has led to the writing of this article. The writer believes the root cause for the lack of co-operation between the two Services, which is costing the taxpayer millions a year, is a Naval one and does not hesitate to say so. If he uses strong language, it is because the situation demands drastic treatment and will be rectified all the quicker by this means.

* The Naval point of view on this subject will appear in the July issue.

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The Naval attitude towards flying-boats is briefly thus :— The arguments which *compelled* the Fleet Air Arm to be mainly Naval in character now holds good for the Naval (magic word !) Service flying-boat.

In the first place, there was no compulsion about it. It was hoped by the institution of the Fleet Air Arm to settle once and for all the controversy which had been raging between the Admiralty and the Air Ministry over the very intricate problem presented by the aircraft carrier and there is not the slightest doubt that even this problem could have been solved by the departments concerned had a different spirit existed between them and had the Admiralty in particular been able to view the problem as a whole and not in a traditional or party spirit. In any case, it was abundantly proved that the arguments presented at the time of the inquiry into the whole question only applied to carrier-borne aircraft and were inapplicable to other types of aircraft. Nor should it be forgotten that in 1925 the Colwyn Committee favoured a strengthening rather than a weakening of Air Ministry control over those portions of the Air Force which co-operate with the Navy and Army respectively.

Our Naval friends then go on to say that flying-boats can only be justified for use in the services if they fulfil some definite war functions, that these functions are essentially Naval ones and further, that flying-boats, to be of the slightest value for Naval warfare, must be manned by Naval personnel ; in other words, the Navy have definite uses for flying-boats— *e.g.*, to form part of the Auxiliary Patrol, to relieve local surface craft, and for submarine hunting, etc., while the R.A.F. doesn't know what they want them for, nor does anybody else.

All of which go to make up some very specious arguments. It will be desirable to consider the question of personnel first of all, for this is really the crux of the whole matter. Of what does the personnel of flying-boats consist ? It consists of :—

(*a*) Pilots,
(*b*) Air Gunners,
(*c*) Navigators and W.T. Operators,
(*d*) Observers,

and when the aircraft are working away from their main base, air mechanics would, no doubt, be included among the

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crew. (*a*), (*b*) and (*c*) are essentially Air personnel; (*d*) depends on the type of work the aircraft is called upon to perform; but it can be readily admitted that the duties of an observer call for some specialized knowledge of Naval matters, and it is therefore preferable that they should be drawn from Naval personnel and trained in air observation work. Moreover, this is the one class of duty which can be taken up as a short-term service. But not so with the others. These duties are essentially specialist jobs in which it is far preferable to have full-time personnel devoting the whole of their service careers to such work and who can therefore be transferred to other spheres of air activity when the occasion demands. Surely, from every point of view, this is a better plan than having Naval personnel temporarily employed on such work. Previous experience in the Navy afloat can be of little assistance to such personnel in the execution of their air work.

An R.A.F. school already exists for training Naval officers as air observers, and it will be generally agreed that this is all that is required to ensure efficiency in air co-operation work with the Navy.

Now let us return to the argument that flying-boats can be justified only if they fulfil some definite war functions and that these functions are essentially Naval ones. Naval authorities furthermore contend that flying-boats are not being developed with a view to meeting Naval requirements and that considerable modifications are necessary before they can be used for Naval purposes. That blessed (or cursed) word *Naval! Naval* purposes, *Naval* requirements. Gracious heavens! Surely it is clear that the flying-boat is an air craft and its functions air functions, that it must be designed to meet the requirements of an aircraft and not a Naval craft, and although it operates over the sea and uses the sea as a base, that does not alter this fact. Further, the flying-boat is not going to indulge in Naval warfare, but air warfare at sea in co-operation with the Navy. What is it the exponents of the Naval school have in their mind's eye. Is it a flying battleship or a flying submarine or what not? Do they want to see these flying-boats built more in conformity with Naval traditions and fitted with a captain's bridge? If any Naval officer really believes that service flying-boats are not built to perform the functions they will perform in war, let him go and see them for himself. Besides, in any case, it is a mistake

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to look upon aircraft as a *weapon*. This is entirely a mistaken point of view which has given rise to a lot of misunderstanding. Aircraft are machines, pure and simple, and not in any way weapons.

One of the duties of the Air Force is to provide air units for air work at sea either in co-operation with Naval forces or acting alone on what are purely Air missions. It can readily be admitted that all such work calls for a clear understanding and co-ordination between the two Services and further, that these air units will come under the operational control of the Navy, in the same way that Army co-operation squadrons and such fighter and bombing squadrons as are allotted come under the Army command for operations. This system, so far as the Army is concerned, has worked perfectly smoothly and efficiently. This is largely due to the fine spirit of co-operation which has existed between these two Services. It only requires that same spirit between the Navy and Air Force to produce equally successful results. The functions of Air units operating over the sea may be classified as under :—

Work in conjunction with Naval Operations :

(1) Reconnaissance.
(2) Spotting for ships' gun-fire.
(3) Air attack on enemy ships.
(4) Combined operations.
(5) Anti-submarine work.
(6) Attack and defence of trade.

When Acting Alone :

(1) Air fighting.
(2) Air attack on Naval bases, ports and shipping.
(3) Protection of commerce against air or submarine attack.
(4) Air defences.

The majority of these duties can be most efficiently carried out by the flying-boat, and this is obviously the reason why the Air Ministry has seen fit to proceed with the development of this type. They are all essentially Air functions, not *Naval* functions. although, of course, calling for close co-operation between the two Services, and co-ordination of effort in achieving a common end.

It seems unquestionable that flying-boats have a

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tremendous future, equal if not greater than that of aeroplanes, and that the security of the trade of the Empire will be the responsibility of flying-boats in years to come. Further, their ability to carry out effective long-range reconnaissance will be such as to make it almost impossible for the fleets of hostile nations to surprise each other. Even during the last war, as Professor Rose points out in his book " The Indecisiveness of Modern War," the feat of surprising the enemy's fleet had become more and more difficult. In the future it seems still more improbable that the weaker fleet will ever be caught unawares, and there must be many who are beginning to wonder what exactly will be the functions of navies in the next big war. Whatever they may be, it is glaringly obvious that the very closest co-operation between Navy and Air Force is essential.

It may be that the Navy scents some future invasion of their treasured territory, and this may account for their attitude. Whether this is so or not the writer can truthfully say that he has never, on one single occasion, come across a lecture, speech or article delivered by a serving Naval officer in which there has been the slightest sign or inclination to deal with the subject in a spirit of energetic co-operation and understanding of the true conception of the problems involved. There is little doubt that public opinion is turning very slowly, but nonetheless surely, against the Navy on this account. Recently a lecture on Naval Traditions was delivered at the Royal United Service Institution by Admiral Sir R. F. Phillimore. " Some of us," said Admiral Phillimore, " when we read of the cruise of the flying-boats to Australia, feel that here is another service doing what is plainly the Navy's work." This departmental spirit, this jealous outlook in connection with " showing the flag," is surely singularly unfortunate, especially in regard to such a magnificent exploit as the flight to the Far East. It is a pity that the type of aircraft taking part in this flight was ever called a *boat* and that this particular flight was called a *cruise*. It seems that many Naval officers cannot think in terms of the *air* and when you start calling such things by words of Naval origin, it conjures up all sorts of ideas in their Naval minds and they immediately pounce upon them as things which must be theirs and theirs alone.

Admiral Phillimore continues : " It is no use regretting the lamentable lack of vision that allowed the Naval Air

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Service to be abolished and we must work to get it back." He then goes on to say: "Nelson bemoaned his lack of frigates, but what would he have thought if they had been manned by another service? It is hardly necessary to imagine the answer to this somewhat childish question, but there can be no doubt as to what Nelson would have thought if an Air Force had been in existence, manned by *airmen* and not by *seamen*. He would have accepted the state of affairs as unquestionably sound and wholeheartedly co-operated with the Air Service and so secured for the Navy the necessary air support. Nelson always put his country first and fully understood the meaning of co-operation and co-ordination and how best they could be secured.

The Admiral ended his lecture by saying: "In accordance with all Naval traditions," though what this has got to do with it is difficult to say, "it is the duty of the Navy to obtain and keep the command of the sea in war; whether that involves fighting in the water, under the water or in the air." Thus ended a lecture on Naval traditions, showing in its attitude towards the Air Service a typical Naval narrowness of outlook. It is distasteful to make a statement of this nature, but it seems that the minds of senior Naval officers have become so obsessed with one way of thinking, and one way only, that there is no other alternative except to speak one's mind, especially with regard to this question of flying-boats. The Naval contention is that if flying-boat development had been left in the hands of the Admiralty, a much more advanced stage would have been reached than actually exists to-day. This contention is wrong and any impartial jury would unhesitatingly decide that it is wrong. The policy of the Air Ministry has been one of research and experiment on sound economic lines, and it is impossible to see how any other policy could have attained the same results at anything approaching the same cost. The progress may have been slow, but at any rate, this country is streets ahead of any other country in the matter of flying-boat construction. It is a thousand pities the Admiralty could never see their way to giving the Air Ministry their generous support by burying the dead horse—instead of ardently trying to revive it—and so acquiesced in the considered decision of the State regarding the undivided control of the Air Force. Instead of such a patriotic and unselfish attitude, what have we got to-day? Everything, as far as can

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be seen, likely to ensure permanent discord between the two departments.

In conclusion, reference may be made to the work of the committee and sub-committee appointed in 1923 to consider respectively the following :—

(*a*) The whole question of the co-operation and correlation of the fighting services ;

(*b*) The particular question of the relations of the Navy and the Air Force in regard to the control of Fleet air work.

After an exhaustive inquiry the committee recommended various measures of co-operation and co-ordination in order to overcome the difficulties which were found to exist in the relations of the three services. They suggested in no way, either expressly or implicitly, that the organization which had come into being in 1918 should be fundamentally changed.

Mr. Bonar Law, then Prime Minister, in a statement made in the House of Commons in regard to the recommendations of the above committee, announced the following reasons as weighing with the Government in arriving at their decisions :—

" In the first place, the Air Service, though it must have intimate relations with the other armed forces at sea or on land, and must be familiar with their requirements, differs in its conditions essentially from both. On the other hand, aircraft, whether they are flying above the sea or elsewhere, are, broadly speaking, governed according to the same main principles.

" In the second place, the whole science of air power is in a condition of rapid development. The application, therefore, of experience, both as to personnel and as to material, wherever that experience can be obtained, whether at sea or on shore, is vital to success in either case. We cannot afford to break up the lessons of this experience.

" In the third place, it is clear that in certain contingencies the shore-based air forces and the air forces of the Fleet may be called upon to act together. Such common action may be very difficult without a unity of method in both services. Efficiency, therefore, prescribes common knowledge, common training, common material provision, and a common service. Economy points in the same direction. From this last point

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of view, the conclusion against the duplication of training schools and aerodromes and building plant is evident."

These are weighty words, sufficient of themselves to place disparagement of a single unified Air Service for ever out of court, and it is only necessary to add the considered opinion of our present Prime Minister on this matter: "It is in the interests of the services that controversy upon this subject should cease."

All credit is due to THE FIGHTING FORCES for having consistently maintained that a very large proportion of the money and effort expended on the construction of carriers and aircraft for the Fleet Air Arm was so much money wasted. Had the Admiralty been gifted with greater foresight and dropped their petty slogan, "We want our own show or nothing," they would never have saddled themselves with their present burden, nor would they have saddled the Air Ministry with excessive demands for the development and supply of carrier aircraft. They would thus have left the Air Ministry free to devote more of their energies in other directions and in the development of the flying-boat in particular.

It would be futile to pretend that cordial relations exist between the Navy and the Air Force to-day; on the contrary, there is a great deal of latent antagonism between the two Services, but the responsibility for this lies largely with the senior service. If only the Navy would throw off its shackles of red tape and conservatism, would take a wider conception of the problems of national defence, and realize that Naval traditions must sometimes go by the board in face of the revolutionary changes which modern warfare entails, there is not the slightest reason why cordial co-operation should not take the place of the present discordant relationship.

The more the Services are together, the happier we shall be. The Froth Blowers' Anthem should be relayed between the three departments before starting work in the morning and again at closing time. The spirit of willing co-operation might then bind them into a compact and united whole, and the great, long-suffering body of taxpayers might in the end be able to join joyfully and gratefully in the chorus.

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INFANTRY AND MECHANIZATION

By Colonel Sir Hereward Wake, Bt., C.M.G., D.S.O.

IT seems permissible to say that a somewhat extreme view of this subject has been presented lately in the Press by those who may be described as the advanced advocates of mechanization. They maintain that it was proved in the last war that infantry on foot cannot advance against machine guns; that infantry on foot are therefore only sheep for the slaughter, and should be considered obsolete; that it is waste of time training infantry as they exist at present. They say that war against a power with all the resources of civilization [*sic*] at its command may come at short notice, and that unless our army, particularly infantry, are fully mechanized, that is, equipped with armoured mechanized fighting vehicles, destruction and defeat await us; the public must therefore be educated so that they will sanction the necessary expense.

It is well for soldiers to make quite sure that these statements are correct before they start educating a public that is shrewd enough to detect pretty quickly any flaws in the argument. Let us examine these statements one by one in inverse order.

Enemy Mechanization.

Firstly, it is obvious that we need not be defeated by an enemy that is no more mechanized than we are ourselves. At present no foreign army has gone much further than we have, if as far, in this respect. Safety does not necessarily demand that we should educate our public in advance of the education of any foreign people. If we take the lead, in fact, we only drive others along the same path, possibly to our own disadvantage, as was shown when our Navy started (and advertised) dreadnoughts and submarines—the latter very nearly proving the end of us.

The Next War.

Secondly, is a " first class " war a practicable possibility for the next, say, twenty-five years, leaving out of the argument the childish nonsense said to be contained in prophecies in the Pyramids ?

It will be admitted that a necessary condition for such a war is the willingness of at least one nation to engage in it.

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Before 1914 Germany had nothing approaching representative government. Her ruling class, headed by an absolute monarch, needed war for the preservation of its own position. Under this rule the people were trained for war, and had been educated to regard it as inevitable and even desirable. The only nation where such conditions even partially exist now is Russia, which we will deal with presently.

Apart from Russia, what nation is likely to embark on a first-class war? France? There are probably not a dozen Frenchmen who do not regard war in Europe with absolute horror. Italy? Mussolini may, or may not, be a tyrant from the point of view of the liberal democrat, but no one could accuse him of being a fool. The United States? Are we to take the utterings of men like Big Bill Thompson and a certain admiral as reflecting the public opinion of a nation that suffered every conceivable outrage and insult before it would declare war on Germany?

What other nation is going to risk another European war? It is stated that a fight between two small nations such as the Greeks and the Bulgarians may drag in the Great Powers. If the Great Powers wish to avoid war they can easily localize, and probably prevent, wars between the small nations.

I have not mentioned the English, as I presume the most ardent pessimist would hardly accuse the English people of wishing to go to war with anyone if it could possibly be avoided.

There remains only Russia, which is rather a difficult proposition, as she is ruled despotically by a small class which may desire war for its own ends, and has even now more or less declared open hostility against civilized nations and especially against ourselves. But a Russian advance westwards would bring the whole of Europe in alarm against her; such a step would be suicidal. There only remain her eastern frontiers against Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan, and possibly China later on, in which Great Britain is vitally interested. Such a war, however, would not be "first class" in the sense of a European war, chiefly because the undeveloped nature of the theatres of operations would severely limit the size of the forces engaged and would greatly delay the progress of hostilities. In Afghanistan, for instance, it might be many months before Russian and British troops came into contact, except possibly in the air. But the chief

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point to be borne in mind, in considering a war with Russia, is the probability that her people would not be behind the government, and her army would be something much less than enthusiastic about it. Nor could her scientific resources be compared to those of a modern civilized nation. A war in the east with Russia as the enemy could hardly therefore be described as first-class in any respect.

The British public may therefore be forgiven if they decline to believe that they are in any danger of becoming suddenly engaged in a war on a big scale for many years to come.

Are Infantry on Foot Obsolete?

Lastly, we have the assertion that infantry on foot cannot hope to compete with the machine guns of the defence. This is not in itself a true statement, because it must be qualified by whatever conditions may happen to exist. It is true that plenty of machine guns, well-sited, in the hands of well-trained troops with flanks secure, in broad daylight, constitute a practically impregnable defence against infantry, even when the latter are supported by a powerful artillery. But the conditions enumerated must be there—machine guns, for example, in thick fog are not much use, as we learnt to our cost on March 21st, 1918. And if there is no fog, it can now be created artificially.

Further, there are tanks. But there is a great deal of difference between saying that infantry will require the help of tanks and affirming that all infantry must be carried in tanks.

It is also asserted that infantry are helpless against tanks. This brings us to the question of the anti-tank weapon which the Germans hardly considered at all, and which is still a matter of experiment with us now. It may, however, be stated here that the struggle between armour and bullet has by no means been decided as yet in favour of armour as far as tanks are concerned. The weight of a tank is, unlike that of a war vessel, strictly limited, because it has to cross bridges. Already only its more vital parts are protected by the thickest armour, though most parts of a tank, including the track, are really vital, and a tank is always an easy target at short ranges, however fast it may be able to travel. If a light weapon can be devised that is capable of putting a tank out of action at, say, 500 yards' range at any angle of impact

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under, say, twenty degrees, what is going to be the future of the tank? Anti-tank development, it may be remarked, is a much cheaper line than tank development, and if effective it is difficult to see how any army can for long replace heavy casualties in armoured fighting vehicles.

But supposing that there will be no very effective anti-tank weapon. Then obviously it is up to every nation to equip its army with as many tanks as it possibly can; not little vehicles which are not bullet-proof, or which depend on the heroism of a crew of one or two men, but serious armoured tanks such as proved useful in the last war. Here we come up against the limits of expense in peace and production in war. There must be a just proportion for expenditure on mechanization in peace. An army, for instance, that spent half its available funds on tanks would be absurdly small in proportion in other respects.

Also, it has not yet been proved what proportion of tanks to other arms is the best for operations in the field. Possibly one battalion of forty-eight tanks per division may be found sufficient. At any rate, it cannot be sound to speak of tanks *replacing* infantry, as the former cannot perform most of the tasks of infantry, especially the consolidation of the ground won and the duties of protection when at rest.

Before leaving this part of the discussion, the question of terrain must be mentioned. It is absolutely true that in many possible theatres of operations armoured vehicles would be strictly limited to comparatively small parts of the country. Mountains, woods and unbridged rivers stop them. Petrol is necessary in large quantities, and a good supply of water, too. We should be extremely unwise to commit ourselves to an expensive scheme of mechanization of our infantry and find they have to leave most of their vehicles at the base at the beginning of a campaign.

Conclusion.

I have attempted in this paper to state only facts and to produce only fair arguments. The matter is a vital one for infantry in particular and for the army in general. The mechanization enthusiasts have performed good service by preventing us all from going to sleep about it. But we have to deal with the army as it is, not as it might be if we had unlimited money, or if we were on the verge of a national struggle for existence in a known theatre of operations, as

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before 1914. Nothing is gained by ignoring facts, nor by over-statement. A case loses something in conviction if its advocates permit themselves to depart from the rules of polite controversy. It is no argument to say, as has been said, that those who deprecate too much haste are lacking in courage and intelligence.

It is submitted that the right way to deal with the expensive problem of mechanization is to see how far it can be applied to the army gradually, and after making certain of each step, without rushing into changes which, if found inadvisable later, may have done irremediable harm.

The Armoured Brigade, in which experiment and thought are focussed, has been a great step in the proper direction. It should include a small anti-tank unit, and it ought to manœuvre anywhere but on Salisbury Plain. We shall see what truths it establishes.

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THE BATTLE OF A DREAM

By " TESTUDO."

" SO," remarked the Deputy-Chief of Staff of the First German Army, as he sat back in his chair and tossed into his " out " tray the last of a series of wireless flimsies, " it goes well, it seems."

He rose from his seat, walked over to the large-scale map pinned on the wall of the chateau room, and with a piece of blue chalk slashed in a broad line, some way to the south of a series of similar blue lines. straggling widely across the map from east to west.

The only other occupant of the room, a young major of infantry, who also wore the badges of a General Staff officer, looked up from his papers.

" The tide is certainly running full flood, sir ! The French don't seem to be trying to make a stand anywhere, But I'm not quite sure that's altogether a good sign."

His senior stared at him. " What do you mean ? What more can we want ? See "—he swept his hand over the map—" this is September the fifth, is it not ? Just over two months ago we crossed the Rhine and gave the French a first taste of what our new armies could do. Since then, except for pauses to regroup the armies for new attacks, we have never stood still. The troops, when they were not fighting a battle, have done their steady fifteen miles a day regularly ; and whenever we have fought we have been victorious. Since we forced the passage of the Aisne four days ago, we have met with no resistance at all. So far as we can see, the enemy is fleeing before us. I doubt if he will make a stand behind the Seine ; certainly he cannot this side of it. And we can follow him indefinitely ; our rear services are doing wonders, the troops are well fed, have plenty of ammunition, want for nothing."

" They must be pretty tired, sir ! They have foot-slogged it all the way from the Rhine, most of them. Our casualties haven't been light, either ! "

" My dear boy, the French have lost far more. Look at all the prisoners we have taken alone. Forty thousand up to the Meuse ; as many again from there to the Aisne ; the total must be close on a hundred thousand now. The new

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tanks and the gas have done marvels for us; their moral effect has been really stupendous—all our reports agree on that."

"The French have got a gas-mask proof against our stuff now, sir. And we have lost the devil of a lot of tanks—fifty per cent. in this army alone; and the others are no better off, I hear. And now the British have come in, and their tanks are said to be better than anything we have. The front they took over at Verdun was stiff with them, and the poor old Sixteenth Corps that bumped up against them had the most appalling smash."

"Yes, well, it's lucky for us, perhaps, we shan't meet them here."

"We may yet, sir! Our intelligence people say they are extraordinary mobile, with their army all mechanized as it is; and it would take them no time to flip over from Verdun to Alsace—or here."

"Oh, nonsense, my boy, nonsense!" The Deputy-Chief of Staff went back to his chair and plumped himself down in it with a touch of irritation. "You're getting cold feet! They can't possibly do that sort of thing without our getting some wind of it. I was talking only last night to G.H.Q. on the general situation. Their "I" feel sure the British are still in the Verdun area—the bulk of them, anyhow. The French daren't let that part of the line go; if they do, it's all up with everything further east, and they damned well know it."

"Well, sir, I expect you're right! Only, if you remember thirty years ago, in 1914, they were in very much the same position, and then they brought masses of troops from the east to their left wing, and we never knew a word about it until——"

"Yes, yes, Kunz, but things aren't quite the same to-day. Our Von Zimmerman isn't Von Kluck, and, thank God, we've got a man at G.H.Q.—not a shadow of a great name!"

A bell rang sharply, and the Deputy-Chief of the Staff, rising hurriedly, gathered up a bundle of papers and disappeared through a door behind him, leading to the Army Commander's room. Kunz returned to his work, half uneasy, half relieved. "I suppose it's all right," he murmured. "The General must know—better than I do, at any rate."

He broke off, staring.

"Now what the devil made me do that?"

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For on the paper before him there stared him in the face, written sub-consciously by his own hand, as if by some fate, the ominous date " September 5th, 1914 "—the first day of that old-time Battle of the Marne.

* * * * * *

At the very time when the conversation above described was taking place in the chateau at Marolles, on the Ourcq, another scene in the drama was being played in a different setting, some thirty-five miles away to the west.

Close by one of the rides which traverse the thickest portion of the dense Forest of Chantilly lies a small leafy clearing, and on the outskirts of this, well concealed both from the air and from ground observation at more than a few yards' range, nestled a group of iron-clad monsters. their sides painted in variegated colours, and their roofs grotesquely veiled with branches of trees. They appeared to be unarmed, but from three of them there reared high into the air above their conning-towers the tapering masts of wireless aerials. Several motor-cars and motor-bicycles, and a couple of weird caterpillar-like " tankettes " were also hidden among the trees near by.

Under the lee of one of the wireless tanks there sat at a camp table covered with outspread maps, two khaki-clad officers ; one, to judge from his age, a senior commander, the younger one a staff officer. While the former studied his maps, now and again scoring them with red pencil, or noting down some detail on a message form, the latter, receiver to his ear, was evidently awaiting some important message. Around them all was quiet ; hardly a sound was to be heard but an occasional burst of song from some bird of the forest, and the gentle sigh of the autumn breeze among the trees.

" Hullo, yes ! hullo, yes ! " suddenly broke in the voice of the officer at the telephone. " Yes, Cavalry Corps speaking . . . Third Division, yes ? . . . All in position on the eastern edge of Ermenonville Forest ? . . . Give me those villages again, will you ? . . . Chaalis, Ermenonville, Ver, Loisy. . . . Good, yes, I'll tell the general. . . . Hold on a minute." He handed the receiver to his chief. " Third Division all in position, sir, and ready to move. Will you speak to General Moran ? "

The General took the instrument. " Well, Moran, well ?

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All ready to let go, eh ? . . . Good . . . Good . . . Yes, all the rest are in their places all right. Second Division on your left, First behind you with the reserve of tanks and armoured cars and the mobile machine-gunners. . . . . Straight for Marolles, that's right ; their First Army Headquarters are there, or were last night, anyhow. . . . No, don't worry about that, that's the Second Division's job ; they'll watch your left all right. Besides, there's nothing been seen this side of the Aisne that need disturb you. . . . Yes, in ten minutes. . . . Bye-bye. Good hunting."

The General closed the receiver and handed it back to his subordinate. " Seven-twenty, I make it," remarked the latter, looking at his wrist-watch. " What about packing up, sir ? Are you going to move from here at zero hour ? "

" Move, what for ? No, I don't think so ; not for an hour or so, anyway. Nice peaceful spot here, and well sheltered. Is Baker on ahead looking for a place for our next bound ? "

" Yes, sir."

" Well, well ! Let's wait till he comes back."

Silence fell between the two. The younger man was listening intently ; every few seconds he glanced at his watch. How slowly the minutes were passing ! He wondered if they were passing as slowly for the crews of those hordes of tanks ready drawn up all along the twenty-five miles of front from the Marne to Senlis ; for the men in the little tankettes and armoured cars which were to lead the advance of the army ; for the gunners and drivers of the artillery on their tractors, and dragons, and self-propelled mountings, whose fire was to pave the way for and support the attack ; for the infantry, packed tight in their armoured lorries, grouped in readiness to dash forward at the summons and take over the ground that had been won ; and for the pilots of the air squadrons, who, on their aerodromes far in rear, must already be starting up their engines for their flight to the battlefield.

He looked at his watch once more. Twenty-seven minutes past . . . twenty-eight . . . . twenty-nine . . .

Time !

The new model army of England, all along the length of its twenty-five mile front, was starting forward to its first great battle.

" They're off, sir ! " he cried, and turned to his chief.

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Relaxed in his chair, his arms on the table, and his face hidden on his arms, the General Commanding the Cavalry Corps was sound asleep.

* * * * * *

Outside the chateau which housed First German Army Headquarters a group of motor-cycle and mounted orderlies were reclining on the steps or lolling on the balustrade of the terrace, dozing in the warm sun. A few horses were cropping the overgrown grass of the lawn, switching their tails to keep off the flies. Through the window came the click of some industrious clerk's typewriter—the only sound to break the sylvan peace of the scene.

Suddenly, shattering the stillness, came the roar of a motor-cycle, recklessly driven with open exhaust, and a despatch-rider, swaddled up to the neck in waterproof clothing, his eyes veiled in goggles, swung at break-neck speed round the corner of the building, skidded, and collapsed in a cloud of dust and gravel outside the entrance.

"Officer—quick!" he called as he picked himself up, and, disregarding the attempt of the sentry at the portal to stop him, dashed into the house, thrust open the first door he saw, and came to a sudden halt in front of Major Kunz's table. He stood there for a moment, panting for breath, and tearing at the collar which muffled his throat, then broke into a torrent of half-coherent speech.

"The enemy, sir! Tanks, thousands of them! Little tanks and big ones—the country's alive with them!—and all making straight for here! They'll be here in ten minutes! Quick, quick! we must get out of this!——"

The doors leading into the room, and the windows looking out on to the drive, were suddenly filled with the staring, questioning faces of clerks and orderlies, forgetful of discipline in their eagerness to hear this startling news.

"Wait a minute," said Kunz, rising, "I must tell the General——" But at that moment the door of the Army Commander's room flew open, and there appeared the figure of the Deputy-Chief of Staff, the faces of the Chief of Staff and the Commanding General peering over his shoulders.

"What is all this fuss?" he cried sternly, "Who is that man, Kunz? What's this ridiculous rumour he's been spreading?"

"He says, sir," stammered Kunz, and turned to the

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despatch-rider for confirmation of his news. But the man had slid on to his knees before the table, and so on to his face, where he lay prostrate and motionless. Two of the clerks had stepped forward to try to raise him, when everyone's ears were suddenly filled with a loud humming, swelling to a roar of engines. The sky above the trees of the park, visible through the upper portion of the windows, was in an instant alive with swooping aeroplanes. The quick staccato rat-tat-tat of machine-guns burst out and swelled to a furious crescendo. There was an ominous hum and whistle, and an ear-splitting crash, as a huge bomb burst on the lawn not twenty-five yards away. The glass of the windows, shattered into fragments, flew about the room in a shower; a jagged piece of red-hot steel, shearing its way across one of the sills, whizzed into the crowd at the door of the clerks' room. Their cries and groans were echoed from outside, where the unlucky orderlies were cowering. The next moment the room was filled with a mob of panic-stricken, yelling men, who burst through the doors, scrambled in by the windows, dived under the tables and chairs, crouched in corners or behind the furniture—anywhere to escape from the hail of bullets that was sweeping the lawn and the drive. The voices of the officers strove in vain to make themselves heard above the babel.

Kunz, pushing his way with difficulty through the jumble of men and debris, managed to reach the Deputy-Chief of Staff. "An enemy tank attack, sir! That's what the despatch-rider said. This will be only the prelude! We should get the General away—now while we have time! I can drive one of the cars——"

He broke off, staring and pointing. Across on the far side of the lawn, there suddenly shot out from among the trees three darting objects, resembling nothing so much as small caterpillars with upraised heads, bouncing and leaping over the uneven ground, and heading straight for the front of the chateau. Behind them, crashing its way forward through the undergrowth, and shouldering unceremoniously out of its path a tall tree that swayed, toppled and collapsed to earth as if struck by lightning, followed a more ponderous and more fearsome-looking monster, its conning-tower, from which protruded the menacing barrel of a long gun, slowly revolving, as if peering about for a prey.

"There they come! there they come!" cried Kunz.

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" Quick ! this way, your Excellency ! Round to the back ; we may do it yet ! "

Followed by the three older men, he fought his way out through the door of the clerks' room, reckless of the wounded men lying helpless across his path, ran down a passage, and emerged into an open courtyard, flanked on the left by some stables. The others, as they emerged from the house, saw him disappear into one of the sheds, from which a few seconds later a big grey saloon car shot out, spun round, and drew up by the door with a squeaking of brakes.

" Hurry ! " called Kunz from the wheel, and together the Chief of Staff and his Deputy bundled the Army Commander in, and scrambled in after him, slamming the door. As they did so, a renewed fierce drumming of machine guns burst out on the other side of the chateau. They had escaped only just in time ; the tank flotilla was shooting up the rooms where the whole First Army staff, not half-an-hour ago, had been calmly working, completely unsuspicious of the approaching menace. Kunz waited to hear no more ; slamming home the gear lever, he let the clutch in, and the car sprung forward in a series of bounds, which took her swaying and bumping out of the yard and down the village street leading to the long straight bridge over the Ourcq. All around her as she flew along was the harsh roar of hostile tank engines and the gentler drone of aeroplanes ; and as she thundered down to the bridge a couple of heavy shells landed in the river, throwing up two high spouts of water and mud. But for the moment there was no enemy to be seen, either in the water-meadows or on the steep wooded ridge beyond the stream. " We shall get clear with any luck," thought Kunz, as the car thrust on to the bridge.

Even as he so thought, he spied, away to the right along the main road, a series of clouds of dust, approaching at high speed from the south ; and as his car with a dangerous lurch and stagger, took the left-hand turn into the chaussée, a sheaf of bullets whistled and hummed about him.

" Armoured cars, curse them ! " he muttered, and rammed down his accelerator pedal. The needle of the speedometer jerked forward from 60 kilometres to 70, to 80, to 90 . . . but though he could hear no sound for the roar of his engine, a sudden star appeared in the windscreen in front of his face, and a long score on the paint of the bonnet. They were still within range then.

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He was skirting the long ridge and approaching more open country, the high road winding dizzily before him, when from the woods to his right and well ahead, there shot out two of the little caterpillar-like machines which had led the first attack on the chateau. They bounded down the hill-side, and Kunz saw them draw up beside the road. The next instant a sleet of bullets shivered the glass in front of him, ripped the cushions beside him, and rang on the bonnet and wings. He cowered, relaxing his grip on the wheel; there were two loud reports; the car gave a sickening lurch and a roll, and seemed to heave itself round and over on to him. He felt himself falling, falling, falling. . . .

* * * * * *

In a bare bleak room in the mairie of Dammartin a red-tabbed Colonel in the Operations Branch of G.H.Q. was chatting with a major from the " Q " side. Some forty-eight hours, big with fate, had elapsed since the great Allied counter-offensive had opened, and already the scales of battle had been decisively tipped.

" So you think it's a complete victory, Robin ? "

" I think so, Douglas—utter and complete. You've seen the latest from the forward zone ? "

" No, I haven't, but I can't stop to read all that wad of stuff you've got there, or the forward zone will be running short of petrol. Just give me a brief appreciation—like those masterly ones you used to produce at Camberley in the old days."

" Very well, then, here goes. You remember the plan of the battle, of course ? Cast your eye over this map. Here was the Bosche First Army—south of the Marne; very tired, short of tanks, steadily losing men every day, but still thrusting on after the French Fifth Army with four of its corps and its cavalry corps, leaving one corps with a few cavalry back here, north of the Marne and west of the Ourcq, as a sort of flank-cum-rearguard—— "

" Just as in 1914, in fact ? "

" As you say, just as in 1914—and, again as in 1914, not dreaming that an army, this time the mechanized British Army of two corps and a cavalry corps, last heard of in line at Verdun, where it had been sent up piecemeal to save that vital spot from capture in the early stages of the French

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retreat, had been shifted in three nights to the Paris area, and was lying off their right rear."

"You think they knew nothing about it at all?"

"Nothing at all, I believe, but anyhow not enough to make them worry. Well, we planned a big counter-offensive to begin on the fifth—French Fifth Army and all the armies to the east of it to attack straight northwards; we to come straight in on the flank and rear of the First German Army. Our First Corps was to mop up the Bosche flank-guard; Second Corps to push past its right flank and get the north bank of the Marne and the bridges; Cavalry Corps to deliver the famous "blow at the brain—shoot up Army Headquarters at Marolles, block every road and railway in rear of the Bosche, and cut him off from orders, supplies, munitions—every damn thing."

"Pretty ambitious, what?"

"Maybe, my boy, but I can tell you, it's worked. By evening on the fifth the First Corps had dealt faithfully with Fritz's flankguard—amused it in front for a few hours till the Second got past its flank, then put in a big tank attack straight through its front and pushed it into the Marne. I don't believe three thousand of them got away—we picked up fifteen thousand prisoners, anyhow! Second Corps lined up along the north bank of the Marne, as far east as Dormans—that's right across the enemy First Army sector—and secured all the bridges. Cavalry Corps met no resistance, surprised and shot up Army Headquarters, and over-ran the whole country as far north as the Aisne. They say it's littered with wrecked lorry columns and burnt-out depots and dumps. All the rear services of the enemy have been smashed up—it's been a complete mop-up."

"Did they get the Army Commander? I heard he was killed trying to run away."

"That's right. He and some of his staff went off in a car, but just as they were showing a clean pair of heels to our armoured cars,they ran into some of the cavalry's tankettes. They punctured their tyres for them and the car turned clean over—a most almighty smash—and then caught fire. Old Von Zimmerman and two others inside were dead when they got them out, and only the driver got off alive. As for the rest of the Army staff, the tanks simply poked their guns in through the chateau windows and peppered them till

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they surrendered, which they did *pronto*—and small blame to them."

"Well, what's happened now?"

"Oh, it's all over—bar rounding up the prisoners. We're still sitting on the Marne; the French Fifth Army report the enemy resistance had collapsed everywhere by midday yesterday, and they're simply marching up to the river. We've shaken hands with them at several places, and so far as we can tell there are no formed bodies of the enemy at all in between us. They've rounded up droves of disbanded men in the villages and woods—all starving, all hopelessly demoralized, all damned glad to give themselves up and get some food again. Officers are no better off than the men; the French bagged a whole Divisional staff, lock, stock and barrel, this morning, as easy as kiss me."

"How many prisoners have they got now?"

"Oh, Lord alone knows. They can't tell themselves. Over fifty thousand up to last night, I heard, but it's only a guess. They'll get the whole army in due course, I suppose. Nothing can get back across the river, you see. A few may drift away to the east. I hope they do, they'll encourage the Second Army so much with their stories! It'll be their turn next; the cavalry are being pushed east against their line of communications now, and we ought to collar a good few of them before they get back over the Aisne."

"A complete debacle, in fact?"

"Yes, a clean sweep. Well, you old sceptic, isn't it true what I always told you? A little army, completely mechanized, that can move five miles to a marching army's one, and can get its punch in while the other fellow is still wondering where it is—a slow-moving European army, however big it is, is easy meat for it—especially now that these continental armies are nothing but glorified militia, with their one to two years with the colours, and their masses of half-digested reservists on mobilization! I always believed, as you know, that in the next great war we'd play a decisive part—just because we could out-race anyone else, surprise him, and get our blow in at the enemy's headquarters and rear services, where he's unprotected. On the safety of these, as we've seen, everything depends, and if they're put out of action, the whole army in front crumbles to pieces."

"Well, well, Robin, I hate to say it, but for once in a way, I believe you're right."

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THE WAR IN THE RIFF, 1921-26

By Charles Petrie.

IT is at once curious and unfortunate that the Franco-Spanish Campaign against Abd-el-Krim should have received so little attention in British military circles, for it was the first occasion on which the experience gained in the Great War had been applied to that type of colonial warfare of which the history of the British Empire supplies innumerable instances. In these circumstances, the fighting in the Riff surely merits the most careful and minute attention, for the problems which the French and Spanish staffs found themselves called upon to solve during the course of it are identical with those which from time to time confront British commanders both in the Middle East and on the North-West Frontier of India. In effect, the study of the Riff Campaign should enable those concerned to profit by the experience of others—always a highly satisfactory state of affairs.

By a Franco-Spanish agreement of 1912 the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco had, with the exception of Tangier, been divided into two zones, and it was the efforts of the Protecting Powers to establish order in their respective zones that precipitated the conflict. France was the first to succeed in the task, partly owing to the geographical configuration of the territory assigned to her, and partly owing to the fact that in Marshal Lyautey she possessed one of the greatest colonial administrators that any nation has yet produced, though it is to be noted that she made no effort to pacify that portion of the Riff area which was included in her zone. The Spaniards, on the other hand, were hampered not only by the mountainous nature of their Protectorate, but also by the paralysis which affected every branch of their administration during the last decade of the Parliamentary regime. Such being the case, it is not surprising that the Spanish forces should have made comparatively little headway, or that when, in the summer of 1921, a general offensive was at last begun it should have ended in the disaster of Anual, a " debacle " unparalleled in colonial history since the rout of the Italians at Adowa twenty-five years before.

The defeat of General Silvestre at Anual had very important consequences, and it does, in fact, represent the

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beginning of the campaign which was only to end five years later. In the first place, it gave Abd-el-Krim, whose tribe were responsible for the Moorish victory, the prestige necessary to unite all the chieftains of the Riff under his banner, and it also inspired every Moor with a contempt for the Spanish Army. Then, again, it contained, so far as the Spaniards and the French were concerned, the lesson that their native auxiliaries could not be trusted very far, for their defection had been one of the causes of the disaster, while the enormous total which the Spanish losses reached was due to the number of isolated detachments which were scattered throughout the mountains, whose surrender was inevitable from the moment that General Silvestre's defeat rendered their relief impossible. Above all, the disaster proved that the Spanish plan of campaign had been faulty from the start, involving as it did the advance of columns operating from bases so far apart as Melilla and Tetuan. Unfortunately, Anual was to be repeated several times, though on a much smaller scale, before the governments at Paris and Madrid appreciated its true significance.

As soon as the news of General Silvestre's overthrow reached Spain, troops were hurried to Morocco in large numbers, and much of the lost ground was recovered, but all attempt to occupy the whole zone was abandoned. For the next two years little was done save to mark time, and at the end of that period the Military Directory came into power at Madrid with the avowed intention of settling the Moroccan problem once and for all. These two years of comparative peace had, however, enabled Abd-el-Krim to consolidate his authority in the Riff, and when fighting was renewed upon a considerable scale General Primo de Rivera proved no more successful than his civilian predecessors in forcing a decision. In these circumstances he adopted the bold policy of cutting his losses, and withdrew the Spanish forces behind the Estella Line to refit until such time as an offensive should be practicable.*

During these operations the French zone had enjoyed a period of complete calm, and it never seems to have occurred to the authorities at Rabat that the fire in their neighbour's house might spread to their own, unless, indeed, it be true

* An excellent account of the reorganization of the Spanish troops in Morocco at this time appeared in THE FIGHTING FORCES for March, 1925, from the pen of Colonel Boyd Cable.

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that Marshal Lyautey did make representations on the subject to Paris, and that they were disregarded because in view of his Royalist sympathies it was considered inadvisable to place him in sole command of any large number of men. At the end of 1924 the situation in Morocco was, thus, that the Spaniards were on the defensive behind the Estella Line, which did little more than cover Tetuan in the west and Melilla in the east, while the vast area of the French zone, more than twice the size of Great Britain, was held by the following troops, mostly of inferior quality and split up into innumerable small detachments :—

41 battalions of infantry,
18 squadrons of cavalry,
16 batteries of artillery,
13 companies of engineers,
10 squadrons of aeroplanes.

It is little wonder that Abd-el-Krim, with a hundred thousand victorious Moors behind him and the vision of the Sultan's throne to spur him on, should have felt that his hour had struck.

As soon as the weather permitted, the Moorish chief began his advance. He contained the Spaniards, who were still in the throes of reorganization, with the minimum number of men that would suffice for the purpose, and with the rest of his levies he fell like a thunderbolt upon the French zone. The Moorish objectives were Fez and Taza, the former because it is the old capital of Morocco, and the latter in order to cut the railway which connects that town with Algeria, and in a short time the Moors were within gunshot of both places. The numerous fortified posts, upon which the French had relied for the defence of the country, proved useless, and their garrisons merely served to swell the number of prisoners in Moorish hands, while the morale of the native troops proved to be extremely bad in the hour of danger.

The first effect upon the French military authorities of this onslaught was an urgent appeal to Paris for reinforcements, and by the end of June the forces in Morocco had been increased by some fifty per cent., a step which was, however, only rendered possible by the evacuation of the Ruhr. In this connection it is only fair to state that the French Government almost from the beginning appreciated the seriousness of the situation, and the Prime Minister himself, M. Painlevé,

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visited the scene of operations. Largely as a result of his investigations, two very important decisions were taken—to entrust the command of the French forces in Morocco to Marshal Pétain, and to enter into negotiations with Spain with a view to the final pacification of the whole country. Accordingly, Marshal Pétain arrived at Rabat in July, Marshal Lyautey remaining, however, in Morocco though in a purely administrative capacity, and in the same month a Franco-Spanish conference was held at Madrid, when the plan of campaign was drawn up which within a few months was to snatch victory from defeat.

Before discussing the circumstances which led to the final overthrow of Abd-el-Krim, it will be as well to consider the situation as it existed on the eve of the Franco-Spanish offensive in August, 1925. The whole of the Moroccan coast from the mouth of the River Lau to that of the River Kert was in the hands of the rebels, whose hold upon the interior was also effective from within a few miles of Ouezzan in the west to a similar distance north of Taza in the east. On the Spanish front operations were at a standstill, but the offensive against the French was held up rather than definitely checked when Marshal Pétain and General Primo de Rivera delivered their counter-stroke.

The French *ordre de bataille*, which gives a good idea of the number of men employed, was as follows :—

128th Division (General Hergault) at Ouezzan.
35th Division (General Pruneau) round Ain-Defali.
3rd Division " de marche " (General Goureau) between Mjara and Fès-el-Bali.
2nd Division " de marche " (General Billotte) between El-Arba-de-Tissa and Aïn-Aïcha.
11th Division (General Simon) to the west of Taza.
1st Division " de marche " (General Vernois) at Taza.

The Moroccan Division under General Marty was in reserve at Fez.

It had been decided at the Madrid Conference that the two Powers should deliver a simultaneous blow at two separate points, the French at Biban and the Spaniards at Ajdir, the enemy capital, by means of a landing at Alhucemas analogous to that at Gallipoli. For this latter operation General Primo de Rivera had formed two columns under General

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Fernandez Perez and Saro, consisting of some six thousand men each, while the remainder of the Spanish forces were in reserve at Cueta and Melilla.

A glance at the map will show that in these operations by far the harder task fell to the lot of the Spaniards. Not only had they to land upon a hostile and difficult coast, but they had so to co-ordinate their movements that columns starting from bases so far apart as Ceuta and Melilla should arrive before their objective simultaneously; nor was this all, for the covering fleets were composed of both Spanish and French squadrons, so that General Primo de Rivera, who was in supreme command, had the added anxiety which is invariably the lot of a commander whose forces are drawn from different nationalities. In these circumstances the fact that the whole operation was carried out without a hitch, except for that caused by exceptionally bad weather, is the highest tribute to the Spanish forces, who showed on this, as on subsequent occasions, that when well led they have lost none of their ancient valour, and are equal to any troops in Europe. The landing at Alhucemas took place on September 8th, and after a month's hard fighting in which, to quote *The Times*, " the Riffs were fairly and squarely beaten," the Standard of Spain floated over Abd-el-Krim's capital at Ajdir, and Anual was avenged.

If the task allotted to the Spaniards gave them the chance to show their fine fighting qualities that which fell to the French was equally well performed. Marshal Pétain, in a manner reminiscent of Marshal Foch in the last months of the Great War, thrust now at one sector and now at another of the enemy's line, compelling him to give ground on each occasion. The Moors fought as well when fortune was against them as when it was in their favour, but they had neither the men nor the equipment to enable them to hold their own, and when the rains suspended operations in November, they had been hustled out of most of what they had occupied in the spring. Realizing that he was nearing the end of his resources, for the harvest had failed and typhus was ravaging the Moorish ranks, Abd-el-Krim attempted to secure favourable terms by negotiation, and there was an armistice for this purpose in April, 1926. The negotiations, however, broke down over the question of the autonomy of the Riff, which the Protecting Powers refused to recognize, and fighting was resumed early in May. The Franco-

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Spanish plan of campaign was a repetition of that of the previous year, with Targuist, the Moorish headquarters since the fall of Ajdir, as the objective. Abd-el-Krim concentrated his chief efforts on stopping the Spanish advance, but General Sanjurjo, who had succeeded General Primo de Rivera as Commander-in-Chief, succeeded in breaking the Moorish lines by a frontal attack after some very hard fighting indeed. This proved to be the last act of the campaign, for on May 20th the French and Spanish forces joined hands on the River Nekor a few miles east of Targuist, and a week later Abd-el-Krim surrendered to the French. The war was over save for the " mopping up," though that was to occupy the two Governments for some time to come.

Those who are acquainted with the history of the innumerable Indian and Colonial wars in which British troops have been engaged during the past hundred years will notice many points of similarity between them and the Franco-Spanish operations in the Riff, though it is doubtful whether any British general in Africa or Asia has ever encountered an enemy, with the exception of the Boers, so formidable as Abd-el-Krim. There is, however, one parallel which does suggest itself to the mind, and it is that which is furnished by the First Afghan War. In both cases there was the same division of strength in innumerable detachments, the same reliance upon untrustworthy native levies, and finally the same disaster, only retrieved by a great expenditure both of men and of money. Indeed, if there is one lesson more than another to be learned from the Moroccan Campaign it is the futility of attempting to hold an unsettled and mountainous country by means of scattered detachments. Such posts must of necessity be placed upon the hilltops, while the only available water supply is invariably in the valleys, with the result that it is comparatively easy to cut them off from their wells and so compel their surrender. Only detachments which are strong enough in men and supplies to hold out until they are relieved are of any use in these circumstances ; otherwise, the fate of Bazaine and of Gordon is only a question of time.

It may, however, be argued that modern methods of warfare, in particular aviation, should surely have brought the Moroccan Campaign to an earlier conclusion, but the only answer can be that they were tried and, though far from being found wanting, the results were mainly disappointing. But

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they were not so scientifically employed as in fact they would be to-day or in the near future. The machines used, too, were very out-of-date. For purposes of communication aeroplanes proved almost as valuable as wireless, but for the bombing of enemy villages they were comparatively useless, for the reason that the Moorish village, unlike those in Iraq, generally lies in a narrow valley, with the result that any aeroplane which comes down low enough to bomb it effectively is exposed to a fire from the surrounding hills which is often fatal. The armoured aeroplane is obviously the solution to this problem. On the rare occasions when the Moors massed in any numbers aeroplanes proved useful in breaking up their formations, but for the most part the Moors fought in too open an order for bombing to be effective, and they displayed no great fear of aeroplanes as such, though, in spite of current rumours to the contrary, they never possessed any themselves. Aeroplane action showed a tendency to be spasmodic, and our own Air Force methods, "Hit hard or not at all," which have proved so successful in Iraq, were generally not followed. Tanks, too, did not quite come up to expectations, partly owing to the nature of the ground and partly to the scattered formation in which the Moors fought, and their extreme elusiveness.

On the other hand, there is no doubt tanks inspired the Moroccan with intense terror and in practically every engagement in which they were employed, the rebel units retreated as soon as the tanks started to advance. Furthermore, the complete absence of anti-tank weapons allowed of tanks being used in most varied circumstances—*e.g.*, on advanced guards and observation patrols, with a consequent considerable saving in infantry casualties; also co-operation of tanks with infantry, so often impossible in a European battle, was generally perfectly feasible in the Riff Campaign. The work of the armoured cars, despite the fact that they were of an old-fashioned type, and incapable of leaving the road, proved most valuable, and holds forth high hopes of what the highly developed modern type will be capable of in wars of this nature.

There is no doubt that both aeroplanes and mechanical transport played an important part both in matters of supply and in facilitating rapidity of communication between the allied forces.

Bombs and hand grenades were used extensively,

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especially by the Spaniards ; indeed, the storming of Mount Malmusi, overlooking Alhucemas Bay, by the Spanish Foreign Legion, was one of the finest feats of the war, and was accomplished very largely by the use of these weapons. Cavalry was little used, chiefly owing to the nature of the ground, though the Cazadores de Alcántara fought so brilliant a series of rearguard actions during the retreat from Anual as to enable a number of fugitives from General Silvestre's army to reach safety. Pack artillery, not unnaturally, was more useful than field, and it is interesting to note that at Alhucemas the salvoes of the French and Spanish dreadnoughts had little effect in silencing the fire from the Moorish entrenchments. On the whole, the inventions of the Great War made very little difference so far as the actual fighting was concerned, and it was the stubborn valour of their infantry that gave the victory to France and Spain in the end.

Between the respective merits of the three armies it is not easy to discriminate. The Moors almost invariably fought to the last, and their tactics were generally better than their strategy, though, unfortunately, their methods of warfare were savage and cruel to the last degree, and so deprive them of the respect to which they would otherwise be entitled for their bravery. The French Higher Command was certainly better than the Spanish, though General Primo de Rivera can rank with any captain in Europe, and General Sanjurjo has won a reputation as a hard-fighting commander of the Picton type. The French native troops proved unreliable when once their officers were killed, and Abd-el-Krim is reported to have said that so far as the white rank-and-file was concerned, he feared the Spaniards more than the French. However that may be, the bulk of the fighting in the later stages of the campaign fell upon the Spaniards, and they certainly acquitted themselves very well indeed.

If, however, it is desired to draw one moral more than another from the campaign in the Riff, it can only be the enormous importance of prestige in warfare of this type. The disaster which overtook General Silvestre caused the Moors to believe that the Protecting Powers were not so strong as they seemed, and it was not until the surrender of Abd-el-Krim nearly five years later, that the verdict of Anual was reversed. Prestige once lost is not easily recovered, as the nation with memories of Isandlwana and Majuba should be the first to realize.

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THE ARMY AND THE "DOLE"

By "NOMAD."

WHY does a youth enlist? Properly to approach the subject of this article it is necessary first to answer that question. Broadly speaking, recruits fall into three main categories distinguished by the motives which impel them to join the Army. There is the small class of quite recent origin consisting of those who enlist with the avowed object of obtaining a commission. This includes the Public School boy who has failed for Sandhurst, and the lad born amid less fortunate surroundings who has, none the less, the call of the Service in him and who intends to make it his profession *via* the ranks and the special facilities offered by the Army of to-day. Secondly, there is the largest class of all, consisting of lads who enlist to gratify the want of excitement and change which is common to all youth, and which can be satisfied so rarely in civil life. Watching League football and backing the "also ran" in the 3.30 may, for a time, provide the desired excitement, but sooner or later it is apt to pall, and it is then that the Army provides the way to the desired change. And can such a desire be wondered at? To any youth of spirit, the drab streets, the dreary factory or pit-head, the same hooter at the same hour day after day and the stereotyped holiday must become well-nigh intolerable. The country lad probably does not realize how much better off he is in his surroundings, working at least in clean, fresh air, and in his case it is the loneliness of the land and the attractive glamour of the towns of which he knows so little, that takes him to the recruiting sergeant.*

Lastly, there is the class with whom we are specially concerned—the youth who enlists because he is out of work. By a curious paradox, it has been found from experience that when trade is brisk and employment good, the number of recruits offering themselves is greater than when trade is

* Since this was written, the *Annual Report on Recruiting* for 1927 has been issued, in which it is stated that: "Emigration of youths of military age still militates severely against recruiting, more particularly in agricultural districts." Large sums of money and the energies of many agencies are, of course, being expended in transferring these youths overseas.

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bad and unemployment widespread, from which it would appear that, other things being equal, it is the desire for change that animates almost every recruit outside the small " commission " class first mentioned.

But as the fact remains that a certain number of recruits do come from the unemployed, it would seem the natural and obvious thing to encourage recruiting among the latter when, as we have seen, their increased numbers have a correspondingly depressing effect upon the flow of recruits.

The number of potential soldiers " on the dole " varies widely according to local conditions. In residential towns such as, for instance, Eastbourne or Cheltenham, the number would be negligible. There is no staple industry in such places, and the registered unemployed are drawn almost entirely from what may be described as " domestic " occupations in which, moreover, unemployment is often seasonal or merely temporary. But in the great industrial centres it is otherwise. To-day, in the South Wales and Durham coalfields there are whole districts which can be described as unemployed. The miner makes a first-rate soldier. He usually works underground as a pit-boy until he is old enough to be employed as a man, and it is soon after this transition stage has been reached that the desire for change makes itself felt and he enlists. Before the Great War, when disaster had not yet come upon the mining industry, it was rare indeed for the Old Comrades' Association of a regiment recruited in a mining district to find many of its time-expired men unemployed, and when a company commander serving abroad said good-bye to his men going home for discharge and asked each one as to his prospects, the almost invariable answer was : " Going back underground, sir." No doubt regiments drawing their men from other great industries could tell a similar tale.

Everyone hopes, of course, that mining, as well as other trades, will see a great revival in the near future, when the conditions for the time-expired man will be even better than they were in pre-war days. Many young miners have enlisted during the last two years, but there is room for many more, who can thus assure themselves of better conditions than they have ever known for at least the next seven years. Yet vast sums are being spent in the training and transfer of miners to other trades and districts, while all the time

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thousands could be absorbed into the Army.* The same could be said of other trades, though on a smaller scale.† And this apparent digression brings us back to the question of what the Labour Exchanges are doing to encourage recruiting. For all practical purposes, the answer is "Absolutely nothing." This is not the fault of the staffs of the Labour Exchanges. It is due to the severe restrictions imposed upon them, apparently for political reasons. The character and amount of recruiting "literature" supplied to them is severely limited, and they may not offer even what they have unless it is asked for. The only recruiting poster to be seen is a particularly unattractive representation of a soldier wearing a tin-hat and all the other burdens of field service order above a suit of the pea-soup coloured horror mis-called *khaki*. Even if we are compelled to advertise our national penury to the world by abandoning review order and walking-out dress, to the detriment of self-respect and recruiting alike, it is scarcely calculated to stimulate the latter to emphasize the fact in one of the places where a considerable number of recruits could and should be obtained. It is not, of course, suggested that the Army should be made a dumping-ground for the work-shy, nor is such a thing possible nowadays. Apart from the certificate as to character which each recruit must provide, no less than 58 per cent. of recruits offered in 1926 and 60 per cent. in 1927 were rejected on medical grounds alone.

Not only is there this pronounced absence of encouragement and information in Labour Exchanges as regards the Army, but the profession of a soldier is not allowed to be offered to an unemployed man, even though the latter cannot get work at his trade and the Army is crying out for men with his very qualifications. Thus, a motor-driver may be out of work and registered at a Labour Exchange. He cannot be provided with employment in that trade. The R.A.S.C. may be in urgent need of motor-drivers, yet the Labour Exchange may not offer that employment because it is in the Army and the man remains "on the dole." Even more

* ". . . there was a notable decrease in the number of miners presenting themselves for enlistment."—*Recruiting Report*, 1927.

There can scarcely have been enough improvement in the mining industry during the year ending September 30th last to account for this.

† "The number of tradesmen enlisted continued to be below requirements."—*Ibid.*

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ludicrous is the case of a man skilled in one of the various branches of telegraphy or telephony. He duly registers and cannot be found work in ordinary private employ. The Post Office—a Government Department—may want such a man, in which case the job may be offered him and be regarded as a reasonable alternative to his usual employment, so that if he refuses it he may be liable to be struck off the dole. But if the Royal Corps of Signals want such a man, the job may not be offered him because it is in the Army, although the War Office, like the Post Office, is a Government Department.

We have also the spectacle of lads of 18, without any trade at all, who can hope at best only for casual, unskilled employment, developing into " corner-boys " at a cost to the taxpayer of 18s. per week, while an infantry battalion serving at home may be a couple of hundred short of its establishment (for the maintenance of which money has actually been voted) and would, by taking some of these lads, make men of them in addition to filling up its ranks.* To complete the picture, it must be added that although the Army is not regarded as a form of employment for getting men off the dole, it is so regarded for getting them on to it. In one of the conditions precedent to the grant of " extended benefit " it is specially provided that service in the Army during the two years immediately prior to the application is to be treated as insurable employment.

If, in the case of a lad with no trade or one trained to an occupation for which there was only a demand in the Army, enlistment could be offered as reasonable employment, the benefit to the unemployed, the taxpayer, and the nation generally would be incalculable. Under such conditions, the lad would not suffer. If rejected by the recruiting authorities, he would be given a certificate to that effect when he would immediately be replaced on the books of the Labour Exchange and any loss made good which he might have incurred by trying to enlist. The financial benefit to the individual is striking. An unmarried lad of 18 draws 18s. per week on the dole. If he has no trade he can look forward to little beyond casual labour, or, even after a course of instruction, to the lowest rate of wages for a considerable time. The

* " More difficulty was experienced in obtaining recruits for Infantry of the Line and the Royal Corps of Signals than for other Branches of the Service."—*Recruiting Report*, 1927.

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same boy, on enlistment as an infantry private, immediately draws 14s. per week in actual pay, while, in addition, he is " all found " to an officially estimated value of 23s. per week. His future rests with himself, and is not subject to the vagaries of trade and within a year of enlistment he may easily be drawing 24s. 6d. per week in actual pay and still, of course, " all found." Total, 47s. 6d.

The vocational training centres now established, to which men may go before taking their discharge, have greatly improved the civil prospects of the time-expired soldier, and something like 80 per cent. of the men passing through these centres are finding immediate employment on discharge. Enough has been said to show the disadvantages to the man on the dole resulting from the refusal to recognize the Army as an employment, but there is a more serious aspect of the case. When, in January, 1927, Chinese affairs rendered necessary the dispatch of the Shanghai Defence Force, the infantry battalions serving in England had to be raised from the Home Establishment of 791 of all ranks to the Colonial Establishment of 881. This nominal increase of 90 men per battalion was to be filled by calling up Section " A " of the Army Reserve, who are men accepting liability to rejoin the Colours during the first two years of their Reserve service in any emergency when general mobilization is not necessary. They receive a special " retaining fee " of 10s. 6d. per week, and although no such condition is actually laid down, it is tacitly understood that, as a general rule, such men shall go back to their own regiments. It follows, therefore, that if the home battalions are up to their establishments, the demands of Colonial emergency service on Section " A " of the Army Reserve are limited to 90 men per battalion. The Shanghai Defence Force was made up of one infantry brigade from India, one drawn equally from England and the Mediterranean, and one drawn entirely from England. The reinforcing brigade which was subsequently sent to China was also drawn entirely from England. The first of these brigades, being on the Indian Establishment, does not concern us, nor do the two Mediterranean battalions of the second brigade. Of the two battalions of this brigade drawn from England, one was of Guards, who made up any deficiencies in numbers by drafts from other Guards battalions. Of the third brigade, which was drawn entirely from England, the Green Howards obtained drafts from other Yorkshire

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regiments. There were, consequently, only four battalions in the original Shanghai Defence Force for whom it was necessary to draw upon the Army Reserve, and had these been at full strength the total number of Reservists required would not have exceeded 360. As a matter of fact, the battalions embarked 871 of all ranks—10 below the Colonial Establishment—so that the total would have been reduced accordingly to 320. Of the reinforcing brigade which followed one battalion was of Guards, who obtained drafts, so that only three battalions needed Reservists—a nominal total of 270. The number of Reservists necessary—on paper—to bring the Shanghai Defence Force and its reinforcing brigade up to Colonial strength was therefore 590. What actually occurred? It is safe to say that not a single infantry battalion in England in January, 1927, could stand 700 on parade.* One battalion required 350 men to bring it up to Colonial strength. Another took out not only its own Section "A" Reservists, but those of 17 other regiments as well, while in a third case the number of units so represented was even greater.

Practically every one of the Reservists called up was in civil employment from which he had to be taken away and to which not a few have been unable to return. The numbers so withdrawn were greatly in excess of what would have been required if the Home battalions had been anywhere near their Establishment, yet two days after the original Defence Force sailed the official figures for registered unemployment were :—

Totally Unemployed.	*Temporarily.*	*Casuals.*
307,400	208,400	70,600

So that at a time when Reservists were being taken out of employment in order to fill the gaps in the ranks of the Home battalions, there were 586,400 registered unemployed men,

* The real position is hidden in the Army Estimates by the way in which they are presented. The establishment of the Army shown in the Estimates *excludes* the British Army in India and so keeps the figures low. The actual strength of the Army, however, *includes* the Army in India and so brings the figures up. For statistical purposes, therefore, the strength in India is utilized to maintain the establishment in England. Moreover, although the Estimates refer to the financial year ending on April 5th, the strength of the Army is made out as at September 30th—six months earlier—when the trooping season has scarcely begun and none of the large body of time-expired men from India, and the East generally, have come home for discharge.

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yet the Labour Exchanges had not offered one of them suitable employment in the Army to bring it up to strength. Admittedly the dispatch of the Shanghai Defence Force was to meet an emergency, but it is impossible to say that similar calls will never come again. It is only two or three years since Egyptian affairs necessitated military precautions, and calls upon what few armed forces we may have left are liable to recur. And each time, to fill the gaps caused by a deficiency in recruits, the unfortunate Reservist may be taken away from his job, while the able-bodied youth of 18, who has never had one, may continue to stay at home and draw 18s. per week for leaning against a lamp-post and spitting on the pavement.*

The official view of this ostracism of the Army as an employment appears to be that as the Labour Exchanges are for the alleged benefit of persons holding every kind of opinion and belonging to every political party, it is impossible to compel a man to take any job for which he may not have a fancy, and that as there are in England to-day those who object to the existence of an Army at all, it is impossible for a Government Department to recognise its existence by suggesting it as a reasonable employment, even when it combines the very trade sought by the unemployed man concerned. There are those who object to capital punishment, but the Home Office does not, for that reason, forbid the police to recognize the existence of murderers, and if the Labour Exchanges may recognize the Army as an employment in order to get a man on to the dole, why not recognize it for the far more important purpose of getting him off ?

The real reason for the official attitude is, of course, that if the Army were offered, in suitable cases, as a form of employment, our Socialists would immediately raise the cry of conscription—not because they believed it, but because it might prove a convenient weapon for political warfare. The fallacy of such a cry is at once apparent from the fact that statutory bodies exist before whom cases are brought in which men have been offered reasonable alternatives to their registered trades and have refused them. In such cases, men may be struck off the dole if the refusal is considered unreasonable. The case of the youth offered enlistment

* The *Recruiting Report* for 1926 gave the " dole " as one of the causes of the decline in recruiting in that year—a decline which increased by four per cent. during 1927.

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would be infinitely stronger, as the offer would only be made to those without a trade or to those who could ply their trades in the Army. Moreover, there already exists the precedent that employment may be offered under other Government Departments.

For the genuine unemployed one can have nothing but sympathy, but they suffer to-day not only from being tarred with the work-shy brush, but from an accretion of youths for some of whom, at least, work could be found by this means if our politicians would realize the truth in Shakespeare's words :

" There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

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THE NAVY'S STAFF SYSTEM

By " MARINER."

THE Editorial of the January number of THE FIGHTING FORCES drew attention to what it characterized as an inconsistency in the Navy's staff system—*i.e.*, the continuance in existence of the secretaries to Flag officers and Commodores as nominally " personal " staff but actually, to a great extent, administrative staff officers.

If by inconsistency is meant an element inconsistent with a really homogeneous and smooth-working arrangement, another inconsistency is unquestionably to be found in the incomplete form of nomenclature adopted for the Navy's staff system.

For the greater part of the war the branch of the staff at the Admiralty, akin to the General Staff in the Army, was called the " War Staff," as though it were a mere improvisation for the period of hostilities, to be dissolved at their conclusion.

Then the title was changed to " Naval Staff " which, intelligible enough when printed at the head of a page in the Navy List showing a list of officers employed upon staff duties at the Admiralty, is, in other respects, not a very intelligent combination of words, as, obviously, any sort of staff in the Navy is a " Naval " Staff, and any sort of staff officer belonging to the service a " Naval " staff officer.

For instance, this article has to be entitled " The *Navy's* Staff System," as if the word *Naval* were employed it might be thought to be concerned solely with the staff at Whitehall.

There seems no reason why the Navy should fight shy of the phrase " General Staff," and its adoption would certainly tend towards homogeneity.

Yet another inconsistency lies in the fact that there are no grades in the Navy's staff, so that an Army or Air Force Commander or members of their staffs have no means of knowing what degree of importance any Naval (here again the term is ambiguous) staff officers with whom they may have dealings may happen to possess.

If it does nothing else this must make for inconvenience at times, if only in phraseology.

If a General officer writes : " I am sending my G.S.O.3 over to you to discuss, etc., etc.," one has a succinct statement

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that an officer of a definite degree or status in the staff hierarchy will be arriving, and can judge of his capacity accordingly. But if an Admiral were to write : " I am sending my Naval Staff," or simply "Staff," "officer to see you," would the Soldier or Airman so addressed have so clear an idea of exactly what sort of officer was coming ? He would not, and the officer on arrival would probably have to explain what he was, and so on.

Of course, the Admiral might send one of his personal staff and announce that he was doing so, but that might not help people in the other Services much, as they could hardly be expected to know the precise form of duty with which, say, a Flag-Lieutenant-Commander or a Secretary was associated. These may seem to be trivial instances to quote, but anyone who has had any experience of co-operation between the two, to say nothing of the three, Services knows very well that it is comparative trivialities that often make for friction and misunderstanding, and so cause delay, which of itself may produce serious consequences.

A weak point in the Navy's staff system is the situation of its Staff College, tucked away in the already over-crowded pantechnicon known as the Royal Naval College, Greenwich.

Both the Navy and the newly-formed Royal Air Force missed a great opportunity when they established their respective Staff Colleges, the one at Greenwich and the other at Andover. Both could have placed them within hail, so to speak (say, within a moderate bicycle ride), of Camberley.

Had they done so the students at the three establishments would have enjoyed the inestimable advantage (both to themselves and to their respective Services) of opportunities for personal intercourse, discussions, arguments, etc. Probably no one will deny that the more the three Services know of one another, the more they *understand* one another, the better ; here was a chance for them to do so without any interference with their respective forms of training. But it was lost.

Why the Naval Staff College was placed at Greenwich was possibly for financial reasons, but quite probably there was not wanting the factor that the Naval authorities, for the most part disliking and mistrusting the entire " Staff idea " as a " soldier's notion," decided to persist in the ancient superstition that no kind of instruction to officers of the Navy

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could possibly be imparted anywhere save within the reach of water. Salt for choice, but, failing that, brackish !

Greenwich has been aptly described by a late distinguished President of the College as " an entirely impossible place to work in," but it possesses the advantage of being deeply imbued with 17th, 18th and 19th century tradition !

This predilection for Naval surroundings for a Naval Staff College seems to arise from a total misconception of what Staff work really is, or rather of what a Staff College has to teach. It is not, for instance, the business of a Staff College to instruct an officer of the Navy, Army, or Air Force how to *be* an officer of these Services, *i.e.*, to qualify him for his duties *as* an officer. Other establishments are provided for this purpose.

The Staff form the assistants in the Managing Directorate of warlike operations, and it is for this particular form of duty an especial course of training or " education " is required. Such training is over and above technical training, and can be carried on just as well inland as on or near the coast. It may be, too, that it was feared that a Staff College dissociated from " purely Naval " surroundings might develop a dangerous tendency towards thinking too much for itself, and its graduates might even have committed their thoughts to writing. The Naval authorities have two labels for affixing to people who do this sort of thing : one is inscribed " mad," the other " dangerous."

War is the great and perhaps the only real test of the efficiency of any part of the country's war-machinery, of which the Staffs of the three Services are by no means the least important, and it may be that no right appraisement of the Navy's staff system will be possible until the next war occurs, or after it has ended ! The Staff has been referred to as forming an integral portion of the Managing Directorate of the Conduct of Hostilities, but it must also be borne in mind that an enormous amount in the actual conduct of hostilities depends upon *preparation* in time of peace, and that with this preparation, in every way, the Staff must be closely associated.

" Preparation " begins at the beginning, with the entry of every officer, man, or boy into the particular Fighting Service of which he is to be a member ; with the casting of every nut and bolt of all material.

As regards the Navy, is the Staff, as a " thinking body,"

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sufficiently associated with, say, the entry and training of officers and men—particularly of officers? Is its influence brought to bear adequately upon their subsequent career with a view to guidance in the right direction? Are its "doctrines" sound, and if so, is it placed in a position having the authority necessary to propound them?

These are questions as to which speculation is perfectly legitimate.

Of the general question of the Staff system as a whole, it can with equal propriety be asked, "Is it a workmanlike system well in accord with that of the Army and the Air Force?"

Are its methods business-like and clear-cut, or is there internal overlapping and prolixity?

Is its "language" well standardized and simplified in accordance with active service requirements, and as far as possible in common with that of the other Services? Are the divisions of what is, in fact, the General Staff at the Admiralty appropriate to the work required to be done in both peace and war?

Is there, for instance, a good liaison between the Staff and the Reserve Forces and Units, and a good and clear conception by the Staff of all the problems presented by Sea Transport in war, including convoy and the like?

These are not idle queries, but are such as may occur to anyone desirous of promoting efficiency, and of seeing some of the costly mistakes of the last war obviated in the next.

They are not questions that will be answered officially, but they will be answered when the next "Day" dawns, and the test is again applied.

To ask them is not to cavil or carp in any way, nor to make insinuations; but no human institution was ever the worse for being probed occasionally, even if only to see "how the wheels go round."

Mayhap the Naval Staff wheels revolve with perfect precision upon faultless axles, set in the truest of bearings, mayhap they do not. The Public has not much opportunity for ascertaining the truth one way or t'other.

But few things are perfect in this world, and it is not improbable that the Navy's Staff system, like other institutions, can bear a little overhauling and re-adjusting from time to time, an attempt being made here to indicate some points which require attention.

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There is one final observation which may be made, relative to a by no means uncommon form of argument, to the effect that " all this elaborate staff business " is unnecessary for the greatly reduced Navy of to-day.

That the existing Fleets and Squadrons could carry on their routine cruising, and perform their scheduled drills and exercises with little or no more than the pre-war Secretary-cum-Flag-Lieutenant " Personal " Staff is perhaps true, but, of course, the argument leaves out of account any real preparation for war. It is a cardinal point in sound organization for war to provide for a Minimum (in peace) *readily capable of expansion to a Maximum.*

The Maximum of " the next war," no doubt, will not be the precise Maximum of the late war, but it must serve as some sort of guide in default of any other standard.

A glance at the Navy List of November, 1918, to the instructed eye—for that miserably edited compilation would convey little to the uninstructed—would reveal a vast quantity of Naval formations—largely Bases of one kind and another—quite apart from definitely-constituted Fleets or Squadrons, every one of which required the application of a " Staff System " though most of them had had to develop their own—in their own particular (or peculiar) way.

As regards " Bases," a Base is not a thing of purely local significance. It represents some particular form of war activity at sea. What such forms may be in the next war no man can foretell with precision, but quite obviously there must be a " System "—a Staff System—itself capable of unlimited expansion upon definitely and precisely ordered lines, to direct and control them. If there is not then there will once again be a long tale to be told of costly improvisation on the one hand, and the heart-breaking manufacture of " bricks without straw " upon the other.

The last war showed that it was possible to improvise almost anything—*at a cost!* But why incur the cost?

Staff officers *can* be improvised, in fact, in any great expansion of any Fighting Service for war they must be so, though their improvisation is detrimental to the conduct of the Great Business. But a complete *Staff System*, with all its attributes, is a building which takes time, much time, to erect; and time, in war, is not only money, but blood and tears as well.

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So the real point at issue is not so much whether the existing Staffs—few and small in numbers as they may be—in the Navy of the present day are competent to carry out such duties as the inevitable reaction of post-war conditions may lay upon them, but, rather, whether the complete " Staff System " of the Navy is of such design that it is capable of expansion upon mobilization in a form adequate and suitable to comprehend every eventuality with which it may be confronted.

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THE TIME-GUN

By Peter Kay.

IT had been a topping dance. When you get five-and-twenty young devils on a course of instruction, away from their regiments and the discipline of their senior officers, . . . Well, it *is* apt to make things go a bit.

Dennis—he was a fine young soldier in a fine regiment—thought it had been a topping dance, anyway. He put Celeste into her cloak very tenderly, one might almost say unnecessarily tenderly. "Coming riding to-morrow?" he asked.

"I might," said Celeste, enigmatically.

"About tea-time?" ventured Dennis.

"Perhaps," said Celeste.

The car drove away.

"What the devil *does* she mean?" wondered Dennis.

Celeste knew all about *that*.

* * * * *

There was a very cheery crowd in the Mess when he re-entered it, everyone talking at once. Presently they began moving into the dining-room and settling down to finish up the time-honoured Indian supper of grilled bones and black beer. From the end of the table spake one. He was the Adjutant and Assistant Instructor and he ought to have known better:—"This being a Musketry Mess," he soliloquized. . . . ."Place that deals in lethal weapons; what's the matter with capturing the Time-gun?"

There are few of us who have not known that psychological moment in the early morning when it is far too early to go to bed. One *must* do something; the time is ripe for a rag. Hoots of acclamation greeted the suggestion.

Now, in every Indian station there is a Time-gun. It is usually an ancient muzzle-loading cannon; it is fired precisely at twelve o'clock (noon) every day. The suggestion was, therefore, excellent. The Mess was a Musketry School Mess. Obviously, none could be more fitted than its members to take on the duty of firing the Time-gun. They would do it the next day, anyhow.

The Adjutant and three other stalwarts sallied off in a bullock tonga to get that gun. They drove through the

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moonlit night feeling very cheerful. They reached the rock on which was perched the Time-gun, climbed the rock and unshipped the gun from its mounting. It was an aged brass cannon, very heavy, but it felt quite light. They carried it down and threw it joyously into the tonga.

Then they returned to the Mess.

They had been completely forgotten in the interim (did they but know it), but their advent aroused everybody. A swarm of cheerful youth fell upon the gun, carried it ecstatically into the Mess, bumped it heavily on the floor of the ante-room. Plans were made at once from a score of brilliant suggestions. Of course, the gun would be missed to-morrow; some fool would be sure to miss it. Never mind, at twelve o'clock precisely that gun should be fired from the Mess!

That was that, then. Presently they heaved it through a trap-door in the floor, by way of concealment, and eventually all went to bed.

* * * * *

One feels a bit different " the morning after "; several of " the Musketeers " felt like that. But most of them were gathered round the breakfast table by eleven o'clock and the subject of the gun cropped up again. The Army generally sticks to its guns, so these youngsters did so on this occasion. Breakfast was finished hurriedly. One, who had local knowledge, led a raiding party down the road to rob a road-coolie gang of its blasting powder. Others set-to to pull the gun up through the trap-door. It was very heavy in the cold blood of the morning. It was placed, muzzle outwards, on the verandah, trained in the direction of the rest of the station, laid to fire across the lake in the foreground. One should have reached fame because he suggested that the Snooker balls be loaded into the gun as projectiles. This also was done.

Complications began to arise quickly. The first, a note from the C.O.: " What the devil is all this?" emphatic, but pretty certainly amused. It covered another note from a dame of position in the station: " Dear Colonel, my ayah tells me that there is a mutiny in the bazaar and that rebels have stolen the Time-gun. *Are we safe . . . . ?*"

I blush to relate that *that* note was put up on the Mess notice-board. It would have been one of the Adjutant's

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most priceless possessions for years had he not subsequently given it to another as a wedding present. But that is telling.

Next arrived a hurried scribble from the Brigade Major: "Dear ——, What have you blighters done with the Time-gun? The General says that if you put it back to-day he'll let the matter pass . . . " to which the Adjutant sent a quick reply. All were friends in those days and the General a topper—everyone loved him.

Back came the reply: "G.O.C. says that will be all right. Treasure-hunt to-day, then. Meet at the Mess at 4 p.m."

* * * * *

Time was getting on—nearly twelve. The gun was charged, rammed with newspapers and the Snooker balls fed in on top. The touch-hole was sprinkled with powder. The junior subaltern, compelled by *force majeur*, was lying like a lizard round the curve of the verandah wall. In his hands he grasped a length of bamboo. At its end flamed a kerosene-oily rag, ready to touch off the gun. Behind him, and well under cover, crouched others, calling out the seconds from their watches. The lake shimmered placidly a hundred yards in front. Away on the far side was the station.

Do you know the India dhobi? You do not? Well, he is a washer-man. He is usually very long, very black; he wears his nether clothes tucked up between his long, thin legs and round his waist. Usually he walks like a gout-stricken snipe. He did on this occasion.

Round the trees in the foreground tottered a string of dhobis; one, two, five, eight of them. On their heads they carried enormous bundles of washing. They tottered . . . direct in the train of the gun. Yells of warning. . . . The dhobis stared round wildly, . . tottered on.

Too late! The powder was sizzling at the touch-hole. "Burr——ump!" The air was filled with yells, Snooker balls, flying dhobis.

The Pink took the lake—plunk! The Black and the Green took the foreground, right among the dhobis. The Reds were everywhere. Spot-white has not been seen since.

There were piles of washing in the foreground, but no

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dead dhobis. All repaired to lunch (short drinks before), and to get ready for the treasure-hunt.

* * * * *

Generally a cheery night can stand no epilogue. On this occasion it did ; the treasure-hunt tea was a huge success.

After tea all made for the garden, to look for the treasure, but really to keep their partners away from the arbour at the end, where lay concealed the Time-gun. At a given signal all converged upon it.

From it emerged Dennis, very suddenly. Beside him, very sweet, very happy, came Celeste.

" Hullo !" said the Adjutant, " what—what are *you* doing ?"

" Well," said Dennis, " I've—er—I've found the treasure," he said.

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A RIDE ON THE PERSIAN FRONTIER DURING THE GREAT WAR

By MAJOR C. FRASER MACKENZIE, C.I.E.
(*Lately Political Officer, Amara, Mesopotamia*).

THE Department of Local Resources having intimated that if supplies of hay could be procured in Mesopotamia, a saving of money, shipping and transport would be effected, I decided as Political Officer to explore the eastern portion of my district, to see what possibilities there were of finding good grass in places as yet unknown.

Political Officers in Mesopotamia were a much-abused class. Some of them were deserving of criticism—in every society there is a certain proportion of wasters—but many others had to endure hard epithets, solely on account of the name " Political," which in Britain often has unpleasant associations, especially for the soldier.

Military Governors were largely drawn from the same class as Political Officers, and often were interchanged with them. They were not necessarily the best of the Politicals, because they only had to look after the town Arabs, while the Political Officers had to control very large tribal areas with their more turbulent population. In spite of the practical identity of the two classes under different names, there was a popular fancy that Military Governors would do their best to help the Army, while Politicals would do their utmost to hinder it !

Their business was to administer the country and to act as intermediaries between the Arabs and the Military Authorities. They had to collect revenue, increase agriculture and local resources ; administer justice ; appoint Sheikhs who, they hoped, would be satisfactory ; turn them out when they failed ; settle blood feuds ; recruit labour corps ; and keep order. All this was to be done, moreover, in an area like Amara, for instance, with only three Politicals. Such an area embraced over ten thousand square miles, and included nearly two hundred miles of Lines of Communications with many marching posts. The country is one whose inhabitants are not only reckless of life but are perhaps the most daring and expert thieves in the world.

The chief of these Politicals was Major-General Sir Percy

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Cox, and the others were chosen because they knew some Arabic, or had prior experience; and when they got fed up with telephones, they went for a ride in the desert!

Captain Jones of the Irrigation Department wished to visit the Dowairij and Tyb Rivers, so I asked him to accompany me on my reconnaissance for hay. We started one day early in April, leaving Amara by motor-launch down the Musharrah Canal, which is one of the many distributaries from the Tigris; this river, as it might almost be called, irrigates the rice lands of the Sowaad tribes of Arabs, and thence goes to swell the vast marshes lying between Amara and Kurnah on the left bank of the Tigris.

We lunched with Sheikh Falih of the Beni Lam, and then continued to Khor-Obaid, where we had arranged to leave the canal. Thence we proceeded in "mashufs" (canoes) for a few hundred yards through the marsh to the north of the canal. Here we found Arab horses waiting for us, and a few of Sheikh Ghadban's men ready to guide us to his encampment, close to the Dowairij River some twenty miles away.

Ghadban is a typical villain, and probably more unscrupulous than the average Arab chief. As occurs in Eastern even more frequently than in Western politics, he had experienced the sweets and bitters of Fortune. At one time during Turkish occupation he and his agents had been granted possession of, or taken by force, most of the land from Amara to Sheikh Saad on both sides of the Tigris. This territory included much land which belonged to other tribes and to other sections of his own tribe, the Beni Lam; and his "uber älles" method finally hastened his downfall.

He became too rapacious and proud, while he paid too little land revenue, so the Turks conspired with other tribes to drive him out; for they never cared particularly for a Sheikh who became too powerful. Considerable fighting followed; but when our troops arrived at Basrah he came in from the Dowairij, where he had lived as an exiled robber chief, and made terms with the Turks, undertaking to harry our right flank. However, he never seriously carried out this bargain or it would have been more difficult for General Gorringe to carry out his wonderful march from Ahwaz to Amara—a march which was rendered possible by the local knowledge of A. T. Wilson (now Sir Arnold) who accompanied the troops.

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When Ghadban came to the conclusion that our hold on Iraq was fairly solid, he came in and surrendered to Sir Percy Cox ; but as he was known to be a treacherous character he was told to stay where he was on the Persian Frontier.

A little tale was current about his cruelty, but as the events occurred before our occupation I cannot vouch for their authenticity. On one occasion two minor members of his family had conspired to revolt against his authority, but they were defeated and captured ; whereupon Ghadban had them sewn up in sacks and placed one on each side of a camel, which was turned loose to graze in the desert till the captives died in torture of thirst and sunstroke.

We arrived at his camp near sunset, and his son, Abdkul Kerim, came out a mile or two to meet us. Ghadban was away, the reason for his absence being that I had been obliged to reprimand him for not carrying out an arrangement he had made with me for the supply of labour for the hay cutting ; and so he had gone off in the direction of Ahwaz under the pretence of making his fiftieth or one hundredth marriage !

The following morning we went to examine the possibilities of irrigating the large area between the Persian Frontier and Helfaya. The Arabs hoped that a dam could be thrown across the Dowairij River, as indeed, had been done once before by the father of Ghadban. There was a convenient place where the river cut through two adjacent foothills, and it appeared to require only the expenditure of labour and money to bring hundreds of thousands of acres under cultivation. The trouble was that the soil was sandy, and the pressure of the water which came down from the Persian mountains was too great. At first a little trickle had found its way through at the bottom, and this finally had undermined and destroyed the whole structure.

While we were having lunch a small party consisting of a man on horseback and a man and woman on foot trotted up. They had actually ambled along together some twenty miles from a place called Helfaya, the man with twenty pounds weight of goods and the woman carrying roughly ten pounds. They had hurried because this was only half way to their home, which they had to reach that evening. Such is an interesting example of the strength of the women in these parts.

After lunch we started off in a north-westerly direction for our next camp some twenty miles away. We began by fording the Dowairij River, which was not difficult, as there

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had been no recent rain. Afterwards all was simple going, but there was an occurrence of interest when some gazelle passed close to us. Three or four of our guides went off in pursuit, and one of them brought down a buck by a clever shot when both were at full gallop.

We arrived at our destination towards sunset, but as all this part of the country was uncultivated from lack of water, we had seen no villages or encampments on the way; and our camp was merely headquarters for large herds of cattle, sheep and goats. There was no Sheikh here and nobody of importance, except an uninteresting old Syed who was in charge of the place. The drinking water was poor and brackish, and our resting place a little black tent. Although as a rule Political Officers in Mesopotamia did not often have to face hostile bullets, they had plenty of opportunities to pick up typhoid or any other disease germs which were on the prowl. Moving rapidly over large areas without proper means of transport, one was obliged to drink any water available and trust to Allah. So long as one was near the Tigris all went well; the larger irrigation canals taking water from the Tigris were not so bad, but the really dirty water came in those villages situated on offshoots from the canals. Here men and cattle watered together, and it did not avail much to go upstream as there were villages dotted all along. The earthenware pots used by the Arabs must surely have disinfecting properties as well as those of filtering and cooling.

That night Jones and I selected what we thought was the best place to sleep, near the centre of the tent; but we had an unpleasant experience, because a cold wind sprang up and it came on to pour in torrents. Towards the middle of the night the top of our tent suddenly collapsed towards the centre, owing to the weight of the rain which had been gradually collecting there, and emptied its contents on top of us. Afterwards the centre part kept up a perpetual dribble, so we rolled off to the sides, and were glad when day broke!

After breakfast we started off in a north-easterly direction to cross the Tyb River at a supposed ford some eighteen miles away. We had been obliged to make a considerable tack in our course, so as to be sure of obtaining shelter of some sort the night before, as in this part of the desert there was only one fixed camp, and it was necessary to stop the night in a place where the headman was known and would be responsible in case of trouble.

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The Tyb River debouches from the Persian mountains towards the south end of the Pusht-i-Kuh, and finally flows into marshes to the east of Amara and to the north of the Musharrah Canal by which we had started. It has cut its way to a depth of some twenty-five feet below the surrounding country, and usually is easily fordable in three places; but all these mountain torrents have a sudden and violent increase after rain.

When we arrived on the river's edge we found it in flood, the velocity of which we calculated at being not less than nine miles per hour. On the other side Sheikh Juwi arrived about the same time as we did, and he saw the difficulty of the position. There were no boats, and we had to decide whether we would return to our previous night's camp or cross on rafts towed by Arab swimmers. With some anxiety we decided for the latter alternative, and thereupon Sheikh Juwi sent off horsemen to his brother's camp, two miles away on the north or further side of the Tyb. They brought certain Arabs who were accustomed to the game, and after a long time they managed to construct a crude raft about two and a half feet square, the basis of which was the bladder of a bull.

There was a light wooden superstructure and four bamboo poles, lashed in a square shape, while to the front edge was tied a piece of rope to act as a form of harness.

When all was ready five stalwart Arabs started from the other side, dressed in the garments of nature, and they swam across towing the raft; but so powerful was the current that they were swept down some three hundred yards while traversing the river—which was not more than one hundred yards wide. Once on our side of the river, they only had to walk up the bank carrying the raft to the spot where Jones and I were sitting, watching with anxiety not in the least diminished by this performance.

Wherever the winding of the river took a convex shape, the water was shallow and there were sandbanks near the edge, but where the form was concave the water ran deep, the current strong, and the bank was precipitous. Thus, only half the river was out of depth, and the object was to gain a convex part of the far bank while starting from a convex part on the near bank.

I was to go first, so I curled myself up as well as possible on the little raft. The start was propitious, because the

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men could wade the first few yards. One Arab was swimming at each corner, and one in front harnessed to the rope. When the front man got out of his depth then began the excitement. They were powerful swimmers, and encouraged each other with grunts and yells, but to my disgust, as we passed round the convex bend, the current threw us more and more to the near bank ; and, swim as they could, the Arabs appeared to make no progress whatever across the river, although rapidly approaching the place where we ought to land. I looked down the river and I saw we were not very far off the precipitous bank on our side ; so, if we missed this crossing, the only chance was to return to the near bank at the next bend, about four hundred yards from where we now were.

I had rather mixed feelings at the time, my principal idea being that, if the Arabs got the wind up they would probably quit the raft ; and although I am a fair swimmer I knew I had no chance in that current, dressed as I was in khaki serge, and the river in flood with freezing water from the snow mountains.

Just when I was feeling most pessimistic, the Arabs seemed to redouble their efforts ; their yells and cries of exhortation became more poignant, then a shout of joy from the leader announced that he had touched ground. Half a minute later we were out of all danger, but three hundred yards lower down the river than where we had entered. The last look I took at Jones I shall ever remember ; he was gazing after me through his field glasses, and I could guess that he was wondering—as indeed he told me later—whether we should ever get across.

It was with feelings of the greatest pleasure that I jumped off the raft and went up the bank to sit down and smoke a cigarette and watch the rest of the proceedings with Sheikh Juwi—in whose territory I had now arrived, and who had come to meet us with fresh horses. Meanwhile, the five Arabs returned once more and repeated the same performance with Captain Jones.

It had been cold on the river's edge, and we were glad to walk rather than ride to our camp, some three miles distant, where a brother of Sheikh Juwi resided. Here we had an excellent dinner and a comfortable night's rest.

Sheikh Juwi was a fine big man, and although stolidly phlegmatic he had plenty of quiet humour. An old-fashioned,

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countrified Sheikh and a strong grasping ruler, he was a man whose principal fault was avarice; and this was displayed in his small beady eyes, which were the only marring features of a fine figure. He had thrown in his lot definitely with the British and, had the Turks been able to return, he would have been obliged to leave in a hurry. Consequently, he had been allotted a large territory stretching from within thirty miles of Amara nearly to the Wadi, all on the left bank of the Tigris. On the east this land stretched to the foothills of the Pusht-i-Kuh. Juwi was frank in speech and honest, though stubborn in his opinions. There was a mutual liking between him and Colonel Leachman, who was Political Officer with the troops from the time of the Battle of Shaibah to Baghdad and beyond—including the long period of severe fighting for Kut—and who was murdered later at Feluja by a treacherous shot. I remember he was designated as "Asad" or Lion by Juwi in a conversation one day—and Juwi was not a person who threw compliments about.

The next morning we rode off some ten miles to see the land where the Tyb debouched from the Pusht-i-Kuh, our object being to form an idea as to whether an irrigation scheme would be possible at some future date. The distance from the Tigris to the foothills varies from roughly twenty miles or more at the Wadi to some forty miles at Amara. The land slopes down from the Tigris for a few miles on either side and then gradually rises towards the mountains; so that irrigation from the Tigris side can only extend about half way, and the remainder may well be called desert, although in parts it can be cultivated by the aid of the precarious rainfall. In spring the desert has a beautiful flora, and quantities of grasses.

The Tyb has cut a channel some twenty-five feet below the surrounding country, and therefore the problem presented itself as to how the water level could be raised, and how the excess water of spates could be stored to supply the crops in the spring when they would be ripening.

We found an interesting example of the cleverness of Persian engineers in the old days. About a couple of miles inside the Persian frontier and beyond three or four spurs of the lower slopes, we could distinguish what remained of an ingenious tunnelling scheme which had been carried out at least a century before—some hundreds of years ago, according to the Arabs, who said that the old men had no recollection

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either of its being built or of ever knowing anybody who had seen it constructed.

At a convenient spot they had driven a gently-graded tunnel through a foothill, and where it emerged on the other side they had prepared an aqueduct to lead the water over and across the valley. Continuing in the same manner, this alternate tunnel and aqueduct was carried through three spurs until it arrived on the plains, where we found remnants of canals running for miles in different directions. Of course, the difficulty which had been surmounted was the proper grading of the tunnels and the calculation of the slope for the aqueducts.

Where we could find the tunnel it was some fifteen or eighteen feet in height and about twelve to fifteen feet broad, and every now and then there were vertical openings which may have been caused since construction by collapse from above. Sheikh Juwi said that they had always been considered as ventilating shafts, and this seemed the best explanation. The Persians had diverted to the mouth of this tunnel sufficient water for their purposes by a broad rocky wall, both high and long, leading from a point in the winding river to the alignment of the tunnel.

After an examination of this interesting survival, we turned our faces to the north, but the ground was still heavy from the rain and we soon caught up the camels which Juwi had sent on with two or three tents. We accordingly decided to halt for the night at the nearest place where we could find pleasant water.

The next day we had a ride of about thirty-five miles to Sheikh Juwi's headquarters, at Glareh Teppeh on the left bank of the Tigris to the east of Ali Gharbi and some eight miles or so inland. It was much warmer now, and the sun was beginning to get powerful ; an amazing quantity of flies reminded us of the fact by following us the whole way. These flies resemble the ordinary house-fly, but they are more apt to bite, and they swarm in the spring much more than in summer, when the intense heat is too much for them or their eggs.

Meanwhile, we were keeping a look-out all the time for suitable spots for hay. In the spring the whole of that desert portion is covered with grass, but it grows and withers very quickly ; so this added a complication to the already serious question of transport and labour. The Arabs never

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made hay, and they considered it would be ruined by a special type of grass called " shairah " which grew in the desert and which, when dry, used to make horses cough. Hence, in their opinion, hay would be a failure although this grass formed only a small part of the whole.

In several places we came across what might be described as winter oases, which were formed by streamlets from the snow mountains. After wandering for a few miles according to their size, these rivulets lost their channel and emptied themselves into the desert, where they terminated in local marshes of varying dimensions. On the moist land around the edges of these oases there were magnificent patches of wild oats, barley, etc., growing in places above our horses' girths ; but when ripe the grain was disappointing.

It was the western side of one of these patches that Juwi had selected for his winter camp, and we arrived there after sunset, all rather tired after the long ride. As we were approaching the camp we were met by Captain Willey, my Assistant at Ali Gharbi, who had ridden out to give Juwi the bad news that the Tigris had breached its bank in one or two places and was flooding the cultivated areas. Farmers in the vicinity had already collected labour to deal with the problem, and Juwi left for the scene before daybreak, but he had not succeeded in controlling the flood when I passed there a few days later.

These breaches of the banks of the Tigris occur more or less seriously every spring, because the river is flowing at an elevation superior to that of the surrounding country—which consists of silt thrown over it for centuries by the flooding Tigris. This explains why the earth slopes down generally away from the Tigris ; the further the distance from the river the less likely is the silt to be deposited there. The country is sparsely inhabited, and (being of a somewhat careless nature) the Arabs do not trouble to construct powerful banks to the river. In any case, they had considerable difficulties to face because the outlets for irrigation are weak spots, and in certain places between the surface of the river and the low-lying country there are drops of many feet which give rise to enormous pressures. The danger period comes in the springtime when the Tigris is swollen with winter rains and with the melting snows at its source.

Here the party broke up. Captain Jones being in the Irrigation Department, had special interest in floods, so

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he remained behind. This was practically the last time I saw Captain Willey, a very keen and promising young officer, for shortly afterwards he was transferred further north, and within a year he had been murdered by Kurds.

However, I had not quite finished my trip. I wished to see the country up to the point where the Wadi River left the Pusht-i-Kuh, so I started off in that direction and encamped that evening about thirty miles away, with Sheikh Bilasim, to whom this territory had been allotted. He also belonged to the Beni Lam tribe, and was a brother of Ghadban, but he feared rather than loved his brother, and had no desire to see him reinstated. He also had a quarrel with his Persian neighbours about the right to cultivate on a disputed border tract; but this problem was too thorny to touch for the moment.

Next morning we rode down the Wadi; and that day is memorable for me owing to a " game " which I saw played by some of Bilasim's Arabs. Two men rode about fifty yards ahead of us, and about a hundred yards apart. Every now and then they turned inwards and galloped at each other, and, as they passed the centre, each fired a bullet destined to go as close as possible to the other without actually touching him. The Sheikh, being judge, had to pronounce which succeeded the best; there was one desperate-looking cross-eyed ruffian whom I would have disqualified the first round. His shots seemed aimed deliberately at the head of his opponent, and as they fired at a range of about two yards, it seemed almost incredible that the bullet should miss. I told Bilasim that I thought he was dangerous, and should be warned off, but the Shiekh did not agree with my views. All he said was, " Yes, isn't he good at it ?"

Perhaps it was the squint that saved the situation !

If a man is killed at this game accidentally (to my mind perhaps not always accidentally, although they are careful not to match enemies together), there can be no blood feud, such as almost invariably follows violent death among Arabs. The relations of the deceased, however, would be entitled to some compensation for the man's death.

Thus ended this trip, for I arrived that afternoon at the marching post situated at the junction of the Wadi and the Tigris.

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THE AMERICAN "NEW MODEL" NATIONAL ARMY AND THE GENERAL SERVICE SCHOOLS

By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. M. SCAMMELL,
California National Guard.

IN previous articles in THE FIGHTING FORCES the writer has described in general terms the attempt to form in the United States a new model army, and has commented upon the progress with special reference to the 40th Division. Some casual remarks were addressed on the subject of the spirit in which the old régime accepts the new; but a better way of showing upon how firm a foundation the new system rests would be to give an account of the Special Course for National Guard and Organized Reserve officers in Command and General Staff studies at the General Service Schools. Plain facts speak with the power of conviction.

But, before launching forth into this subject, the writer desires to make it perfectly clear why he is at pains to inform a British public. It is no idle and sentimental attachment based upon blood or "hands across the sea." Only the hopelessly silly expect kinship to inhibit quarrels. The very fact that there is such a thing as civil war should be conclusive evidence of that. It is the business of governments to attend to the needs and interests of the governed; that is why they are established and maintained. While it is true that the British and American peoples are rivals in trade, and in many other spheres find conflicting interests that may from time to time become acute, as was the case at the recent Naval Conference at Geneva, a broad outlook will probably show why even acute crises are and must be smoothed over.

Many years ago a former Oxford man, Henry Morse Stephens, came to California as professor of history. A striking personality, he gathered students about him, and they smoked and talked—and learned. Although his business lay with the past, his mind and spirit were broad enough to allow him to talk of the future. One thing that he said appears to-day to be on the horizon: the preponderance in

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the world of three great peoples—the Russians, the Chinese, and that which we loosely call the " Anglo-Saxon " or the " English-speaking " peoples.

Another scholar came, this one from Dublin—Frederick J. Teggart. Five or six years ago, speaking of Russia, he said, " Study the map ; think what they can do ! "

What has come to pass ? The new generation in Russia is bred on Bolshevism ; that is to say, the back of Russia has been turned upon European culture and Christian influences ; its face is now to the East. Its doctrines are those of fear and hate and war. And what of China ? That it is at least anti-European none can doubt. But this is not to sing the old refrain of the former German Kaiser : " The Yellow Peril " and the dread of Russia, because, for the present at least, both are economically and in a military sense not dangerous. Moreover, each of these peoples has a serious and deep-seated weakness. The Russian bear hibernates. The winter gives him leisure, or, rather, lack of useful employment. The dreams he dreams and the plans he plans he cannot execute until fair weather comes ; and with it comes reality and other things that must be done. And so perhaps this is why his dreams so often remain only dreams and his plans nothing but plans. And China, too, is the slave of geography. There great rivers run across wide valleys. Often they overflow ; and when they do safety is so far away that the initiative of flight offers no security. And sometimes famine follows floods, and pestilence comes with the other plagues. It is not the man of energy and resource who escapes, but the man of philosophic calm, of foresight and patience and endurance—and of selfishness. He who can exist with the least food, who rations himself and regards not the need of others, who conserves his physical and mental energy, he survives ; the others often perish. And so, it seems, the Chinese have endurance, patience, stoicism and philosophy, but they have not the restless energy or the fiery initiative of the European.

The empty spaces of the world are filling, and those that are left belong, for the most part, to the European stock—largely to the so-called Anglo-Saxons. And here a curious thought suggests itself : those that are predominantly agricultural have not the vacant lands, but these lands belong to the predominantly industrial and commercial peoples, who hold sway also over densely populated Asiatic lands.

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"To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath." Is it not possible that the age-old conflict between Jacob the dweller in tents and Esau the hunter may be staged again, even as it was in Attica and in Rome and in the European states, and that the next time it may be on a world scale? And if politics makes strange bed-fellows, it may more easily make natural bed-fellows. The call of race is real; and the call of kindred minds and kindred interests is no less real. And this is the reason why I for one begrudge no increase in efficiency to the armed forces of the British Empire. This, then, is the reason why the writer thinks it of importance that Englishmen should understand what we are trying to do, and the character of the army with which some day they may have to co-operate.

Reading recent articles on General Pershing and articles by General Hunter Liggett has made it plain that if the British and the French had been aware, in 1917 and 1918, of the character and the efficiency of the United States General Service Schools and the United States Army War College, the question of amalgamating American troops with those of the Allies as opposed to the policy of creating a separate American Army, would not have become so acute, and the common cause would have thriven through an increase in that solidarity which is the supreme cementing force in a military machine. They did not understand because the United States had never been, except for a brief period, a military power in the world. Silently, slowly, but surely a far-reaching change was taking place. Thinkers were thinking, and workers were working. General Morrison had introduced modern methods into a systematic study of war, founding what are now the General Service Schools. Prior to the entry of the United States into the war, the course was divided into a line and a staff course; competition was intensive, for only selected graduates of the line school were eligible to attend the staff course, and only a few bright stars from the staff course were given the privilege of attending the Army War College, founded about 1900 by Elihu Root as Secretary of War. Thus, while it is true that the United States General Staff was new, and its members largely inexperienced in the handling of large tactical units, few appreciated the thoroughness of the theoretical instruction, the effect of the rigorous process of selection or the significance of the fact that such officers had been for two years watching

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the developments in Europe. In a little book written immediately after the war and just before his death, Professor R. M. Johnston, the father of our Historical Section, paid a very high compliment to the influence of the General Service Schools. General Hunter Liggett, in recent articles, has stressed the same factor. The miracle was that a green army could actually function at all in battle under improvised staffs; the reason is, "Leavenworth." It speaks for itself that the schools have found little reason to modify the pre-war doctrines; they stood the test of battle.

This is the leaven which is working to cement the three component parts of the National Army into one harmonious whole. This is done in many different ways. Indirectly it is diffused through instructors, graduates of the schools, who serve with the civilian components and advise them regarding training; thus the teachings of the regular course are extended. But there are two other schools: the Correspondence School and the Special Course for National Guard and Reserve Officers. Officers of all components may subscribe to the Correspondence Courses, and absorb their tactics and technique direct. But only a fortunate few may attend the brief three months' course at the School itself. This limitation is imposed by the scarcity of funds. The nation may be fat, but its defenders are lean as well as few. And so it is sufficient comment to show the attitude of the Regular Establishment toward the civilian components, that funds are diverted from other sources to teach the citizen officers "Les parties sublimes de la guerre," and to prepare them for staff and high command duties. And, if more evidence be needed to show the attitude of the Regular Army to-day, the Commandant, the Assistant Commandant and the staff are at the call of the citizen soldiers of Kansas City, thirty miles away, to direct and conduct their instruction throughout the year. This is not prescribed by law; it is done voluntarily by the officers themselves.

Now, what is taught? The Regular Course is most complete, including the army corps and army. The Correspondence Courses cover, more superficially, of course, the same general scope: Organization and tactics of the separate arms and the division, then tactical principles, command, staff, logistics, corps and army troops, corps and army operations, and separate subjects such as combat intelligence, troop leading and methods of training and instruction.

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The scope of the Special Course is not so wide; the corps is touched only incidentally, but the advantages over the Correspondence Course are numerous and important. In the first place, one lives in the atmosphere and absorbs the teachings all day and every day for three months, instead of taking up for a few hours every week a subject remote from one's daily life. Again, work can be done on the terrain; equitation can be had, personal contact is established not only with instructors but with the officers of the regular class; questions can be asked; methods can be learned; one absorbs more than one ever imagines from the very atmosphere; above all, the impression of belonging to the Army of the United States is instilled. We of the " part-time army " are received as a matter of course on the same footing, just as though we too came from active duty. It is not any longer a novelty; no one tries to be tactful, but everyone is courteous and thoughtful. We step into the club without special arrangements, simply paying dues, enjoy the golf course and tennis courts, and entering fully into all social as well as intellectual activities.

The new system, then, is accepted, accepted as good and with confidence. There are drones; there are incompetents, but there are also men of superior intelligence, ability, energy and character. In time crude devices for sifting the wheat from the chaff will be devised, and war will automatically complete the process. In theory, perhaps, the system ought not to work, and elsewhere, possibly, it would not; but here beyond a doubt it does work, even in its experimental stage. And in making the system work, no factor is more important than the loyal spirit of subordination and selflessness of the officers of the Regular Army.

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TWO INDIAN SHOOTS

By Lieut.-Colonel C. T. Tomes, D.S.O., M.C.

THE presence of the Government of India and Army Headquarters in Delhi means that the keen shikari must travel far for his sport, and even then it is hard to come by. Luckily for us, however, we found a very good friend in the Deputy Commissioner of Gurgaon, one of the keenest and best shots in that part of India. In his district, near Nuh, there lies a series of shallow jheels some twelve miles long in all, and the broadest perhaps a mile in width. Ideal for duck, but almost impossible to compete with without a proper organization and a considerable number of guns. It was just this which he was able to get going.

Early in March he wrote to ask if we, as a regiment, would take on the Kalinjar end of the jheels and we said we would. We had been there before, and although we had always had sport, we had never achieved an epoch-making bag for the game book, so we did not expect anything out of the way.

Kalinjar is a good sixty miles from Kingsway Camp, and the last ten over a very " katcha " road, so a start in good time was necessary. Four of us, therefore, in two cars, set out at 1 p.m. one Saturday for our destination. The drive was rather wonderful, albeit dusty, and the road none too good. We went through Gurgaon, Sohna with its old fort on the hill and the great cactus hedge, the customs barrier of Delhi many years ago, now the stronghold of panther and partridge, and so on over the flat plains to Nuh. From here we took the " katcha " road which leads to Ujina and Kalinjar. It was pretty rough, but the Chevrolet and the Ford took all obstacles in their stride. All the same, it was a long and tiring drive, and we were glad to reach the little rocky hillock on which the dak bungalow stands.

Luckily, there was still daylight when we arrived for we found that the water had fallen since we were here last, and a certain reorganization of stands was necessary.

It was a fascinating view which we got from the roof of the bungalow. At our feet the flooded country and gleaming sheets of water stretching away far into the sunset, and all around the flat plains with oases of trees and cultivation which mark the villages. With glasses we could make out the duck feeding in the shallows, and all augured well for the morrow.

After an excellent dinner, cooked by the bearers, and

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one, or shall we say two, glasses of port, we appreciated the situation and made up our plan. We decided that the best stands were the Island, the Bund, Armpits and Kalinjar, and we drew lots for these. But, as the flight of the duck is always a bit uncertain, we agreed on a general post at 1 p.m.

Zero hour was not to be until 10 a.m., for many guns could not get to their places before that, so we made up our minds to shoot right through until dark. Also, as we were not going back to Kingsway until Monday, a dawn shoot on that day was included in the programme. Finally, we got up sweepstakes on estimates for the bag, the number of geese shot, and so on, and so to bed.

We started early, for some of us had good tramps to our stands. F. took the Island, D. the Bund, B. took Kalinjar, and I had drawn " Armpits " (so called because one is liable to go in up to that part of one's anatomy in getting there). The water, however, looked extremely cold and uninviting, and I found a drier spot which turned out almost as good.

The ball was opened by some guns away almost out of hearing at the far end of the jheels, and then we had a wonderful hour.. The duck and the teal came over singly, in pairs, in bunches of four or five, in great clouds of hundreds together, they came at every sort of angle and at every height and pace. The fun was fast and furious, and the coolies were kept busy picking up the dead and chasing the cripples.

After a time there came a lull, although the stream of wild fowl never really stopped. It did not matter, for the bird life on the jheel is so fascinating that one is glad of an opportunity to study it. Snake birds, " kala wallahs," like cormorants with long thin heads and necks, which come over in lines a quarter of a mile from end to end, the coots, the great stately Sarus cranes, and ordinary cranes, the beautiful little black and white kingfishers which hover and drop like a stone to pick out a fish at one's feet. No one fond of nature need ever be bored.

Soon it was discovered that most of the duck had settled in the " Sargossa " sea, a large area of fairly deep water covered with floating weed. Some one, F. I think, nobly waded out and blew them up and the fusillade started again, and so it went on until it was 1 p.m., and time to change over. I waded across to the Island to relieve F., who was quite pleased with his bag, and he went on to " Armpits " and being a brave man, got there.

The Island was an ideal stand. The jheels narrow there,

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and by wading out a little one can reach two little bushes which give perfect cover from both sides. Coolies and spare cartridges can be left on the bank close by. Three jheels meet here and every duck in the place seems to pass overhead, so I was not disappointed in my hopes of a good afternoon's sport.

The stream of duck and teal was practically continuous, and although our execution was, perhaps, not as great as our expenditure of cartridges might suggest, yet we managed to bring down a fair proportion, and no one could say the shooting was easy.

At five o'clock we foregathered in a little wood for tea, and each and all were very pleased with themselves. We decided that the sport was too good to waste and quickly got back to our places. This time I took the Kalinjar stand with the idea of putting up any birds which might have settled far up at the eastern end of the jheel. It was quite a trek and heavy going, but I got a few shots and picked up a pintail and a shoveller on the way.

As I neared the bungalow I suddenly realized that there were thousands upon thousands of duck and teal in the shallow water and reeds at the end of the jheel. This was rather a problem, for it was important that they should fly west over the other guns, and not east, away from us altogether. Luckily, a camel, laden with grass, solved the difficulty by being led across a bund on the far side.

They all got up together and the roar of their wings was indescribable. For a few moments the air was literally black with waterfowl. One could only fire and fire, and fire again, but there were so many that it was impossible to pick one's birds, and the result to me was disappointing. However, I got a few, and when the flight had passed it was satisfactory to hear the others blazing away as well.

I thought it was all over for the day, but suddenly heard the " honk-honk " of geese in the distance. The coolies at the moment were under a tree at the edge of the water, whilst I was in the open some two hundred yards out in the jheel. It was getting dark, and search the sky as I would I could *not* see the geese. Suddenly I saw them, five of them, flying wide from me right over the coolies who, luckily, had the sense to shout and turn them. I made myself as much like a blade of grass as possible, apparently with success, for they came right over. Both barrels and one was down, after a chase we got him and later another. Fine, fat bar-headed

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geese, each big enough to feed a mess, most satisfactory. And so back to a bottle of beer, wash and change and wait for the others.

The bungalow looked more like a poulterer's shop than anything else when we laid out the bag—143 head, including four geese and six " kuch nays," which one of us had shot because they had annoyed him !

Monday saw us up before the dawn and down on the jheel in time for the morning flight, and well worth it. Early morning on the water is a most interesting time. Duck flighting low around one's head like bees, teal coming out of the half light so close as almost to take one's hat off, all the mysterious sights and sounds of the waterfowl, and finally the dawn and the rush and roar of thousands of wings. It was so fascinating that we almost forgot to shoot. However, we did shoot, and got a good many, but there was no one else on the jheel, so the birds left us after an hour or two. We were running out of cartridges too, so we finished and strolled back to the bungalow to count the bag—5 geese, 67 duck, 115 teal, 2 snipe, 6 various ; and the varieties included bar-headed geese, nukhta, brahminy, spotbill, gadwell, pin-tail, common and garganey teal, tufted duck and common pochard, and, of course, some shovellers.

Everyone had a great feast the next few days and we almost got sick of the taste of duck—but it was a very good shoot.

We had another day of a different sort in January ; the bag was not so large, but it was great fun all the same. Four of us were out after partridge and the venue was in the dry and dusty country west of the Jumna near Palwal, some fifty miles from Kingsway. It was all walking and we had to work hard for our sport.

Kashmira, our shikari, led us first to a hillocky, scrubby part of the world, and for the first half-hour we saw nothing but doves, of which there were thousands, and began to think it a frost. I heard a shot and a covey of grey partridges came dropping over some tamerisks on my left. I fired both barrels, but missed clean—a bad start. Almost at once I saw some more running on ahead into a cactus hedge and when the line reached it they got up and we bagged a brace. So we went on for an hour or so, and although the birds were not really plentiful, there were quite enough to keep us going, and we amassed six or seven brace in the first two hours.

So far, we had seen only grey partridges, but presently

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there was a shout of " Mark ! Kala Wallah " from the coolies and a beautiful black fellow came sailing down the line, only to be missed by me and crumpled up with a pretty shot by D.

Now the fun began, for we had reached a place where the scrub was thicker and the tamarisk trees higher. Quail, grey partridges and a few black got up in quick succession and the bag began to mount. Then yells and shouts from the coolies and a hare got away ; if they had only kept quiet we should have got him, but a " Kargoosh " always seems to send them mad.

Now we heard the shots of another party approaching, so we did a wide left-wheel and went off in another direction.

Apart from the game there was plenty to keep one's interest alive. Lots of peafowl, very tempting, but they are sacred round Delhi and can only be shot *sub rosa*, herds of " Chink," and a few black buck and always a chance of meeting the mighty boar.

The chinkara, beautiful graceful little things, would sometimes let one get quite close, and it was a treat to see them prick up their ears, stand and gaze for a moment, and then dash off with tremendous bounds through the scrub. One confiding youngster stayed too long and W. put a charge of 6's into him and bowled him over. We had venison in the Mess next day and very good it was.

By one o'clock it was pretty hot and we were glad to find ourselves back near the car, so we called a halt, had lunch and discussed a bottle of beer.

After a short rest we tried the other side of the road, and here we had our best sport along the dry bed of what was once a river. Quail again and grey partridge and an odd black, but it was too hot to go on for long and we finished early.

As we were putting up our guns a flock of pigeon settled a couple of hundred yards away. W. and I stalked them and got a couple, and then we laid out our spoils and counted 15 brace of grey, 2 brace black partridge, 5 quail, 2 pigeons, 2 hares, 1 chinkara, and I regret to say, 1 peahen. Nothing very much but a nice mixed bag which sent us home very satisfied.

Such is a record of two good days' shooting, both recently obtained within sixty miles of the capital of India, and all for the cost of one's cartridges and petrol for the car. Where in England could one get the same and why does not every subaltern work heaven and earth to serve in such a country ?

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THE NIGHT RAIDERS

By George Stanley.

LOW lying clouds chased each other fitfully across the watery moon as Gill and Napier, two Flying Officers, came out of the Adjutant's office and gazed into the darkness of the night. They were dressed in Sidcot suits, soft fleeced-lined boots reaching right up to their hips, and inside their furry gauntlets were thick silk gloves.

"Doesn't look much of a night for a trip like this," grunted Gill. "Where are these wretched blast furnaces?"

"I'll show you on the map in a minute, directly I can get a light. Personally, I would rather have this weather than a clear, moonlight night—the anti-aircraft fire is getting too jolly accurate in that district. Here you are"—extracting a small pocket torch from the recesses of his kit, and shining its light on the map—"ten miles due east of where the river bends to the southward. Distance from here about two hundred miles, so we should be back by 2 a.m."

Gill's thoughts were translated into a series of grunts as they walked along towards their hut. These two had joined the squadron at the same time and had flown together on the last four night raids. The expeditions had not been carried out without certain loss to the squadron; originally the particular hut now approached had accommodated ten officers all told, but only these two still survived, the remainder having "failed to return." No details had been obtained; the losses occurred singly, and none of the machines in the formation had seen any of their number go down. Were the unfortunate airmen caught by anti-aircraft fire, forced to land through engine failure, or did they lose their direction in the dark, crashing in hostile territory? These questions rather worried Gill. He had a theory of his own, but as his messmates pointed out, his theories somehow never seemed to work out in practice.

On their arrival at the hut, the batman whom these two officers shared, met them at the door, with a suit case in his hand.

"Everything in, Vidler? Change of underclothing, razor, toothbrush, etc.?" asked Napier, who was greatly addicted to his creature comforts and saw no reason why in

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the event of being shot down and taken prisoner, he should not have a few necessaries at hand.

" Yes, sir," replied the batman, " and with the compliments of the Squadron Commander, he wants you down on the aerodrome in ten minutes' time."

Gill stepped inside the door and crossing over to a shelf near his bed unlocked a small box. With his back to the door he took out a locket, slipping it into his pocket with a furtive glance over his shoulder. Few in the squadron would have credited him with the slightest sentimentality and no one, except his companion, knew that on each raid he carried this locket pinned on the dashboard in front of him in the cockpit. Before closing the door both officers looked round the hut, each silently wondering whether they would return to it any more.

" Come on, George," said Gill, almost brusquely.

Down in front of the hangars the huge twin-engined machines were drawn up in a long line. In the moonlight, for no lights were allowed lest the hangars should provide a clear target for hostile bombers, a few ghostly figures could just be descried flitting between the machines and the two officers, with the batman, made their way over to the nearest monster at the end of the line. All the engines were warming up and the night was filled with their deep sonorous thum-thums ; little groups, pilot, observer and gunner, stood beside their vehicles, discussing final points before getting aboard. Here a trio attempted to convey to each other by gesticulation what the noise of the engines prevented being passed by word of mouth, whilst farther down the line, the waiting crews finished their last few puffs at pipes and cigarettes.

The Squadron-Commander, emerging from the shadows, drew Gill and Napier to one side, where he could make himself heard.

" You will have to take off first to-night, Gill "—the Flight-Commander having failed to return from a raid the previous night—" the others will follow at intervals of two minutes, and you must form up in the air as best you can over the aerodrome." Then, turning to Napier, who was the observer, " Mind you give it to them good and hearty ; take plenty of time over the sighting." He looked at his watch. " Time you got away now. Good luck to you both."

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The couple saluted and went back to their vehicle. Its fuselage was too deep and high off the ground for them to clamber up into it, and the entrance had to be made through a trap door in its belly. Gill got in first and crawled along to his seat in front, and as soon as Napier was in the gunner pulled up the suit case and closed the trap-door.

The aeroplane was fitted to carry a crew of four, but in order to increase the bomb-carrying capacity for this particular raid, the second gunner was not taken. Out in the very nose of the machine was the front gunner's cockpit, fitted with a movable gun frame, and affixed to the outside of the structure was a bombsight. Immediately behind this cockpit and a little higher, was the pilot's seat, controls and instruments, whilst right alongside the pilot were a tip-up seat and skeleton dual controls which the observer could operate if the pilot was incapacitated, though normally this was where the observer stood to take his observations. A small passage-way led into the body of the fuselage in which it was possible to stand upright. Napier had turned this space into a miniature chart-room ; it was pitch dark save for the small finger lamp glowing over the chart and series of push switches which, by operating lights on the dashboard, guided the pilot over the target. At the end of the flooring was the trap-door entrance to the machine, and immediately behind this at the same level came the frames supporting the bombs, then the compartment where the gunner had his habitat in a two-storied cockpit.

Gill opened the throttle, and the engine gave a deep-throated roar, the propellers became circular discs, and the monstrous machine straining against the chocks placed under the wheels, rocked with vibration.

At Napier's nod, Gill peered into the darkness for the Squadron-Commander, waving his electric torch to indicate that all was ready. A shrill whistle sounded, airmen tugged the chocks from the wheels, and the great bomber lurched forward like some ungainly monster, slowly turning towards the lights on the ground that had been temporarily lit to indicate the direction from which the wind was blowing. The pilot's whole attention was occupied in getting into the correct position, but Napier standing beside him, had nothing with which to occupy his mind. The moon emerging from behind a cloud shone dimly on the line of waiting machines, and aided by his imagination, the observer saw the crew of the next machine go through the scene just enacted. The clump

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of trees at the edge of the aerodrome rushed madly towards them as the engines now hurled defiance at gravity; a few more seconds and the trees passed by some hundreds of feet below, whilst the hangars and line of waiting bombers sank to obscurity in the background. The excessive vibration and bumping had ceased, but the full force of the slip stream caught Napier's face and he quickly pulled the goggles over his eyes. The machine swung round on long climbing curves over the aerodrome until a Very light was fired from the ground intimating that the last machine had taken the air. Each aircraft carried small navigational lights on the wing tips and, from above, these pin-points could be observed getting into position. When the formation was completed, the observer tapped his companion's shoulder and the compass revolved until the lubber's line was on the appropriate course. Higher and higher they climbed until the wraithlike wisps of grey moisture-laden vapour stretched forth to wind around the intruder. Straight ahead in the distance, at right angles to their course, stretched a solid bank of white-topped cloud, and the ground beneath, viewed from this higher altitude, looked like patchwork. Away to the right was a thin piece of silver thread winding between two strips of dark wool—the river and two ranges of hills which the Observer used as marks for checking his course. To the left, as far as the eye could reach, a continuous stream of fairy lamps lit and went out again with ceaseless monotony, for there was considerable surface activity in this particular sector. Long scissorlike beams persistently traversed the sky and frequently dull red flashes appeared in the region of the machine.

"Got all the bearings you want?" shouted Gill. "I think we had better get out of this and climb above all that gubbins ahead of us. The A.A. here is a trifle unhealthy." Napier agreed and retired to his chart to mark off the exact time and position. "Signal to the rest of the formation that we are going to climb," continued the other. The shaded stern light wavered for a few moments and an answering flash from the darkness behind and below signified that the message had been received.

The airplane had already been flying for half an hour over the thick layer of cloud that blotted out the bright moonlight from the ground beneath. Above, a clear sky with Orion's Belt and the Great Bear holding undisputed sway; below, fantastic turretted castles perched on impossible snowy white

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cliffs sailing majestically past, followed by great breaking rollers sufficiently grand for a Valkyrie. Here Boadicea again rode her chariot with prancing steeds, and farther away there stretched a vista of noble Alpine snow-fields; in quick succession the masses of vapour changed their shapes, whilst shooting stars hurried unheeding across the sky intent only upon their celestial errands.

"We should alter course now," observed Napier, breaking away from the unpractical line of thought in which his senses, intoxicated by the surroundings and lulled by the rhythmical purr of the engines, had led him. "Another ten minutes on the new direction and we should be somewhere in the locality. Perhaps, if you throttle down, we shall sight our objective as soon as we get out of this stuff."

Gill thought for a moment and then gave a grunt of approval. Though these two men were of entirely different personalities, they were firm friends and each reposed the utmost confidence in the other's ability.

The observer stood alongside his companion as the aeroplane pursuing its gliding path crashed into the vapoury emptiness of a gorgeous cavern, then he crawled back into the chart den and, lying at full length on the floor, peered through the sliding panel. Naught but white mist below, above, and around. He shivered at its clammy contact; it filled his eyes and got into his throat, almost choking him. The dive through the cloud seemed interminable, but he dared not shift his position lest any opportunity of sighting the target might be lost.

It was not for nothing that Napier had studied aerial navigation, and now the fruits of his labours bore results for, as the vapour became thinner and thinner, and the vehicle emerged into clearer air, the small dull-red glow of the blast furnaces showed up almost vertically underneath.

As yet, the aeroplane had not been discovered by the ground batteries, so that Napier had plenty of time to steer the pilot into the most favourable position for aligning the bomb sight. With meticulous care he watched the dull glow pass down the sighting bar, at the same time counting the seconds on a stop-watch. Four, three, two, one—click, and his right hand jerked the bomb release lever. He held his breath whilst Gill swung the machine round to take another run over the target. With straining eyes he went through the process again and this time as his hand sought the release

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lever, brighter glows appeared round the target, the first salvo of bombs having just reached the ground. Searchlights and rockets suddenly sprang into life, and the whole atmosphere reverberated with explosions. Napier, crawling back to his seat, leant over and elevated his two thumbs.

" Home, Jeames," he shouted in the pilot's ear.

It was not until they were well on their homeward journey that Napier discovered that two of his bombs, having jammed in the racks, had not fallen. He communicated the discovery to his friend, and they both decided to try to release them over a particular aerodrome nearby, which recently had caused much annoyance to the daylight squadrons. It was unthinkable to return to the base with the bombs still aboard. Moreover, they were already fused and a heavy landing might explode them.

" It's no good using the sight, old man, as I shall push the bombs through even if I have to jump on them." Gill nodded, and the other crawled aft over the bomb racks to begin his jumping operations.

The batteries around the aerodrome had heard the approaching aircraft and searchlights feverishly swept the sky ; once or twice in their wide circle a couple settled for a moment on the aeroplane, and Gill felt their discovery inevitable. After a few seconds of wavering doubt, the pencils of light moved on and concentrated on a patch of cloud. The batteries sent up shell after shell on a systematic search of the sky, and the fury was redoubled when the recalcitrant bombs eventually leaving their supporting frames, set up their peculiar whine through the air.

Napier got up off the racks and slid to the floor. To his horror he saw that the trap door had worked open and the next moment he would shoot headlong through the gaping void. Too late to stop the fall, he swerved sideways, seizing hold of some bracing wires on the fuselage, just checking himself when half-way through the open door. The jerk almost dislocated his arms and as his legs kicked impotently in the air under the machine, the whole weight of his body fell upon the strained muscles. The roots of his hair were damp with sweat and he shrieked aloud to the pilot, but the sound of his voice was flung back upon him by the larger volume of the engines' roar. In any event, both the pilot and gunner were quite powerless to help him ; try as hard as he could, he found it impossible to lever himself up and his fingers became rigid

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with the paralysis of fear. Suddenly the starboard engine commenced to splutter and the whole machine was flung into a sickening side-slip. This saved the suspended youth, for as the angle became steeper and steeper, that part of his body dangling in space was flung against the longerons and he was enabled to worm his way back into the fuselage, where he sat for a while too exhausted and scared to move. It was then that the reason for the aeroplane's strange gyrations became apparent. In seizing hold of the bracing wires, his elbows had closed one of the petrol cocks and his fingers had gripped two of the control cables. Immediately the controls became free and the petrol tap was readjusted, the machine began to assume a level keel.

Gill, having seen his companion go aft, concentrated on the manœuvring of the aircraft. As the bombs fell, every searchlight in the vicinity seemed to hold the machine in its rays, and shells exploded all around. A piece of shrapnel hit the compass and its fragments fell over him; several ragged tears appeared in the wings, and then he lost all control of the vehicle. The starboard engine cut out and the aeroplane slewed madly to the left in the direction of a kite balloon. As he anticipated, the balloon was one of the anchorages for the deadly apron (a wire mesh slung between and supported by two captive balloons, more or less on the same principle as a net for catching submarines). As suddenly as it failed, the engine picked up again and the wild mad rush to the left and downwards was checked, the balloon apron being missed by a few feet.

For the last couple of hours Gill had lost all sight of the other members of the formation, but just as he turned away from the balloon he caught sight of one of them. The anti-aircraft fire slackened slightly, but a bullet whizzed by, chipping the edge of the control wheel in his hands and narrowly missing one of the petrol tanks. Without further hesitation, Gill dived into the nearest mass of vapour and steered for home.

By the time the aeroplane emerged and was well away from the firing of the batteries, Napier had recovered sufficiently to crawl along to his companion.

"That was a narrow squeak; don't know what happened to the starboard engine, but it suddenly cut out; get your bombs on to the target?" asked Gill.

Napier suddenly realized that of course the pilot could

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have no idea of what had happened to him, and at the moment he did not see much point in enlightening him.

"Yes, the bombs got away all right, but I did not see them fall. Look"—pointing over the side at some lights suddenly switched on below—"they have got our last night's sign." The allusion made was to an enemy dummy landing ground. Certain emergency landing grounds had been laid out by the squadron for the use of pilots who might be unable to reach the home aerodrome. These emergency landing grounds were provided with fixed landing lights and exhibited certain combination of colours, but it had been found necessary to change these combinations each night, as the resourceful enemy soon erected counterfeit grounds in their territory, ploughing up the surface to ensure a crash if any pilot, deceived by the ruse, attempted to land.

Gill did not follow the speaker's extended arm, for he was deeply engrossed in another problem—was it a piece of shrapnel that had chipped the control wheel, or was that a sort of mark a bullet would make? He wondered whether it was his imagination that the fire slackened directly the other bomber came into view, and why it had turned off so suddenly. He would have something to say to the pilot when he got back. It was a pity that Napier was not alongside him to check his observations.

Gill throttled down the engines as the landing lights of the proper aerodrome were switched on in answer to his Very light, and as soon as the wheels of the aeroplane touched the ground, the aerodrome was shrouded in darkness. Contrary to his usual custom, Gill did not taxi up to the hangars; instead, he gave orders to the waiting mechanics to put chocks under the wheels, left the engines just ticking over, and motioned to Napier and the gunner to follow him out of the vehicle. Having dispatched the gunner to his quarters, he engaged in earnest conversation with his observer, and after a little while they went off together to report their arrival to the Squadron-Commander, who was already on his way down to meet them.

"Glad you two are back all right, though you are a bit late," said that officer on meeting them. "Let's hear all about it, and what sort of shooting you made."

"Are all the machines back, sir?" asked Gill anxiously.

"Yes, the last one landed about half an hour ago, and I was beginning to get a little fidgety about you."

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" Could you spare us a couple of minutes, sir, in your office ?"—catching Napier's meaning look.

The trio retired to the office where they were closeted for several minutes whilst the theory was expounded to the Squadron-Commander.

" Well, perhaps there may be something in it," observed the senior, rubbing his chin thoughtfully as he stood up by the open door of the office. " Remember, I don't want you to be away for more than three-quarters of an hour at the most, as No. 2 Flight gets away just after 3 a.m."

" Very good, sir, and if my theory is correct I will fire a green Very light. I think it would be better if we did not take the rear gunner, as the machine is a little tail heavy, and I may want to throw her about a bit."

II.

For the second time that night Napier watched the disappearing aerodrome, though on this occasion he did not worry to mark any position on the chart. His whole attention was taken in peering into the darkness, and it was soon rewarded, for a few moments later his whole body suddenly stiffened, as he pointed to a dark shadow on the edge of a cloud.

" There's a machine," he shouted, dashing forward into the front cockpit where the gun was ready fully loaded. Gill motioned to him not to fire until they got into closer range and turned the machine's head in the direction of the shadow. It was the same aeroplane they had met on the return journey and the anti-aircraft behaved in exactly the same manner as before, slackening immediately the two bombers were in close proximity. The strange aeroplane not only looked the same type as those in the squadron, bearing the same distinguishing marks, but had actually been one of them. A few weeks before one of the squadron was forced to land in hostile territory and was captured intact. The enemy airmen, seizing the opportunity, used it successfully against the raiders themselves, by joining in at the tail end of a loose formation at night and quietly shooting down the nearest bomber.

So far, only Gill had seen through the ruse, and realizing now that his theory was correct, he was determined to put an end to the menace. For a moment he was undecided whether to attack the other immediately or proceed on his way as

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though he had no suspicion, but appreciating that the other's base was in the vicinity, he decided to lure it farther afield before attacking. As he flew steadily on, the other played a sort of hide-and-seek game and Gill, noticing that his own machine had a slight superiority in speed, eased the throttle as the other disappeared into a lump of cloud.

At that moment three crossed searchlights held him fast in their pitiless glare, and then suddenly it was as though the machine was swept aside by some giant hand. Fragments of the bursting shell covered the fuselage with rents; the main petrol tank was pierced, its contents streaming out, and several struts hung limply in their sockets. From Gill's left sleeve a piece of bloody bone protruded its jagged parts, whilst a burning pain shot down his thigh. In the front cockpit, fragments of the gun still remained on the mounting, though most of it had been blown away. Napier, when he recovered his senses, found himself on the floor, blood gushing in regular spurts from a severed artery in the leg. Mechanically he applied a roughly fashioned tourniquet round the limb and slowly crawled back beside his friend. Raising himself up on the undamaged leg, he lurched up against the dashboard, from where he saw the hostile aeroplane as it emerged some hundreds of feet below. With a twisted smile he drew the dazed pilot's attention to it, and together they painfully pulled over the controls. Obedient to their combined efforts, the aeroplane shot down towards the other at tremendous speed, and during those few seconds Napier had no conception of Time. Once he seemed to read a mute appeal in his comrade's dying eyes, and leaning forward he unhooked the locket with the miniatures, putting it inside Gill's coat. The controls became impossibly heavy and it was as much as he could do to support himself; the tourniquet on his leg came unfastened and a fountain of blood spurted over them both. So this was Death, that name of horrid sound—the control wheel was slipping, and he must exert every atom of strength. Looking down at Gill he saw that he had fallen forward, exposing a crimson stain in the middle of his back; soft voices called him over the shriek of the rigging and roar of the engines; the face of his child-wife who had crossed the borderland just a year before, smiled to him in loving welcome. No longer had he any interest in Life, desiring only to escape from the pitiful material chaos and agonizing pain—there was something that held him back,

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that impeded his release — his bewildered mind tried to think—think.

A stream of bullets poured into the machine from the bomber below, which now frantically attempted to avoid the diving wreck.

A new access of strength surged through Napier as at last his mind triumphantly discovered what held him back. His fingers closed round the trigger of the Very light pistol, and as the last flicker of the green light died out, the darkness of the night was stabbed by the lurid streak of two intertwined aeroplanes hurtling earthwards in flames.

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SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES

By A. D. GRISTWOOD.

BEYOND Salisbury the barren chalky spaces of the Plain give place to a greener kindlier country where lush water-meadows spread a green carpet beside running streams in valleys dark with woodland. Here, far from the hubbub of the towns, you might not long ago find the Old England of Cobbett and Hardy. But this was before the time of wireless, when the sad fame of Ypres was yet to be.

The sleepy little station is unchanged, but the railway to the camps among the hills has vanished. Two or three farmers take the place of the noisy crowd of khaki that a few years ago flooded heavy-footed from the leave-trains. The " red-caps " are gone from the bridge, and the Army Service Corps men loading trucks in the siding.

The familiar road crosses the river and climbs southwards towards the downs. There is the gate where in our salad-days we saluted the drum-major, who rebuked our ignorance with a zeal untempered by mercy. There, away to the left, is the rutted track through the beech-woods that we followed at dawn on our way to the station for week-end leave. Can it be twelve years since we watched the trout snapping at flies down there by the river? For a moment it seems that it happened yesterday, and then again long ages ago in another incarnation.

From the top of the hill the road looks down upon the church, and there in the churchyard are the graves of those who died for their country, though not on the battlefield. Carved on the headstones are their names, and their regiments, and their regimental badges. Dick Evison is there beside the yew tree. He fell ill one afternoon towards the close of a hard field-day, and, dreading ridicule, refused to fall out from the homeward march. A week later he died in the camp hospital, and we of his platoon guarded the coffin through the leafy summer lanes and leaned upon arms reversed on the path that led to his grave. His parents were the only civilians at the funeral, where the thrushes sang melodiously, and we fired the three volleys over the open grave, and the " Last Post " wrung hearts that had not yet grown callous. For we were young recruits then, and death seemed a thing strange and terrible. Six months later we lived the life of unclean devils and envied Dick his slumber in the green churchyard.

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On the road through the village marches a phantom army—the ghosts of the good fellows who joked lightheartedly through the drills and marches of that glorious summer. Sheep fattened ignorantly for the slaughter, they dreaded not a future wrapt in mist, and lived wholeheartedly in the joys of the present. Bound in the closest intimacy, eating and sleeping and quarrelling and working together, they left misfortune to come when it would. And now the army is scattered, and the survivors remember but dimly the pleasure and the pain of the past.

The village is strangely quiet and empty. The little shops of matchboard and corrugated iron, where we bought cigarettes and dubbin and chocolate, socks and soldier's friend, have given place to gardens of cabbages and dahlias. The old black barn is a barn still, but you can no longer buy there bread and cakes and pastries. Just opposite there used to stand a small green-painted hut labelled " Officers only." This was a sore point with the other ranks, but our yeasty indignation went never beyond threats.

Vanished too are the Tipperary Tea Rooms, where beautiful and aristocratic ladies from the big houses round about struck terror to our souls while earning gratitude for their cakes and custards ; but not far away there still stands the cottage where we buried the puppy among the gooseberry bushes. How the old lady cursed the motor-murderer, and how grateful she was when we borrowed spades from a neighbour ! Even thus early we were grave diggers.

Beyond the village the road swings to the left and climbs again to the level grasslands at the foot of the downs. The inn at the corner had once a dubious name, but in the sanded parlour you may now order your bread and cheese and cider without fear of scandal.

To-day, too, you may look in vain for the crowded roads of the past. On the very site of the camp are fields of wheat and barley. The huts have disappeared with the guard-room, the hospital, the Y.M.C.A., and the muddy roads that joined them. An old cottage still stands beside a group of haystacks at some little distance from the road, but it is hard to believe that this was once the local Selfridges—the " Camp Stores," where you could buy anything from a pair of boots to a jam tart. There was a kind of witch's kitchen in an old barn nearby, and, there by candle light and in a stuffy aroma of pigs and chickens, we feasted on sardines, tinned fruits, and doughnuts.

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But for the most part all such landmarks have vanished. Where exactly was the parade-ground that changed in a night from a hot and dusty desert to a wilderness of yellow mud? It was there that we passed off the square—"rookeys" no longer; there that we ran and lay and crawled in energetic open order; there that we returned dusty and dishevelled from the ardours of a route march. It was a point of honour to swagger grandly past the guard-room, the band playing the regimental march at an impossible speed, leaden packs gnawing viciously, hot, tired, and gloriously hungry.

We brought the appetites of giants to the dinner of greasy stew and plum duff, eaten from chipped plates on the bare boards of the trestle tables, and afterwards we smoked and lounged in the huts, and washed tired feet, and assembled sleepily for a lecture on Mills' bombs or the mysteries of the Triangle of Error. There came, I remember, a succession of hot, languorous days in June, when the gardens between the huts withered in the heat, and we would volunteer for a coal fatigue for the sake of the shower-bath that went with it. In the long summer evenings, our letters written, and the everlasting polishing of equipment forgotten until to-morrow, we would wander aimlessly through the woods and watch the sunset from the ridge above the camp.

One winter's day our neighbours, the riflemen, challenged us to a snow-fight, and in the heat of battle some stones found their way into the missiles. The umpires were early casualties and the victory as uncertain as Jutland. That night we raided the huts of the "Cast-Iron Sixth" and certain bold spirits erected a life-like effigy of the Adjutant. On cold winter nights the stove glowed red-hot beneath mugs of tea and savoury tinned soups. All, save the favoured few near its comforting glow, wrote their letters in bed, draped curiously in blankets and Balaclava helmets. At grisly dawn "Réveillé" came before the light, and we must stumble leaden-eyed from bed for hot cocoa and the early morning run through icy mud. Sometimes the water froze in the wash-houses and shaving was an abomination.

Long days we spent digging trenches at the foot of the downs. This was a welcome relief from the inanities of drill, and we could talk and work and rest very much as we pleased. Mimic battles with sand-bag bombs were popular, and on red-letter days we threw live grenades that roared and whizzed convincingly. Left to himself a man will throw a bomb readily enough, but on these occasions he was invariably

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overwhelmed by the well-meant warnings of his instructors. By the time he had extracted the safety pin he was a mere jelly of nerves, and a danger to the community.

Sometimes the grenade failed to explode, and we had to search around until we found it, and then, from a safe distance, pelt it with stones until an obstinate silence proved it innocuous. Once, I remember, an unlucky searcher fairly trod upon the thing, and died next day in hospital.

Night operations too were in great favour with the brigade strategists. We would leave camp at nine o'clock and be hopelessly lost by half-past nine. No one knew, and few cared to know, the why and wherefore of activities that ended all too often in an encounter between mutually abusive bands of warriors who knew not whether they met as friends or foes. We steered erratically by the stars, grovelled blasphemously among rabbit-holes and brambles, and returned muddily at two o'clock to mugs of steaming soup and instantaneous slumber.

Towards the end of our time we shot our courses on the ranges, foolishly proud to fire live cartridges. There is a glorious recklessness in the " mad minute " that would rouse enthusiasm in a turnip. As butt-markers we could smoke in our shirt sleeves, and signal with long-handled discs and derisive red and white flags the erratic shooting of unknown comrades. The targets were mounted in balanced pairs on movable iron frames, and while one was in use we repaired the holes in the other with gum and strips of coloured paper. Butt fatigue was commonly an all-day job and we made a kind of picnic of it. The rifles cracked viciously and the bullets raised spurts of dust in the bank high above our heads. We worked in pairs and gambled with our neighbours on the marksmen's prowess. The rules were simple—a penny to the target with the highest score, and in a long day you might well win a shilling. High above the range on the crest of the hill the picquets wandered lazily behind the red flag. Nominally they should warn strangers of danger, but for the most part they dozed comfortably on a bed of bracken in the shade of a turf hut.

The ricochets hummed angrily overhead to scare the rabbits. Far below you could watch the drilling of toy soldiers in the square ; sometimes there would be a mustering of mules and wagons as though for a trek to a new Alaska.

A fine Sunday found us high on the downs, looking across

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steep wind-combed slopes of turf, starred with scabious and odorous wild thyme, to the camp, and the valley, and the wide world far beyond. Carved in the hillside were the badges of the regiments—the raw white chalk standing out vividly against the green. Ten years later you would still be able to trace them—the shield of the riflemen, the staff and snake of the Medical Corps, and the grenade of the Fusiliers, but then ragged and crumbling slowly to oblivion. An ancient earthwork stood on the rim of the hill and through it the Roman road took its arrow's course to Salisbury.

We would walk leisurely through the grassy hollows where the larks rose buoyantly from the furze, and so come presently to Broad Chalk, where for a shilling you could obtain a prodigious meal of tea and eggs and bread and butter and jam and rock cakes and watercress. The sun and the wind were our good friends, and it was easy to unbutton our tunics. Towards dusk we would make our way across the hills again, at peace with all men ; bugle calls rose hauntingly from the valley ; the lights of the camp kindled beneath us, and the night dews filled the air with fragrance.

Other villages, too, we visited—their names chiming sweetly with a mellow antique music. Swallowcliffe, Teffont-Evias, Barford-St.-Martin, Compton-Chamberlayn, Sutton-Mandeville, Ebbesborne-Wake—small wonder that the charm of the past still lingered among them. Thatched cottages of timber and limestone stood behind clear flowing streams by the wayside, where watercress jostled with kingcups and crowsfoot. Cherry trees of an excellent vintage leaned generously over the hedges of the highway. The woods in springtime ran amuck with beauty. It was not that the flowers were other than the old familiar blossoms—it was the widespread generosity of their harvest. Primroses, cowslips, bluebells, anemones, violets—they splashed the woodlands with broad panels of colour and beggared the dreams of the poets.

And now the woods and the field and the scattered villages have sunk back into their old-time quietude. The tides of war have ebbed, and seed time and harvest obliterate the scars of our brief sojourning. Doubtless it is best that it should be so, but for some of us the face of that fair countryside wears the sadness of a tale that is told. If only youth fled not ; if only we could walk again on the hills with our old companions !

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CONSECRATION OF COLOURS.

By MAJOR T. J. EDWARDS.

ONE of the most important features in connection with Colours is their consecration, a ceremony which was bound to be introduced very soon after their employment in view of their importance as symbols of the people and the sacrifice of human life which always attended their defence.

From the earliest times war flags, banners and standards have been intimately connected with the church, both Christian and pagan, and the element of consecration is conveyed in some of their designs.* The Israelites, for instance, carried the sacred standard of the Maccabees, which bore the initial letters of the Hebrew text " Who is like unto Thee, O God, amongst the Gods " (Exodus xv. 11). The Labarum of the Emperor Constantine bore the sacred monogram of Christ; the standard of Joan of Arc (1429) bore the figure of Christ on one side, and on the other a representation of the Annunciation and the words " Ave Maria." Joan also wore a consecrated sword, marked on the blade with five crosses, which had, at her bidding, been taken for her from the shrine of St. Catherine at Fierbois. She generally bore her banner herself in battle; she said that though she loved her sword much, she loved her banner forty times as much; and she loved to carry it because it could not kill anyone. Poor Joan! she apparently did not realize that it gave her soldiers the necessary impulse to kill.

Before tracing the record of the act of consecration—the outward and visible sign—it will be necessary to demonstrate the intangible and invisible idea on which that act is founded.

*Thomas Simes (1778) states: " The most learned and skilful antiquarians agree that the original use of ensigns or colours in war came from the Egyptians, who being under no regular military discipline, and therefore often invaded and overcome by their neighbours, invented the carrying of some conspicuous sign or token which the soldier might follow, and upon any defeat or dispersion of their troops to resort to. This invention was by Lycurgus carried to Sparta, and from thence transferred to the Romans, in whose armies they were accounted so sacred that they paid them a kind of divine reverence; which superstition was likewise derived from the Egyptians, whose chief ensign was their god Apis, represented in the figure of a bull, hierogliphically signifying strength and power."

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Two of the most reliable authorities on the antiquities of the ancient Romans, Daremberg* and Adam†, state that the military flag was the symbol of the God of War—the visible sign of the invisible spirit—represented in material form by a statue in the city, but, in the legion, by a flag. "Tertullian declared," writes Daremberg, "that the creed of the standard constituted in some form all the religion of the army, and they gave it precedence over all other gods . . . Under the Empire the temples of Rome continued to receive some ensigns, but they must, in each camp, following the regular religious services of the temple, erect the ensigns which they have in their chapel, inviolate refuge, where was also worshipped the images of Emperors. When in camp it was the ensign which was placed first, and when a satisfactory site had been chosen, probably in the middle of the general's headquarters, they raised a chapel there, making an altar of turf on which they placed the ensign." Adam states that the ensigns were made of wood, silver and gold, "on which were represented the images of warlike deities, as Mars or Minerva, and, after the extinction of liberty, of the emperors or of their favourites. Hence the standards were called 'Numina legionum,' and worshipped with religious adoration. The soldiers swore by the standards and deposited their money at them as in a sacred place." Dr. Lord states‡ "Both religion and honour bound him (the Roman soldier) to his standards; the golden eagle which glittered in his front was the object of his fondest devotion."

Whatever may have been the attitude of mind of the Jews towards their war flags, it is not difficult to comprehend that, to the pagan, "his ensign was the incarnation of his god of War," a portable or mobile god, and like so many pagan ideas which still find expression in our Christian system do we not see this idea still persisting in a modified form in our *esprit de corps* or "creed of the regiment," symbolized in our regimental colours, the continuity of that spirit being maintained by the consecration of each new set of colours. On the evidence of Daremberg and Adam, which is founded on the works of ancient writers of the times to which reference is made, we appear to be justified in accepting this view.

*"Dictionary of the Antiquities of the Ancient Greeks and Romans," Daremberg. (Library, British Museum.)

†"Roman Antiquities," Alexander Adam, LL.D.

‡In "Beacon Lights of History," Vol. 2, p. 251.

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Although reference is made to war flags on numerous occasions throughout the Old Testament, and Josephus, a fairly diligent search has not revealed a statement which clearly indicates that Jehovah was symbolized in the banners carried by the Jews. As shown above, the design sometimes demonstrated " service " to God, but the idea of incarnation does not appear to have been conveyed in any of their flags, although He is referred to as " The Lord of Hosts " (Jer. x. 16).

As regards the ceremony of consecration the Scriptures produce very meagre information on the subject, and the nearest approach to anything definite appears to be contained in, " In the name of our God we will set up our banners " (Psalm xx. 5), from which it might be inferred that the Jews would hardly " set up " their banners " in the name of God " without a formal ceremony. Further, in view of the fact that they carried a standard bearing a portion of Scripture (*i.e.*, the standard of the Maccabees), it is practically certain that such a standard would not have been handed over to the military leader without some formal ceremony of consecration. Josephus also informs us that " Jonathan the high priest levied an army out of all Judea, and attacked the citadel at Jerusalem, and besieged it ; it was held by a garrison of Macedonians." Here, again, it might be inferred that Jonathan would certainly have consecrated or blessed the banners of the troops he had raised.

If we accept the evidence produced above, it would appear that the war flags of the Jews of antiquity were consecrated either by a definite act of consecration, " in the name of God," or by the element of consecration being inherent in their design. As regards Ancient Rome, we are on much firmer ground, and find that the ensign was accorded all the veneration due to the God of War. It now remains to trace this aspect of the subject through the Middle Ages until it becomes an established practice in our own army, or, to state the problem in another form, to answer the question : How has this attitude of mind towards a symbol, which had taken root in both Christian and pagan communities, found persistent expression through the ages ?

So firmly established had become this practice of consecrating war flags, that many ancient writers appear to have taken it for granted that posterity would not require a special reference to it in a general history, and this, no doubt, accounts

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for the scanty references to the subject in the early part of the Christian era. Here and there, however, one is able to light on a few passages bearing on the subject. For instance, we find that in A.D. 800 the Patriarch of Jerusalem sent Charlemagne the keys of the city and a banner. In view of the significance of the latter, it might be safely assumed that the Patriarch did not despatch it without at least his blessing. In A.D. 1060 Pope Alexander II sent the Normans a banner "which he had blessed," and under which they fought against the Arabs for the conquest of Sicily.

Before the Norman Conquest of England, in 1066, William of Normandy submitted his case against Harold to the Pope, and Sir Edward Creasey tells us* that "after a formal examination of William's complaints by the Pope (Alexander II) and the cardinals, it was solemnly adjudged at Rome that England belonged to the Norman Duke; and a banner was sent from the Holy See which the Pope himself had consecrated and blessed for the invasion of the island. . . . All the adventurous spirits under Christendom flocked to the Holy Banner."

Many years before Hastings, however, the Turks had been making trouble in the Holy Land, but nothing appears to have been done on the Christian side until Pope Urban II declared a "sacred war" against them in 1095. "Every man stimulates the passions of his neighbour. All vie in their contributions. The knights especially are enthusiastic, for they can continue their accustomed life without penance, and yet obtain the forgiveness of their sins. Religious fears are turned at first into the channel of penance, and penance is made easy by the indulgence of martial passions. Every recruit wore a red cross, and was called croisé (cross-bearer), whence the name of the Holy War" (Dr. Lord).

Another early instance of consecration of flags is that on which the oriflamme was adopted as the royal standard of France in 1125. Before Louis le Cros left to join his army, he received communion at the Notre Dame de Paris, after which he went in great state and ceremony to the Abbey of St. Denis, where he attended Mass and received the oriflamme from the hands of the Abbot.

Grose says† that in "England holy or sacred banners were frequently carried into the field by the monks or other

*In "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World" (Battle of Hastings).
†In "Military Antiquities."

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ecclesiastics, in order to inspire a confidence in the troops, who were taught to believe that the Saint, whose banner was then displayed, would interest himself on their behalf." Thus, at the Battle of the Standard, 1138, a mast was erected on a wagon carrying the banners of St. Peter of York, St. John of Beverley and St. Wilfred of Ripon, and moved in the midst of the army. The standard of St. Cuthbert was carried with the army of Edward I into Scotland and, with that of the Earl of Surrey, to the Battle of Flodden Field.

William Maskell, in his " Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," states that the practice of consecrating regimental colours is " very ancient," and among " Benedictiones diversæ " gives the text of a " Vexillorum processionalium, vel militarium, benedicto," which, from the style of Latin employed, fixes the services about the 13th or 14th centuries. The ceremony was performed by no one inferior to a bishop.

Authorities are of opinion that Shakespeare wrote the first part of King Henry VI between 1588 and 1596 in which we find Talbot invoking the Almighty to bless " our colours."

> " God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
> Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight."
>
> (*Act IV, Scene 2, last two lines*).

This appears to be the nearest Shakespeare gets to consecration of colours, and although he makes Titus Andronicus say " I consecrate my sword, my chariot " (*Act 1, Scene 2*), he, tantalizingly, makes no reference to his ensign.

Barry (1634) " Treatinge of the election and office of Captaine of a companie of Infanterie," writes, " After choysinge his officeres as aforesaied, before he marches withe the same, he is firste to cause *the Colores to be blest*, and afterwards deliver the same to the Alferis " (ensign). This is one of those rare pieces of evidence on the subject which has come out of the early 17th century, and illustrates the continuity of the practice.

On January 27th, 1808, new colours were presented to the 76th Regiment (2nd Battalion The West Riding Regiment)* at Jersey. The Regimental Record states " After divine service the regiment again formed in the great square, where the new colours were placed on drums, opposite the centre

**Vide* " Historical Record of the 76th Regiment," Hayden.

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and consecrated by the Dean *in the usual manner*." Unfortunately, no details of the " usual manner " are given, but it is obvious that the practice of consecrating the colours was of long standing.

On this subject Milne says " Judging from ' Inspection Returns ' and also from Regimental Histories, a regular religious service appears to have been held at every presentation, and the colours duly consecrated. Inspection Returns, 76th Regiment, 1825, has this entry by the Inspecting General Officer : " Finding that they (the colours) had not been consecrated, I caused this ceremonial to be performed with due solemnity, and I did not omit anything that might contribute to make it properly impressive in the minds of young soldiers."

The matter of the consecration of colours appears to have been raised in official quarters in 1830, at which time the Rev. Dr. Dakins, Principal Chaplain to the Forces, stated " no regulations, in my recollection, ever did exist for the performance of that ceremony. The custom was prevalent, but the manner varied ; in some instances the colours were presented on the field, laid on a table in a marquee, and consecrated by an appropriate prayer. On other occasions the colours were taken to a church, and deposited, during Divine service, upon the altar. Religion and Loyalty were indissoluble ties. The feeling was good, and it prevailed. Hence arose the consecration of colours. No form having been enacted, there is one that might be observed in strict conformity with the Canons of our Church. The service should be short and impressive, and, in my view of it, suited to the solemnity." Dr. Dakins continues by suggesting a Form of Service for the consecration of colours.

William Maskell, in his work already cited, quotes " Prayers used at the Consecration of Regimental Standards and Colours " from " a printed form for the use of the Reformed Church of England, London, 1838," which no doubt was the outcome of Dr. Dakins' suggestion.

It is remarkable that cavalry standards have never been regarded with the same veneration as infantry colours. In fact, there is no service for the Consecration of Standards, and when the Life Guards were presented with new standards last year an adaptation of the service for the Consecration of Colours was used.

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NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER PRISONER-OF-WAR,* 1914—1918

THOUGH the tale of the mental and bodily hardships, the occupations, pastimes, bids for freedom, of those unfortunates who fell into enemy hands during the war has already been told and re-told with much wealth of detail, yet as a complete picture of the prisoners' life inside the barbed-wire fences of German "Camps" the unpublished MS. from which these notes are taken is perhaps second to none in interest and accuracy.

The author, entering Germany as a prisoner, at a time, in 1914, when national feeling there against everything British was at a fever heat of hate, unavoidably experienced the full measure of obloquy, abuse, and ill-treatment meted out to all his comrades, officers and soldiers, wounded, sick and whole, alike.

The male portion of the population was savage enough; but, as the author notes, "by far the worst stain on Germany's escutcheon was left by the viragoes dressed in the garb of the Red Cross. These furies showered eatables on the satiated guards, but refused with insult even a drink of water to the captives. This attitude was maintained throughout the war; 'Nothing for a prisoner of war' was their cry."

To Torgau, an old-world town in South-East Germany, went the first batches of British and French prisoners. After the long misery of the train journey, a great part in open trucks, packed like sardines, the prisoners hailed this as a City of Refuge. Here they were safe from the attentions of the populace, could wash, buy a clean shirt, and a few extras of food, at 100 per cent. profit to the dealers; but general conditions of life were far from agreeable. Worse, however, were in store; after a short time, the British prisoners were packed off to another "laager," at Burg, in Central Germany.

"The march . . . from the station to the new camp presented a scene which will long be remembered by those who took part in it. It was a winter evening and the pave-

* "In the Grip of Attila": an unpublished Manuscript, by the late Lieut.-Colonel J. S. FitzGerald, East Surrey Regiment.

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ments were slippery from the frost; the streets of the town were ill-lighted and the pavements offered a most uncertain foothold for heavily laden travellers. There was a considerable concourse of people to view the "fresh" prisoners. The attitude towards us was most hostile, the mob accompanying the column being filled with a patriotic ambition to impede our progress in every possible way. Missiles were hurled at us, and dashes made through the sentries with the object of tripping up or knocking down such unfortunates as happened to be within easy reach. Those who were carrying the heaviest loads were selected for special attention as the most likely to lose their equilibrium. Some of the baggage had to be left in the streets in consequence, for the bumping attacks, added to the rapid pace, proved too much to contend with. The guards joined in the revel by prodding the slower movers with the butts of their rifles under the pretext of maintaining the pace and order of the march."

Here the British first met their Russian fellow-captives; who having been previously warned of the disgusting habits of Englishmen, received them with considerable suspicion. At this period of the war, any temporary lodging was good enough for prisoners; and at Burg, as elsewhere, wagon sheds and harness stores were converted into dormitories and living-rooms, while primitive sanitary arrangements constantly announced their deficiencies to the noses of the crowded occupants.

Here an attempt was made to seduce Irish officers and men from their allegiance. "Enticements were accordingly prepared for the Irish . . . of Roman Catholic persuasion. . . The officers marked down as an easy prey were ordered to live together in a certain room, and were interviewed by those Germans who fancied themselves as gifted with a talent for intrigue, or tact. The special favours accorded, or promised, of preferential treatment consisted of *an extra box of coal per day;* the interviews were confined to a series of absurd questions and suggestions, which, if coming from the mouths of responsible men, would have been most insulting. . . The naïve ideas exhibited on the Irish question were most entertaining . . . Even their leaders were sufficiently credulous to count on obtaining officers for the proposed Brigade, as will be seen from the following notice :—

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> " IRISHMEN !
>
> " Here is a chance for you to fight for Ireland. With a view to securing the National Freedom of Ireland, with the moral and material assistance of the German Government, an Irish Brigade is being formed. The object of the Irish Brigade shall be to fight SOLELY THE CAUSE OF IRELAND, AND UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHALL IT BE DIRECTED TO ANY GERMAN END . . . "

Here was altruism indeed ; this magnanimous proclamation after further flattering remarks, wound up as follows :—

> " JOIN THE IRISH BRIGADE AND WIN IRELAND'S INDEPENDENCE ! REMEMBER BACHELOR'S WALK !
>
> " GOD SAVE IRELAND ! "

Perhaps to this day the framers of this appeal are wondering why it did not succeed !

In December, 1914, most of the British were moved to Magdeburg, whose " Wagenhaus " earned " a widespread and most unenviable reputation."

" Another wagon-shed was to be our home ; it was divided into three storeys . . . the ground floor being paved for the accommodation of horses on mobilization, while overhead great rooms, which had sheltered wagons and harness . . . had been rudely adapted . . . by the simple process of erecting a few matchboard partitions. The rooms thus extemporized, and which contained on an average twenty-eight beds, were used for feeding, washing, sleeping and hair-cutting, without any regard to order, propriety or hygiene."

The motive for constant changes from camp to camp was the " expressed intention of putting French, British, Russians and Belgians into closer proximity, and the large number of moves required to bring this simple plan into operation were probably due to bad organization . . . It was hoped, of course, that the close contact between men of different habits would result in the sowing of dissension. . ."

This scheme was a failure from the start.

" As no secret had been made of the fact that this intermingling policy was chiefly directed at what the Germans scornfully termed the ' luxurious habits of the English,'

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a special obligation rested on us to show them that our equanimity was not easily disturbed." Of course, there was unavoidable friction. "The two chief sources of trouble were spitting and opening windows. . . . Although compelled to admit that spitting as a habit had only been abolished in England during comparatively recent years, yet we could never reconcile ourselves to its prevalence at close quarters. . . The other nations in their turn nourished an unconquerable prejudice against open windows. . . . No untoward incident occurred to mar the *entente cordiale* until the great question of airing the room at night came up for solution. A compromise was usually arrived at by opening two tiny panes at the top. This was the best that could be obtained, so there was no use grumbling, although the far end of the rooms were stuffy in the extreme. It was by no means exceptional to see a shadowy figure creep out of bed to close every one of the small panes, but as soon as he showed signs of settling down again, an Englishman might be spotted creeping through the gloom to re-open them."

Christmas, a gloomy one, was marked by the announcement "that application would be made to the General Commanding for permission to import some dainties from outside in honour of the great occasion. Lists of requirements, varying from turkeys to white bread, were accordingly made out and submitted to the General for approval, only to be met with a blank refusal to permit any extras . . . it can only be presumed that the General wished to find out what we would eat if given the chance!"

All this time the inmates of the "Wagenhaus" were regarded by their jailers as the basest of criminals. *A propos* of this, the author quotes Napoleon I: "Prisoners of war are under the safeguard of the honour and generosity of the nation which has disarmed them," a fine sentiment, not in keeping with another of his sayings, to a returned prisoner of war—"Je n'aime pas les prisonniers—on se fait tuer." In the same way, the Germans did not feel that their prisoners had any right to be alive. As the author says, "as long as the Germans thought they could win the war, their idea of honour and generosity was a poor safeguard."

"We were naturally interested," he writes, "in the military procedure adopted by the German officers in conducting parties from place to place. The escorts were always very strong and the precautions on the march looked most

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imposing, but at night and during halts on the railways the men were inclined to get slack. On one occasion no less than eight prisoners were able to step down on to the line at a halt and walk away before the alarm was given. When setting out for a march, a cordon was drawn round the party with great ceremony; sometimes this cordon was three ranks deep with the men at about one pace interval. The shouting which accompanied the necessary drill movements and which continued at intervals throughout the journey sounded to British ears most offensive and unnecessary. The Major would lead off with a hoarse yell, which was repeated by the captain and taken up by the subalterns and under-officers, until every wretched man had been well shouted at. These were not executive words of command, but rather instructions as to what to avoid, or a general volley of epithets."

Of the Inspecting Officers, he says: "The Generals were no respectors of persons, and were only too pleased to discover any object or any delinquent upon which to vent their bad temper. One old Colonel, himself an arrogant and overbearing commandant, was 'dressed down' in public . . . 'Are you not aware, Sir, that these tins [the prisoners' food tins] are made with false bottoms?' We wondered what the great English contracting firms would have thought of such an indictment."

There was never any doubt in Germany as to who was the principal enemy.

"The British were always regarded, on principle, as the last of the nations to receive consideration. If the interests of the French, Russians or Belgians happened to clash with ours . . . the British must go to the wall. This was very much the case in the matter of windows, for although our Allies were willing to meet us half way . . . the Germans would frequently order the windows . . . to be tightly shut at night. The pretext given was the possibility of escape, but as a cat could scarcely squeeze through the small panes at the top, there was no difficulty in tracing the real motive. . . "

The minor officials of the camps were, naturally, brought into close contact with the prisoners. "Negotiations with the camp authorities were often carried on through the medium of interpreters, or censors as they were sometimes called. They frequently attained a position of great influence in the camps . . . they were often regarded with suspicion

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by both parties, being accused of attempting to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare. . . In general they were allowed to acquire far too much authority in the camp administration. They knew all our private secrets from reading our letters, and were liked none the better in consequence . . . "

The " porters " appointed to each building, elderly men at first exempt from service, came to be of special value as go-betweens. " As a rule, thanks to these men, our indoor life used to run a smoother course . . . They generally managed to give us timely notice of impending searches, and even went so far as to do some contraband shopping in the town. A little palm-oil judiciously applied worked wonders . . . The inexorable demands of war caused us the loss of many a good porter . . . The departure was sometimes quite pathetic to witness. A fresh inspection of " unfits ' would send back a porter to his house in tears. He would then explain that he was ordered to the front again, and was not above soliciting a note to say that he had treated us well . . . for presentation to the British soldiers in case the whirlpool of war should sweep the bearer into England as a prisoner."

At the camp at Gütersloh, where conditions were good, the construction by the British officers of a hard lawn-tennis court " was our biggest extravagance . . . the services of a local contractor were obtained, and a most elaborate contrivance resulted. First of all we levelled and hollowed out the ground ; then a layer of cinders some six inches deep followed by pure sand of about the same depth was laid down and well rammed . . . On top was laid a substance which was said to be a mixture of macadamized road scrapings and cement . . . As soon as the surface was complete, the whole was surrounded by a screen . . . We afterwards made several other courts, but never at such expense, or with such care. It was found that a foundation of broken stones or bricks with a surface of cement mixture answered our purpose sufficiently."

Great credit was taken, in the local newspapers, for German generosity in providing these fine courts ; paid for and entirely made by the prisoners themselves.

A piece of sand in the centre of the camp was " used for football, and sometimes a homely kind of cricket with a soft ball. Almost every Sunday afternoon witnessed a soccer match between the officers and their orderlies, when some

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really good play could be seen. Rugby was also indulged in occasionally, but it was rather strenuous work on the poor diet."

These were not the only distractions. "The abnormal conditions under which we lived produced some talent which in ordinary army life would probably have remained dormant and unsuspected . . . we produced a playwright and a newspaper editor. The latter office was undertaken voluntarily by an energetic major who started his journalistic career by applying his knowledge of German to a daily translation of interesting articles in the newspapers. These translations were the beginning of a daily paper entitled *The Budget*, which gradually earned for itself a great popularity . . After a run of about two years, the paper was crippled by an order from the Germans to submit each day's issue for censorship. Our poor *Budget* never recovered from this blow . . . There was also a monthly magazine which reflected great credit on its management. Articles of all kinds were contributed, as well as drawings, verses and amusing tit-bits of topical interest."

"Our circle had been reinforced by the addition of officers taken later in the war, whose training in civil life was a great service to the community in many ways. At least one celebrated poet, some artists of no mean calibre, highly trained musicians and other experts all came to leaven the conservatism and uniformity of the old army . . . An international arrangement provided for a monthly play from each nation in turn. It would be invidious to draw distinctions between the French productions and our own. There was really nothing to choose between the two in point of excellence; the French were perhaps more artistic, and their natural versatility and self-possession were all in their favour; but the British were masters of detail, were daunted by no technical difficulties, and displayed an all-round ability which won the admiration of their rivals . . . In acting, pure and simple, there was a young Russian officer who was perhaps the best of all as a girl . . . A French officer who was said to dabble in the artistic side of a costumier's profession was the great authority on ladies' dresses."

It should be added that the stage and auditorium were about the smallest conceivable for the purpose.

A time came when it was realized that as a topic of conversation, the war had better be left out. "As might be

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expected, there was . . . much airing of arm-chair strategy . . . but the offenders bored their acquaintances so much that it came to be looked on as bad form to refer to the war at all in public conversation . . . The men whose thoughts were constantly confined to a vicious circle round and round the fatal subject of the war gradually found himself left out in the cold. The local adjective 'mouldy' was applied to this state of mind which resulted from too much worrying about the inevitable. The struggle against 'mould,' the scourge of the prisoner, was never-ending."

"Early in 1916 approval was sent from England to a scheme whereby parole might be given to leave the 'laager' with a view to exercise and not under guard. The walks which then commenced were a recreation for both body and mind after a close confinement. . . . The first excursion into the country was quite a gay one; everything seemed so fresh and strange after the staleness and monotony of camp. We romped and ran about like children or puppies, exclaiming at the sight of some old friend in the shape of bird, beast, tree or running water . . . The districts which we learned to know best . . . contained fine ranges of pine woods. . . . Some of the farm houses were centuries old, with great wooden doors carved to show the date of erection, with a motto of some kind. In the more ancient type, the animals and their owners had once lived under one roof, the house being divided into stables and living rooms."

(*To be continued.*)

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REGIMENTAL TRADITION IN THE INDIAN ARMY

By Captain E. C. Priestley.

IT is probably true to say that no branch of the Imperial Forces is more definitely affected by traditions of the past than the Indian Army. This is due to the intensely conservative disposition of the Indian soldier, who requires no urging to remember the past, as he always appears to prefer it to the present.

A significant concession to this feeling is to be seen in the Indian Army List, where, to the present day, the name of a unit is always followed by the names it has borne at different periods of its history and the dates when these names were changed. In addition to the date when it was first raised, the sources from which the unit was originally recruited are given and the name of the officer who raised it. It is noticeable that in some instances the name is not even British, and in others that their unit was not originally in the British service at all.

For example: 1st Battalion 1st Madras Pioneers (King George's Own), "Shaikh Mudin-ki-purani paltan.—Formed at Fort St. George in December, 1758, from independent companies that had been in existence some years, and originally styled the 1st Battalion of Coast Sepoys. . . ."

2nd Battalion, 13th Frontier Force Rifles, "Johnston-ki-paltan.—Raised at Mianwali in 1849 by Lieutenant J. C. Johnston, from disbanded Sikh Darbar regiments, and originally designated the 2nd Regiment of Punjab Infantry. . . ."

The latter instance is not uncommon, for many of the early regiments were raised by officers of quite junior rank.

This short summary of regimental history at the head of each unit's list of officers is not without practical importance. Among the sepoys themselves the old names still persist, and it is very doubtful if, even at the present time, the titles allotted in 1922 are regarded by them as anything more than additions to the original name of the regiment.

The same clinging to the traditions of the past was evident in matters of organization also. The old "eight company"

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organization died very hard in the Indian Army. As late as 1917 a sepoy, on being asked the number of his platoon, replied, " Thirteen-Fourteen." It was obvious that to his mind it was not a case of linking up two companies to form a double company, but of splitting up one of the old companies to form two platoons. And in the same company it was noticeable that the subadar in command of No. 13 Platoon was obviously considered by everyone to possess a general, though undefined, control over No. 14 Platoon, which was only commanded by a jemadar. The same extension of authority is seen in the position of the Subadar-Major, " the Commandant's confidential staff-officer." In an Indian battalion it is usual for the Subadar-Major to report every evening to the Commandant—" All is well ! " This is now largely a matter of form, since the British officers of a battalion are so closely in touch with their men that the Commandant would certainly know long before if all were *not* well. The old form, however, is still kept up. No doubt it is a relic of the days when a Subadar-Major, as the senior Indian officer, was an even more important person than he is now, and when his definite assurance that the spirit of the men was as it should be was definitely necessary.

The old division into " Right Wing " and " Left Wing " still persists (unofficially) in some Indian battalions. A sepoy under arrest is still taken to the " kanji-house " (*i.e.*, prison) or the " Quarter Guard " and not to the Guard Room. " The Black Hole of Calcutta " itself was simply the military " kanji-house," which, with callous indifference, was crowded much beyond its normal capacity. As late as September, 1918, the steadiness of an Indian battalion was tested by the command—" Form square to receive cavalry ! " The Turks had very little cavalry, and what they had only charged home on a single occasion. This was perfectly well known, but tradition demanded that the regular manœuvre should be gone through as a sign that the battalion was ready to participate in Allenby's triumphal " break-through."

The use of foreign words, especially those dating back to the time of the French military adventurers in India, like Perron and de Bussy, still survives in the Indian Army. A battalion is a " paltan," possibly derived from the French " peloton." This caused difficulties when the word " platoon " was introduced, since both " paltan " and " platoon " came from the same original root. To take

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another example, the curious baggy breeches with a buttoned extension which the Indian sepoy wears—if he is not wearing shorts—are known as "patlūn," obviously the French "pantalon." According to Sir George MacMunn, there were in existence, only a few years ago, Indian officers of the Kashmir State troops who could drill their men in French, a legacy of the days when Court and Avitabile drilled the troops of Ranjit Singh, in whose dominions Kashmir was included.

The provost-sergeant in an Indian battalion used to be known as the "bomb-police-havildar." His office had nothing to do with bombing. The word may have come from an Urdu word meaning "tap," "pānī kā bambā," originally from the French "pompe" or Spanish "bomba," both of which mean "pump." In the old days he was responsible for the control of the water-supply. He was so no longer, but the old word still persisted.

The "silladar" system, which did not entirely vanish till April, 1922—though it was only kept going with some difficulty during the Great War—was obviously a survival of the days when a commanding officer received so much money down, and was expected to produce a regiment in return. A recruit's horse and equipment were originally found by the man himself—in consideration of which he received a higher rate of pay in order to feed his horse—and later on by a complicated system of finance between the man and his unit, the "assami" system. Under the stress of prolonged war this system tended to break down, since every regiment could have had a different pattern of saddlery (though this was not necessarily the case in practice), and every death of a horse on service meant the assembling of a court to assess its value to the bereaved owner. The only "non-silladar" regiments were the 26th, the 27th and the 28th Light Cavalry, the oldest regiments of all, whose history went back to a very early period. Here it is interesting to notice that the 26th was the senior, not because it was the oldest, but because its commanding officer was the senior of the three (and therefore it happened to hold the title of the "First" Madras Regiment of Cavalry) at the time of the final re-numbering under Lord Kitchener's reorganization.

The very great powers still possessed by the Commanding Officer of an Indian unit are clearly the result of tradition. There is hardly a case, short of murder, which he cannot

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dispose of directly, either alone or with the advice of two Indian officers. The latter is an excellent provision, but in practice sometimes meant that the Indian officers were principally concerned in gaining a reputation for intelligence by ensuring that their opinion, when asked, should be the same as the Commanding Officer had already formed in his own mind!

The old idea that the Commanding Officer was the financial director and manager of his unit, as well as its commander, still survived in the Indian Army. An Indian unit had far more business transactions with civilian firms and banks than a British unit. A young officer on joining was often started on his career of gaining experience by being told to keep the regimental accounts. This was an awe-inspiring business with innumerable black and red cheques, which the young officer was expected to cause to balance each month. If he did so within a week he was considered lucky! He was, in reality, his Commanding Officer's accountant in the various business enterprises in which the latter was compelled to engage. The "half-mounting" system, which prevailed even during the Great War, was the highest expression of this, and its complexities were such that a junior officer was never expected to understand it. In one Indian battalion the situation was periodically saved by the intervention of the Commanding Officer's wife, a lady who was reputed to be even better versed in the intricacies of the distribution of the battalion's money than her husband himself! The sums lent to banking firms "on fixed deposit" and the interest therefrom accruing were very important items in the battalion's economy. Now, of course, the work is usually done by the Second-in-Command, in conjunction with the Army Audit Department, while units are forbidden to leave public money in banks other than those officially authorized.

Other examples could no doubt be adduced, and an officer who has spent some years in both the Indian and British Services may therefore be excused the suggestion that the student of military history, who desires to know what the interior organization of a British battalion in the old days was really like, can find a very close and little-altered copy of it in the Indian Army—perhaps not of to-day, but certainly of a very few years ago.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

14.—SETTLEMENT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: KOOTENAY VALLEY.

By B. S. WESTBURY.

[*Note.*—We make no apologies for publishing a further article on British Columbia, in view of the interest that our readers have taken in previous articles. We would add, once again, that those desirous of further information should apply to the Hon. Sec., Migration and Overseas Settlement Bureau, Overseas League, Park Place, St. James' Street, London.]

IN writing a report about a country for the information of those contemplating residing in that country it is hard to know exactly what is required. The most important thing, in my mind, is the actual appearance of the country, so I will first try to describe it.

1. SCENERY.—Imagine a long narrow lake, somewhat similar to the Lake of Geneva, eight miles long, from two to six miles broad, at an altitude of 1,700 feet above sea-level. Along this lake are small areas called "benches," and occasional valleys, lying at the foot of, and sheltered by, the mountains surrounding it, with an occasional glacier-crowned peak, soaring to a height of 10,000 feet. Anyone who has seen Kootenay Lake on a fine day, in say, June, a blue lake reflecting a cloudless blue sky, the whole country green in colour, and with snow-capped mountains against the sky line, can never forget it. There can be few more beautiful spots in the world. Many people who have explored the whole province have chosen to reside in Kootenay for this reason—the beauty of the country. For this reason I am putting this first.

2. CLIMATE.—Again I think I am right in saying this is very similar to Switzerland. You must expect three to four months under the snow, but generally with a great deal of sunshine. In an average year we are all sun-burned the colour of Red Indians, from the sunshine reflected off the snow. It is the violet rays from this very sunshine which the medical profession advocates so strongly.

Winter gives way to spring very suddenly—I have

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frequently seen the butterflies in the air everywhere, with snow still on the ground—then one week's slush of melted snow, then practically summer which lasts from May till the end of September.

Though the days are hot, sometimes up to 90° to 93° in the shade—though very rarely as high as the latter figure—the nights are always cool, and one always needs a blanket.

The humidity is very low (those who have lived in the Malay States will appreciate this), and it is a fact that I felt the heat in Devonshire last year, when it was eighty degrees in the shade, more than I have here this summer.

Killing frosts occur about the same time here as at home. Killing frosts for the garden come here about the same time as the South of England, or to be a bit more specific, from the end of September onwards, but we grow more sweet corn, tomatoes and peaches, etc., out of doors, which proves our amount of sunshine. For the information of "weather experts." Growing season: 202 days average. Heat units at Nelson: 11.427.

October is as a rule a month of vivid sunshine, warm days, cool nights. A month of vivid colour, clear gold of "cotton-woods" (poplar) and "tamarac" (larch) against the clear blue of the sky and lake. November is November anywhere, but we do get fine days, and fogs and high winds we practically never get. As a rule the snow comes in the middle of December, and remains till the middle of March. The winter is comparatively mild, with moderate cold spells of short duration. Zero, or even one or two below, for about one week is usually reached.

We have no poisonous snakes or reptiles of any kind in this part of British Columbia (they *do* get Rattlesnakes elsewhere). Our most dangerous "animal" is the mosquito, but these only occur for the few weeks when the lake is "going down," and certainly they are not so bad as the English tennis court midge.

3. Living Conditions, Social Amenities.—This depends somewhat on the settlement. Naturally, the nearer to a town (Nelson, in this case) the more people, the more "society" and therefore social life.

As a rule, in the average settlement there are a few ex-naval or military officers and their families and others of similar type. Before the war we had many such. All our best, alas, never returned from France.

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In nearly every settlement there are one or two tennis courts, most people have a car, sometimes a small sailing boat, or motor-boat as well. The lake is perfect for boating and bathing. The whole country is "free." Nothing is "verboten" except, perhaps, just outside Nelson, and one can cut down trees and make a camp anywhere the spirit moves one—either on the edge of the lake or in the hills. One can get to the summits in a few hours from almost any point, by excellent trails. Once there one is "on the top of the world" in every sense. We are between two ranges of the Rockies, and anyone who has had the experience of being on top of the Rockies will never forget it.

In the average settlement (my own, Crawford Bay, is a case in point) we have a good post office, telephone, good roads, a good church, a Church of England parson (here we have an "old Marlburian," who was wounded in the war), an excellent store, usually run by the settlement, where we get all our goods at wholesale price—a saving on everything of quite twenty per cent. In many places there is a clean, comfortable and cheap hotel. Crawford Bay Hotel, for example, where the rates are £2 10s. a week, or less by the month.

Along the West Arm all the houses have electric light. Here and at other points most people have their own little power plant, the country being well supplied by mountain streams.

There is no solitude about the life. This is a small compact settlement, a district of small farms, and as the average ranch is only about twenty acres, very often the houses are only about one hundred yards apart, with store, etc., at the most central part.

Doctors and dentists can be reached from the further part in three hours, and are, I believe, as up to date as the average English country practitioner.

We have also settlement public libraries, Women's and Farmers' Institutes, and all that sort of thing. In short, we have all the real benefits of civilization with some of the drawbacks, and one can live the life of a South Sea Islander as to costume, etc., without causing comment.

If one needs a theatre, big hotels, jazz bands, etc., we are only a few hours journey from the big cities in the States, such as Spokane, being only twenty miles north of "The Line," and one can get to Vancouver in twenty-four hours from Nelson.

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4. AMUSEMENTS.—Tennis, boating, bathing, mountain climbing, and generally enjoying a free country. Winter: Tobogganning, ski-ing, etc.

Sport.—Big game hunting: Black, brown, and cinnamon bear (so common that in this settlement we shoot about ten a year "on the premises"). These animals are quite harmless, and we never shoot them as a rule unless they molest us in the way of trying to climb our cherry trees. Bear usually under-estimate their own weight! A terrier will keep all animals off the premises anyhow.

This is about the last habitat of the grizzly bear, which is quite common, but considerately stays in the high hills and never comes down below the five thousand feet mark. Also we have mule deer, white tail deer, rocky mountain goat and sheep, caribou and elk within a few hours' trek. Sheep and elk in East Kootenay. The only really common game are deer and bear. Bear we see often, as their eyesight is bad, but deer very seldom, as they have extraordinarily keen sight.

5. COST OF LIVING.—This depends somewhat on the settlement. If near Nelson, *i.e.*, within half an hour's run by car, it naturally costs a bit more. In estimating this, it is assumed that the settler has his own place. He thus lives rent free, fuel free, and raises about half of his own living in the way of his own vegetables, fruit (jam), and, if he keeps a few hens, etc., meat as well.

His land and school tax will probably not exceed ten pounds on a twenty acre place, so it is a fact that a family of three can live on two hundred pounds a year. Cost of groceries are exactly the same as in England (but we buy by the bulk, and can get wholesale price at many points). The limited laundry is either done at home with a washing machine, or sent to a Chinese laundry. Back in four days at a cost of sixty cents—a dozen "mixed" articles—shirt, handkerchief, sheet, etc.

Food per person averages twenty dollars per month. A man's outfit cost but two pounds a year for the costume of the country. Overalls and boots in summer, equivalent in winter.

No twelve guinea suits are required, nor do we dress for dinner in Kootenay (though they do even this in some parts of British Columbia).

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I don't believe there is another part of the British Empire where a family can live in absolute comfort and have a thoroughly good time, with freedom from financial worry on a sum which would barely pay the rent of a small house in England. On two hundred pounds a year people can live comfortably on one's own place here in Kootenay. It is a fact.

6. FARMING.—It is assumed that the settler would like to do something in the farming line. In Kootenay there are many alternatives, poultry, dairying, bee-keeping, fruit growing.

In a new country everyone makes mistakes until the capabilities of the country are known. We all planted apples—usually the wrong variety. Now, we all know just what *to* do—too late for a great many people who have been solely dependent on their farms and totally without a private income.

Fruit raising undoubtedly requires constant attention and experience, apple growing particularly. The returns are marginal on apples, and one hundred per cent. efficiency is required, with ninety-five per cent. efficiency an actual loss may result.

In Kootenay we have won medals for apples three years in succession, and have won prizes in the States and Canada, but unfortunately are up against world competition.

We have discovered that the keeping qualities of our apples are the best in British Columbia. For this reason if, from now on, we only plant certain varieties, and the latest winter varieties which are on the market when all other apples are " off," we can undoubtedly look forward to good returns.

On account of our mistakes, many owners of orchards are ready to sell at a very reasonable figure. For this reason now is the time to come to Kootenay, when we all know what to do, and farms can be bought for less than the cost of their making. A ready-made farm can be bought from five thousand dollars upwards. An average place would have five to ten acres cleared, with quite a good house and out-buildings. A bathroom and "septic tank" can be added to any house for a further five hundred dollars, and all our houses being built of wood can be altered or added to without difficulty. A limited number of places can be bought from five hundred pounds upwards, or one can buy ten acres and make one's own place, which, in the end, would come to the same amount but be more interesting.

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Properly handled three things can pay here. Poultry keeping, *if done exactly right*, will average a profit of ten shillings a bird, with an unlimited market in Canada, but just "shipping" to Nelson. Bee-keeping is rarely done, but those who understand it make a good living at it.

In Kootenay, though, we have what is, I believe, the best opportunity anywhere in Canada. We raise the finest cherries on the North American Continent, and won first prize for North America in 1916. To date there is always a net return of ten shillings a crate of twenty pounds. Being latest on the market, we could supply the whole continent—at present we only barely supply the home Canadian market. We are the nearest point in British Columbia to the Prairie market. After supplying this, there will be many cities in the States to be dealt with, with almost as big a population as the whole of Canada. It is the opinion of our Prairie Markets Commissioner that Kootenay cherries are unexcelled, and that enough trees will probably not be planted in the next ten years to supply the present known demand. It is a common thing for a man to make ten pounds profit off one tree, of course the present absurd prices up to fifteen shillings per crate to the grower will not keep up, but at half this price there would be good living to be made by raising cherries. Trees cost four shillings each, and take five years to bear one crate, on the average. I have known a seven-year-old tree yield seven crates, but this is exceptional, and the average is always low.

If one had five acres—two acres late winter varieties of apples, three acres of bearing cherries (Bing and Lambert varieties, such as were shown at Wembley, from Kootenay), and kept one hundred hens, a living and more should be assured.

Cherry trees grow wild here, and perhaps for this reason they need less care than anything else. The greatest care has to be lavished on apples, constant spraying, pruning, thinning, irrigating and cultivating, and this means large financial expenditure per acre.

The Department of Agriculture have real local expert horticulturists, who will give the newcomer minute instructions and supervision in all branches. Anyone straight out from England would be perfectly capable of managing a cherry orchard successfully, all they need is hand cultivation with a hoe for the first few years, after which no pruning

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is required, no spraying, nor thinning. They are the only "easy" thing to take care of efficiently that I know in farming. They require irrigation while the fruit is forming, but as our usual rainfall is thirty inches a year, crops may even be had without.

Occasional labour is expensive, ten shillings a day, but to be had.

7. OTHER OPPORTUNITIES.—Mining: This is one of the biggest centres in British Columbia, production increasing annually. Full information can be had with statistics from the Agent General for British Columbia in Regent Street. Lumbering and its subsidiaries, the same. Forestry, the same. Ditto hydro-electricity. I am merely touching on these, but there are so many branches of each industry that, as they are all probably only in their infancy in this district, here is one answer to the question "what are we to do with our sons when they grow up?"

There is another opportunity, never tried yet, but there will be a fortune for those who start it, and who know what they are doing. Here we have wild ermine, marten (Hudson Bay seals) beaver, muskrat, mink and skunk. Trappers in this settlement and most others earn their keep during the winter by their "catch." Why not a fur farm in the country where these animals are native?

One could even trap one's stock to start with. This is an unthought of subject in this part (with the exception of one silver fox farm, an animal which is not a native). Mink and muskrat and skunk have no diseases, and the marten has the same diet as a domestic cat, and, I would say, is no more difficult to feed.

8. EDUCATION.—With a few more of the retired Army and Navy type there should be a good opening for someone to start a private school in Kootenay. At present the nearest one is in the Okanagan. This is about the same curriculum as in a similar school in England, and the expense is about the same. The Government schools and High Schools are free and good, and everyone sends their children to them. After this there is a good new University in British Columbia at Vancouver.

The future of this country, and of those growing up in it, should be assured. It is the healthiest country for children.

Canada, as a whole, appears to be coming back into its own, and this Province, though only in its infancy, has the

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largest *per capita* production of any part of the British Empire. These facts speak for themselves, and the future, both of the Province, and of those growing up in it, is very hopeful.

Having lived in British Columbia for over twenty years, yet having kept in close touch with England by visits every second and third year, and having recently tried out life in England with a family on a small income—in two different flats in the West End, a bungalow in North Devon, and a furnished house in Berks—I feel fully qualified to judge comparisons between life in the two countries. I feel convinced that our life in British Columbia on a small income is happier, pleasanter and more helpful and interesting than it can be in England under these circumstances.

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THE BRITISH LEGION AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF THE EX-SERVICE MAN

IN our last issue we called attention to the valuable work which the British Legion is carrying out in finding employment for the ex-Service man and emphasized that it is the man who may be finishing his service to-morrow—and it may be noted that about two thousand men over and above the normal amount are leaving the Army during the present year—just as much as the Great War ex-Service man, whom the British Legion will do their best to help. The activities of the Legion are being more and more concentrated on this vital question of employment. They realize themselves that perhaps more could have been done in the past than actually has been done, but it must be recognized that during these years since the war the Legion has been gradually increasing its funds, and, generally, finding its feet; and it is only recently that it has reached the assured position which it now holds. The official Legion policy with regard to employment is as follows :—

EMPLOYMENT.

While recognizing that the only real solution of the absorption of unemployed able-bodied ex-Service men is by a real revival of trade, everything possible must be done to rescue the large number who are without work at the present time. The Legion's employment proposals are as follows :—

FOR THE ABLE-BODIED EX-SERVICE MAN.

(1) Rigid enforcement of the 75 per cent. preference which obtains in all schemes for the relief of unemployment for which grants are made by the Unemployments Grants Committee.

(2) The claim of preference to be kept constantly before the mind of the public. This preference to apply not merely in matters of employment, but in such questions as housing and small-holdings. This is mere justice.

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(3) The authorities to be urged to develop further necessary and remunerative schemes too big for private enterprise, and in particular to put in hand a more ambitious extension of motor arterial roads, and adequate measures to deal with the recurring floods in the Thames Valley and elsewhere, and thus provide work for the unemployed ex-Service men.

(4) The training centres advocated initially by the Legion, and now in being at Wallsend, Birmingham, Claydon, and Brandon, to be developed, and the age for ex-Service men to be extended so as to give men willing to avail themselves of the training at these centres a real chance of getting employment.

(5) *Small Business Loans.*—These will be steadily continued so long as funds permit, for the principle of the Legion is :

"HELP EX-SERVICE MEN TO HELP THEMSELVES."

The great point is to lose no time. Lately in several cases which the writer has had to deal with, the men came to him immediately after leaving the Service, the local British Legion were approached and in nearly every case permanent employment was found for the men in question. Of course, there are occasional disappointments ; that is inevitable. Equally some British Legion offices work more efficiently than others, but at any rate the organization is there, and if, in certain cases, it works sluggishly, the general tendency of the directorate of the Legion is to speed up in every possible way the machinery for finding employment. It seems open to question whether many regimental associations might not do much better by close co-operation with the Legion, confining themselves purely to necessitous cases and arranging with the local branch of the Legion to deal with all cases needing employment. It stands to reason that most associations are not in a position to do much good in the way of finding employment. Some regiments are already considering this policy, and we have no doubt as to its soundness. In the case of migration, for example, it is obviously better to deal with big organizations who can make adequate preparations prior to the man's departure, and, to some extent, watch over his interests after he has migrated. The British Legion organization is far-reaching. The Legion policy with regard to migration is as follows :—

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Migration.

No member of the Legion desires to force any man, woman or child to leave this country, but there are thousands who desire to try their luck overseas (especially in our great self-governing Dominions where language, laws and customs are virtually the same as at home), but are debarred by either lack of training or lack of cash. The Legion as far as its resources allow, helps to meet these deficiencies. As concerns training, the Legion directs attention to the large number of unemployed non-agriculturist ex-Service men who would make good settlers in our Dominions had they the necessary agricultural training. In conjunction with the Ministry of Labour it hopes to prove by practical experience that the town-bred man, given the necessary facilities, will make good on the land.

But as we said above, the great thing for the man still in the Services to remember is *to lose no time* in seeking employment as soon as he is free to do so. We would particularly draw the attention of all such men to the British Legion notice which appears in the preliminary pages of the present number.

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CORRESPONDENCE

MECHANIZATION AND CASUALTIES IN WAR.

To the Editor, " The Fighting Forces."

FEBRUARY 25TH, 1928.

SIR,

It has been advanced as an argument in favour of mechanization of the Army that it will reduce casualties, and that this is necessary because the nation will never again stand such losses as were incurred in the last war.

In place of masses of infantry hurled to the slaughter, the armies of the future are to fight it out in tanks with comparatively slight losses. Are soldiers justified in this assumption ?

A nation that goes to war will naturally use every available means to destroy its foes. The army employs scientific devices to enable it to destroy the enemy's forces with the least possible loss to itself. But if the last war taught us anything it proved that the days of armies fighting, while the mass of the population looks on in peace and security, are over.

It is inevitable that the next first-class war will entail the slaughter of millions of people, the destruction of vast areas of populated country, and God knows what consequence afterwards. Nothing is gained by hoping that this can be avoided.

As regards losses, how can it be said of any nation, especially of the British nation, that it will never again stand such casualties as they endured in the last war ?

What nation is going to war under modern conditions except to defend at all costs what it considers vital to its existence ?

The losses of 1914-18 were endured by the British nation at large without a thought of surrender : the only thing they insisted upon was victory, and this will always be so in similar circumstances, when it is better for the nation to perish than to be defeated.

We shall never go to war if we can possibly avoid it, but all the world should know that if we do go to war we shall see it through whatever sacrifices are demanded. Otherwise, there is no justification or sense in it.

The " humanitarian " idea that war can be made less horrible by mechanical devices is eagerly adopted by politicians. But it is dishonest and untrue.

The cause of peace is better served by facing facts, and by letting everyone realize what war may mean to those who resort to it ; not by hiding the truth.

From the purely military point of view, the picture of vast armies in tanks opposing one another on the battlefield is simply fantastic because these things cannot be produced and maintained in very large numbers by any nation, nor can they be used except in exceptional

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country, nor can they stand against anti-tank weapons, which were non-existent in the Great War.

Yours faithfully,
PANACHE.

[The use of tanks did reduce casualties in the last war and we see no reason why they should not do the same in the next, especially as it is much easier to combat the effects of gas inside an armoured vehicle than if you are on foot. As to the statement that the nation will never again stand the losses of the last war, what we consider is meant by this is that the nation will not again tolerate the habit of sending unprotected infantry against machine guns, with its consequent colossal losses. If this habit is definitely scotched, it seems to us casualties will inevitably be less. Indeed, if we as a nation play our cards properly, as we seem well on the road towards doing, we are fully convinced we shall come out of the next contest, if there is one, with a much smaller army casualty list. The slaughter of civilians is another matter, which we have not space to deal with there. It only remains to add, as regards anti-tank weapons, that they wont be much good unless they are mobile; in other words, are tanks themselves. The British infantryman is regarded as capable of carrying almost anything, but we can hardly believe that it is intended to make him hump about an anti-tank gun.—ED.]

To the Editor, "The Fighting Forces."

JANUARY 23RD, 1928.

SIR,

Having read "Basilisk's" article* in the October number of your paper, I find myself so much in disagreement with it, that I should like you to see, and, if possible, to publish my ideas on the subject of "Uniformity in Military Training."

The object of military training, carried out year by year throughout the Army, by every branch and by every unit of the Fighting Forces, is to maintain, and, if possible, to increase its high standard of efficiency.

In the training of a race-horse for a classic race, in the training of a violinist to concert pitch, certain methods must be laid down by the trainer. These methods cannot be chosen at random by a person who knows nothing of pace or double-stopping. They must be the well-considered selection from the experience of the masters of the particular art, selected by the trainer, and coupled with his own experience to form a programme of training.

So much for the individual. As to the training of a great army of 100,000, 200,000 or 1,000,000 men, how greatly increased is the importance of a uniform system of training. A system selected by capable and knowledgeable men, from the experience of the great generals in history; from the lessons learnt from the great wars, and from the particular work of the scientists, the horse-masters, the gunners, the engineers who have spent their brains and their lives in

* "Uniformity is the Enemy of Progress"—The Soliloquy of a Gunner. By "Basilisk."

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furthering their own art or craft. The genius of Leonardo da Vinci, of Lord Pembroke, of Shrapnel, of Vauban, has become part of the uniformity of modern military training.

Uniformity is not a bar to progress. Every month some new idea is evolved, some new practical discovery is made. It is suggested and tried, and if it be found reasonable, and an advance on the old method, it is adopted. Witness the innumerable amendments issued periodically by the Army Council. The progress of yesterday becomes the uniformity of to-day.

For the sake of argument, let us imagine a certain brigade of artillery, which looks upon uniformity as a bugbear, and is determined to be original and progressive to the exclusion of everything else. The individual training season is over, and section training has begun. In " X " Field Battery there are four subalterns, each with about seven years' service. Each subaltern has his own ideas about training a section, and his section is instructed accordingly. From the start of battery training, the Major's ideas begin to permeate the battery, and a great deal that the sections have learnt has to be unlearned. The Captain also has his own theories, and puts them into practice in the wagon line.

The non-commissioned officers and men are interested and try to acquire the new ideas. The Brigade Commander sees the battery on a drill order, and, while commending Major " B " of " X " Battery for several original improvements, disagrees with some, and then puts forward some of his own. The personnel of the battery now has to unlearn its second lesson, and relearn a new, or revert to the old. Now, the brain of the average fighting soldier is not so elastic as to be able to grasp continual change. To modify an old and well-known maxim, I suggest that the motto of the brigade in question might be " Instruction, Counter-Instruction, Destruction." The consequent result on the discipline of the brigade may be left to the imagination. Surely one of the horrors of peace.

To-day in the British Army, the young officer is given plenty of opportunity to air his ideas on the improvement of his own arm. There is so much in the melting-pot of transition and progress at the moment, that every encouragement is given to those of an inventive mind. Sometimes the suggestion is correct and valuable, more often useless. But as far as the ordinary regimental officer can see, everything that he may put forward is given a fair trial.

It must be remembered that to all intents and purposes, the day of the specialist is over. The regimental officer is expected firstly to have a sound and thorough knowledge of his own branch of the service. Then he should be well acquainted with the use of the various other branches in war; their organization, their possibilities, and their limitations; their system of co-operation with his own branch, and with each other. He should have a knowledge of military law, the keeping of accounts, the imperial situation both internal and external. He should have a working knowledge of elementary sanitation and veterinary work.

All this calls for a certain amount of study, and most of this study will have to be through the medium of books. It stands to reason that

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unless the study of these subjects is made simple, the brain of the average man will not be able to acquire a working knowledge, and uniformity will be sacrificed to erudition.

To sum up, when the system of training for the ensuing year has been agreed upon; when the lessons learned, and the resultant amendments to the previous year's training have been absorbed into the new system; then their variation becomes an enemy to a sound system of training. An efficient army is a well-oiled, perfectly working machine with no mechanical defects, and every individual in the army from the highest to the lowest must play his part in the machine, and should be taught to realize that uniformity is essential to military training.

Yours faithfully,

"E.A.L.O."

GREAT WAR CASUALTIES.

To the Editor, "The Fighting Forces."

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM,
SOUTH KENSINGTON,
LONDON, S.W.7.
January 6th, 1928.

DEAR SIR,

I notice in the January, 1928, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES, page 463, you quote the number of officers and other ranks who lost their lives as 702,410.

I can only imagine that this must have been some early figure for those who lost their lives in the United Kingdom alone. We are very closely in touch with the Imperial War Graves Commission on this subject, and the latest figures we have received are as follows:—

United Kingdom	806,656
Total of fatal casualties of the British Empire estimated at	1,075,312

Yours truly,

CHARLES FFOULKES,
Curator and Secretary.

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

DEAR SIR,

In your April, 1927, number, which I have only just seen, you published an article on the military aspect of the World Crisis.

In support of his own argument, and also that of the book, the author instanced the casualties of the 8th Division on July 1st, 1916.

I am now writing from memory, but I think I am correct in stating that the 2nd Bn. The Rifle Brigade which was the reserve battalion of one of the brigades in the 8th Division, did not leave our own trenches.

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Another brigade, the 70th, had all its battalions engaged.

I believe that the third brigade of this division was in divisional reserve, and did not take part in the actual assault.

At the most therefore eleven, and probably only seven, battalions left our own front line; and it must have been those that did which suffered most heavily, for it was only those which came under the murderous machine-gun fire, or were gradually annihilated in the enemy's line.

This, I think, considerably strengthens the argument of the writer of the article.

I am, etc.,
"FORESTER."

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THE BOOKSHELF

LETTERS FROM A FLYING OFFICER. By ROTHESAY STUART WORTLEY. Oxford University Press, London. Humphrey Milford. 8s. 6d.

We are told that this volume was intended by the author to serve as propaganda to interest the youth of England in the future of the Air. If so, nothing more likely to achieve its object has ever been penned. Though the hero, the Hon. John Enderby, cannot be identified with any one particular officer, this is only because he is a perfect composite type, the complete personification of the war-time R.F.C. officer. His adventures are the real thing, and in these letters, redolent with the unquenchable spirit of its personnel, we read the story of the R.F.C. throughout the war. Beginning with the tentative reconnaissances in 1914, when pilots sought for information, unarmed and unaccompanied, it carries us through the many changes, the startling innovations, and the hard-won supremacy over a very gallant enemy to the days of enormous formation flying, by day and night. The incident when Enderby earns his V.C. is a glorious thrill. The letters are charmingly written, full of thoughtful observation and yet flecked throughout with a sunny humour. The modest chivalry of those intrepid pilots who could perform strange new deeds of daring day after day and yet could feel they were doing all too little to help their comrades in the trenches makes a very pleasing impression. The preface is written by Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. John Buchan and is a brief memoir of the author who, we regret to learn, died before his book was published. To those who knew him undoubtedly the merits of this book can come as no surprise. We read: "He was a very gallant gentleman. Illness alone prevented the fulfilment of the promise of his early youth. In the circle of his contemporaries he leaves one more gap, but he has rejoined the majority of his friends and the flower of his generation."

THE STAFF AND THE STAFF COLLEGE. By MAJOR A. R. GODWIN-AUSTEN, O.B.E., M.C. Constable. 21s.

Direction to a wrong address, and consequent delay, prevented us reviewing this book in our last issue. But it is by no means one to be passed over, more especially as the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in his foreword recommends its perusal to all the officers of His Majesty's Army. It is to be hoped it will be largely read outside purely military circles, so may the general public learn that the staff officer is, after all, a very human person.

The book is more than a story of the building up of the staff and the beginnings and gradual evolution of the Staff College; it is almost a history of the British Army, and the men who commanded it during the nineteenth century, and after. During the greater part of this period an intense dislike of the staff permeated the greater part of the Army, a curious resentment which is not always easy to explain. Possibly the Staff did exude, almost unconsciously, an air

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of superiority, and traces of it are still to be found on occasion nowadays; still this feeling was quite irrational, and we hope with the author that it is disappearing, if it is not already dead. This feeling was a constant stumbling-block to those who, like Wolseley, ardently desired reform. The story of the "Garnet Ring" is fascinatingly told. There are delightful pen pictures of the various Commandants of the Staff College and of the Instructors with their many eccentricities; indeed, the whole story is charmingly and wittily told. The author is rather inclined to prostrate himself in adoration whenever the Staff College Drag is mentioned, and though we know this is, on the whole, a comparatively harmless Staff College cult, we cannot help feeling this attitude must make it a little hard for those—nowadays rather an increasing number—who are not star performers in this line.

We can conscientiously say that few books have given us greater enjoyment than this.

WILL CIVILISATION CRASH? By LIEUT.-COMMANDER THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P. Ernest Benn. 10s. 6d.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in his introduction to this book, says: "Commander Kenworthy . . . qualifies great abilities by a certain tactlessness which has won him an unpopularity altogether beyond his merits." The diehards of the Navy and Army generally use expressions quite different to "tactlessness" in referring to Commander Kenworthy, and regard him as beyond the pale for the simple reason that he has joined the Labour Party. This attitude is somewhat unreasonable, and for ourselves we are grateful to Commander Kenworthy for being such a vital member of the House. A great many retired officers of the Navy and Army have in their time become members of the House of Commons. There are singularly few who have been any great degree of use to the Services or who have made their mark at question time or in debates in the House. Commander Kenworthy is already, at a comparatively young age, a "force" in the House; his book, "Will Civilisation Crash," is equally forceful and a stimulating production.

The opening chapters deal with possible causes of war, and a whole chapter is devoted to the possibility of an Anglo-American War. The author is somewhat pessimistic in his views on this matter, but the chapter finishes with the following fine sentiments with which every sane man must agree: "And yet in the mass the British and American peoples do not want war with anyone, least of all with each other. The private citizens in both the great democracies wish to be left alone to get on with their daily business. They want to see their respective countries great and powerful, but powerful for good. Has not the hour arrived in which to mobilize these two great masses of harmless, peace-loving opinion for the securing of a permanent peace between the two English-speaking peoples? And such peace would ensure the peace of all other nations."

Commander Kenworthy has a good deal to say about the danger of the Dantzic corridor. Few people in England possibly bother their heads about this question, yet we are fully in accord with the author in looking on the corridor as a source of irritation and bitterness full

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of infinite possibilities of evil. " Supposing in England a corridor ran from Liverpool on the west to Hull on the east, cutting half of Yorkshire, Lancashire and the northern English counties off from the south, and the same formalities of Customs and passport examinations had to be gone through for every train and motor car that passed." Perhaps the worst thing of all, though the author does not deal with it, is the fact that the corridor lends itself so easily to a *coup-de-main.*

Other causes which threaten the world's peace are considered with much logical reasoning and a wealth of impressive evidence. And the remedy for all this? Commander Kenworthy has to fall back on the " outlawry " of war. The recent sustained and genuine efforts by the American Government in this direction lead us to hope that the idea may not be so chimerical as it is generally supposed to be.

REPUTATIONS. By CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART. John Murray. 12s.

During the war the forefront of the stage was occupied by perhaps a dozen permanent leaders, and in the course of that mighty conflagration present events loomed so large, passions were so hot, and information so imperfect, that reputations were often a matter of chance. Captain Liddell Hart claims to have approached his studies in the spirit of an historian while treating them in the manner of a portrait painter. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the first portrait should be that of Marshal Joffre, for Mr. Winston Churchill has already presented us with a brilliant impression of that commander, and beside the clear outlines and indelible limning of his work this second portraiture, in much the same pose, evokes from us the approval given to a careful camera study rather than the admiration offered to an original masterpiece. This book contains ten studies of Great War Commanders. Galliéni is most sympathetically drawn. There is a nobility about this Frenchman's character that continually lifts one's mind above mere strategy and tactics. Here was a soldier who saw his own limitations as quickly as he saw the faults of others, who could criticize his superiors without the smallest desire to profit by their mistakes, who could accept the faint praise offered him by General Joffre without rancour; and so, a sick man, serving France to the end, he goes to his grave, " Galliéni—la tête haute."

Falkenhayn, Haig, Foch, Ludendorff, Pétain, the reputation of each one is carefully weighed and sifted, and the evidence arraigned. The story of Allenby, his failures and his triumphs, is fascinatingly told; moreover, the author conscientiously tries to give honour where it is due, to decide when Foch was Foch and not Weygand, and just where Allenby's genius can be dissociated from that of the invaluable Bartholomew. The book concludes with studies of two American Generals, Hunter Liggett and " Black Gang " Pershing. The author is outspoken in places, but the studies of these Commanders are made with restraint and moderation, and this book, perhaps more than any of his other publications, will enhance Capt. Liddell Hart's own reputation as a military historian.

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ONLY THIS: A WAR RETROSPECT. By JAMES H. PEDLEY. The Graphic Publishers, Ltd., Ottawa. $2.00.

Where, indeed, would the "reputations" of the Commanders be without the souls, the minds, the bodies of the men they command, and Mr. Pedley's personal memories as a junior officer in the Canadian Corps puts before us in a somewhat unusual way the subaltern's point of view. Written with a blunt realism and an astonishing candour, this is a story of life in trenches, billets and dug-outs, encounters in "No Man's Land," deep friendships, severed, perhaps, with awful suddenness, petty jealousies and dislikes. Though there is nothing new about it all, and it was the common nerve-shattering experience of thousands, yet the author has made a story of it that will take a high place in the vast mass of literature arising out of the war.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH. By MILTON WALDMAN. (The Golden Hind Series.) The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.

If it is the duty of an editor of a series to set a high standard of scholarship and style for his colleagues, then has Mr. Waldman ably justified his editorship of the Golden Hind Series by the publication of his "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh."

Raleigh's life is an exception to the rule that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." To the child, Raleigh is the elegant courtier spreading his cloak before his Queen; to the American, he is one of the founders of the New World; to the Irishman, he is the importer of the potato; to mankind in general, he is the supreme tobacconist. As always there is a reverse side to the medal, and here we have Mr. Waldman rudely but regretfully dispelling these legends and destroying our childish picture of the famous Elizabethan. In his opening chapters his researches seemed to have compelled Mr. Waldman to subscribe to the contemporary estimate of Raleigh, which briefly was a bad one and one recently endorsed by no less an authority than Samuel Gardiner. He was handsome, but vain, brave, but unscrupulous. Plausible, self-possessed, and grasping, he allowed no opportunity to pass which might further, and no reputation to exist that might interfere with, his interests. Small wonder that he was looked upon as an upstart and that his whole life was a series of conflicts with rivals and antagonists. He had not a spark of humour within him.

Like so many of his contemporaries who by their efforts or blandishments paved their way to fortune at the court of the Virgin Queen, Raleigh was a Devonian, and like many a soldier of fortune he tasted blood in crushing endemic Irish rebellions. In 1582 he swam into the Queen's ken, *vice* Robin Leicester, and for ten years the adventurer was sunk in the courtier. Elizabeth, generous as all misers are with other people's money, poured fortunes into his lap, and, to give Raleigh his due, he expended these freely in fitting out expeditions to the New World, the possibilities of which for England he was one of the first to realize. A love marriage in 1592 lost him the favour of a queen who might have condoned a mistress but never a wife, and the arm-chair

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explorer became at last the man of action. Too late. The sands were running out. As the great queen was approaching her end, men held their breath and let their energy flag for fear of compromising themselves in the eyes of the successor. A vain precaution on the part of Raleigh. In an idle moment he had listened to a Spanish plot to place Arabella upon the throne, and one of the first acts of James I was to throw Raleigh into the Tower.

The end is well known. The " ticket-of-leave " release after thirteen years' imprisonment, the hopeless and doomed expedition to the land of El Dorado, failure, disappointment, the death of his son, the duplicity of the Spaniards, and the return to meet death upon the block. The close of his life is like a Greek tragedy. Even Mr. Waldman seems unconsciously to succumb at the end to " the conception of him which took hold of the popular imagination three hundred years ago " and which " the most diligent examination, the severest studies of the historians, have not succeeded in altering materially." Raleigh died a noble death at the hand of the most bigoted and intolerable pedant who has ever sat upon the English throne and who at the request of Spain may have begun the Raleigh legend much in the same way as the rock of St. Helena produced the Napoleonic legend. The fact remains that as long as English history is read there will be found in its annals a place for the martyr who had been soldier, sailor, statesman, and artist.

BIG GAME SHOOTING IN THE INDIAN EMPIRE. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY. Constable. 18s.

Every Army and Air Force Mess should have a copy of this book. Nowadays the vast majority of officers are strictly limited in their desires by inexorable financial considerations, and with great good sense the author goes straight into this question of finance and gives estimates of the expenditure likely to be involved in a month's shooting trip, besides much other advice which has a bearing on the question of cost. The chapter on the selection of a rifle is especially good, and it is a comfort to get away from the somewhat dogmatic assertions of the " great Nimrods " of the past and find here, as we do, practical, up-to-date advice on the right type of weapons.

In Part I there are, among others, chapters dealing with " The Selection of a Shooting-Ground " (in this connection it is worth noting that the author points out that India is by no means the " shot out " country it is often supposed to be), " The Rifle," " Outfit," " Searching for Game," " Tracking," " The Shot," and, lastly, a most useful chapter on " Skinning and Preserving Trophies." The author is rather contemptuous about shooting from a machan, though frankly we think it is not a bad thing for a novice to start his big-game shooting thus. However, he does admit that " any method may be adopted which may help to destroy that nasty beast, the leopard." Part II describes the appearance, habits and characteristics of 54 species, of which the author has shot 36. The book is admirably illustrated.

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IMPERIAL MILITARY GEOGRAPHY. By CAPTAIN D. H. COLE, M.B.E. Sifton Praed. 10s.

This book is an enlargement of the earlier editions, and preserves as far as possible the same general outline and, we may add, the same admirable methods of treatment. It deals with the climates, frontiers, and resources of the Empire, with the sea and air lines of communication, and with cables and wireless; it gives an excellent description of the Dominions, illustrated by maps which are a model of clearness. There is also a really valuable chapter on Imperial organization. We are apt to talk glibly of the Locarno Pact, with only the vaguest idea of what that Agreement involves. Those who read this book need no longer cloak their ignorance. Capt. Cole has included appendices describing in detail the provisions of the Locarno Agreements and also the results of the Imperial Conference of 1923.

A most valuable and instructive book, of value not only to officers and Government officials, but to every citizen whose interests are not hopelessly bounded by purely parochial considerations.

JANE'S ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT, 1927. Edited by C. G. GREY. Sampson Low. £2 2s.

This admirable and most useful publication has reached its seventeenth year of issue. Part I gives detailed descriptions of the flying services of all nations and of the developments during the previous years of civil aviation in every country. Part II gives complete specifications and performance figures of modern aeroplanes. Part III describes Aero-engines, and Part IV Airships, of all nations. Despite the mass of information dealt with, this book is admirably up-to-date, and, as the Editor points out, "All the World's Aircraft" becomes more and more an entirely new publication, as compared with the issue of the previous year. To the majority of us quite the most fascinating feature of the book is, of course, the illustrations, fascinating not only to the adult, but to the younger generation as well. The year 1927 was remarkable for aeronautical progress, and those who wish to keep abreast of such matters will find this a most valuable book of reference.

THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS IN THE WORLD WAR. By SIR FRANK FOX. Constable, 21s.

The opening chapter of this regimental history gives a keynote to the whole tenour of the book. This is not merely a glorified diary of events in which the various units of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers figured, but is, as Sir Travers Clarke points out in his Foreword, a history in microcosm of the World War. The Regular and Service battalions of this famous regiment fought on every front except Italy, and Sir Frank Fox's clear, concise, vivid, and intensely interesting account of how the Inniskillings played their part gives this volume a merit far in excess of that which is generally accorded to regimental histories.

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It is typical of the spirit pervading our Army to note that the imminence of the greatest attack in the whole history of the world had not the slightest effect in damping the ardour with which the Inniskillings on the Western Front celebrated St. Patrick's Day, in March, 1918.

A SOLDIER DIPLOMAT. By Brigadier-General Sir DOUGLAS DAWSON, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.M.G. John Murray, 18s.

This is an attractive narrative of soldiering and diplomacy told by a very attractive personality. The life of a military attaché is set in pleasant places. Sir Douglas Dawson spent much of his time filling one or other of these much-coveted appointments and, although he writes with a pleasantly light touch and tells many excellent stories, he has much to say of very real historical interest.

I ESCAPE! By Capt. J. L. HARDY (with an Introduction by Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE). The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.

We have read most of the literature dealing with escapes and attempts to escape during the Great War, and unhesitatingly give full marks to this book of Capt. Hardy, late of the Connaught Rangers. With dogged determination and an amazing display of ingenuity the author made attempt after attempt until the eventful night when, actually unknown to himself and his companion, he found he had crossed the Dutch Frontier. There are many interesting sidelights on life in Germany during the war, and the story is told with a pleasant absence of bitterness against his captors.

Incidentally, this is a book which every boy will delight in.

THE STORY OF THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY. By Lieut.-Col. C. A. L. GRAHAM, D.S.O., R.A., *p.s.c.* Assisted by Officers of the Regiment. Royal Artillery Institution. 6d.

This short regimental history has been written for soldiers preparing for the Second Class Certificate of Education. The story is clearly and simply told, and there are some interesting illustrations. We can strongly recommend it for the purpose for which it is intended.

CERTIFICATE "A" AND HOW TO WIN IT. By Major J. T. GORMAN. "Boy's Own Paper" Office, 2s.

This is a series of talks to O.T.C. Cadets and should prove a very useful book to Infantry O.T.C. Candidates.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STALKY'S REMINISCENCES. By MAJOR-GENERAL DUNSTERVILLE. Jonathan Cape, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

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MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

The following magazines have been received :—

The Cavalry Journal.
The Royal Air Force Cadet College Magazine.
Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research.
The Journal of the Royal Artillery.
The Royal Engineers Journal.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal.
The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly.
The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette.
The Canadian Defence Quarterly.
Rivista Militaire Italiana.
The Tiger and Sphinx.
The Covenanter.
The Sprig of Shillelagh.
The Light Bob Gazette.
The Wasp.
The Essex Regimental Gazette.
The Indian Army Ordnance Gazette.
The Bugle.
The 13th/18th Hussars Journal.
The Roussillon Gazette.

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Vol. V. No. 2. July, 1928

The FIGHTING FORCES

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
for THE ROYAL NAVY
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Edited by
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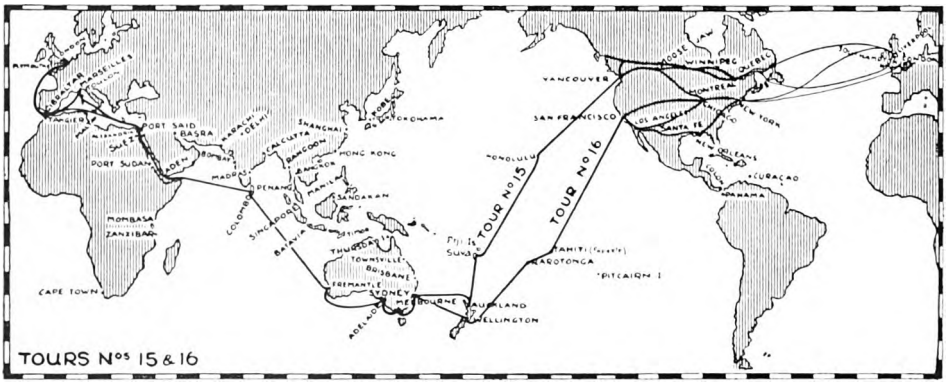

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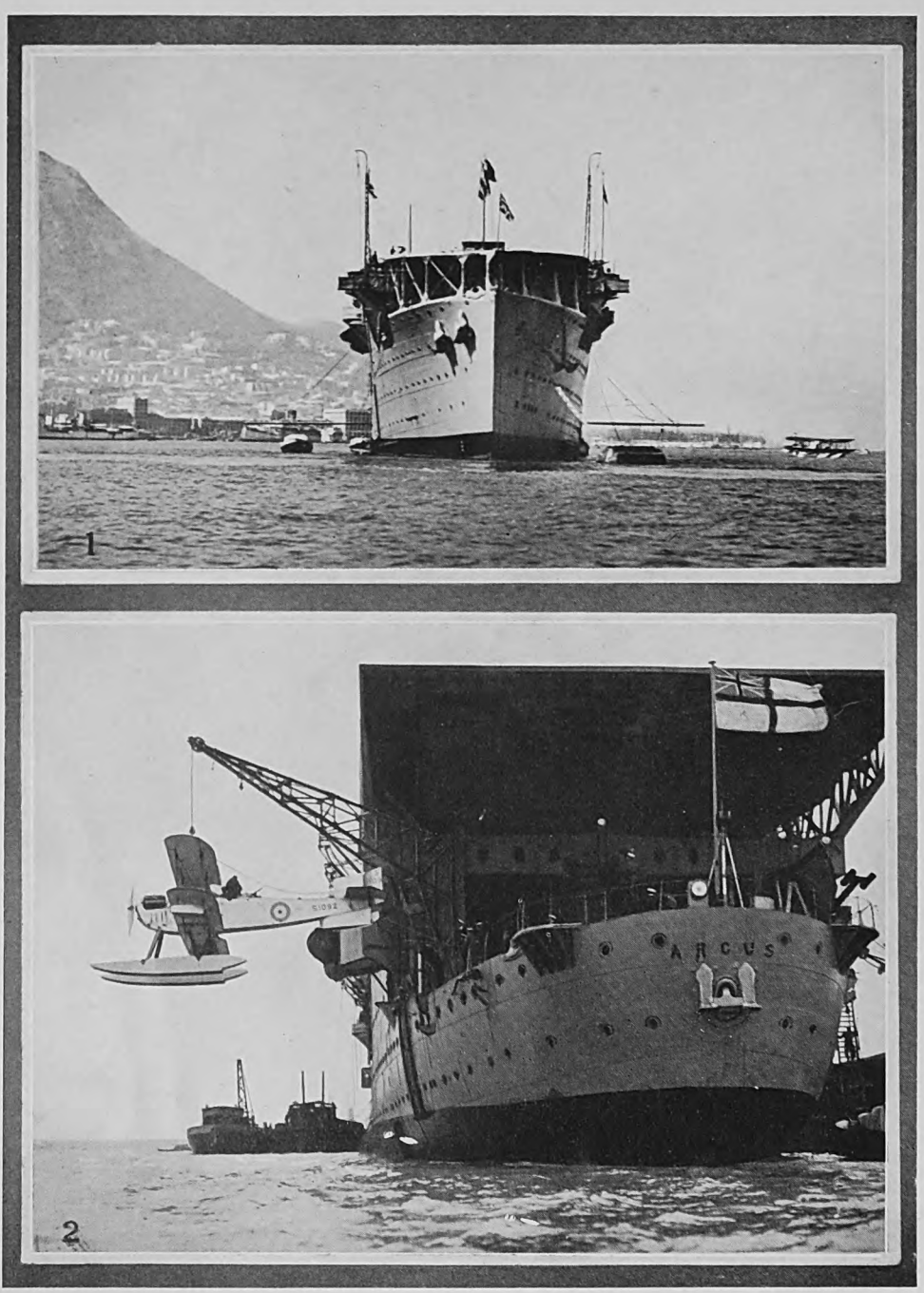

1.—H.M.S. "Argus" at Hong-Kong.
2.—H.M.S. "Argus" at Shanghai. Hoisting out a Seaplane into the River.

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. V JULY, 1928 No. 2

EDITORIAL

The Renunciation of War.

It is only natural that officers of the three Services should take little interest in politics ; they have a professional distrust of politicians, they are debarred from taking an active part in elections, and even their vote can, as a general rule, only be registered through the colourless medium of the " absent voters " list. This detachment from the political life of the country is not always a good thing. For example, Mr. Kellogg's Peace Pact has aroused very little interest in Service circles, where for the most part it is regarded as a political manœuvre extremely unlikely to have any tangible results. This attitude, we consider, is gravely mistaken, for there seems to us no shadow of doubt that the pact will be signed by the six Great Powers—*i.e.*, England, France, America, Germany, Italy and Japan. The Note of the United States Government proposing a Six-Power Treaty for the renunciation of war was made public on April 14th. The French Government replied on April 21st, a reply which, though hedged around with reservations, gave no indication of any desire to remain outside the pact. The German Government on April 27th accepted the proposal absolutely. The reply of the British Government, issued on May 19th, was entirely cordial and, moreover, made it quite clear that it voiced the feelings of the whole British Empire. His Majesty's Government has now fully committed itself to condemn war as an instrument of policy, and has promised to support the movement " to the utmost of their power."

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The Japanese reply was handed to the United States Ambassador in Tokyo on May 26th. It said " The Government of Japan sympathize warmly with the high and beneficent aims of the proposal now made by the United States, which they take to imply the entire abolition of the institution of war, and they will be glad to render their most cordial co-operation towards the attainment of that end."

Can there be any doubt that the American Secretary of State's effort will go forward to a successful fruition, and, so far from being a mere political gesture, the Peace Pact is likely to become one of the most memorable achievements in history ?

Even if the question of a pact had never arisen, there seems no danger whatsoever of another great European war taking place for many years to come—a statement which is fully in accord with the considered opinion of the Intelligence Branches of the three Services. With the added security of the pact there fades into the dim distance any likelihood that Europe will once more be the battleground of nations.

* * *

And After.

Once the pact is signed, Great Britain will be to a very large extent free from apprehension as regards another great European conflagration, and can devote herself to her own Empire problems, and recent happenings in China and Egypt are a seasonable reminder that we are not entering upon the millennium. All the same, there will be a clamorous demand for disarmament, which the Government will find it hard to withstand. The Navy must unquestionably look forward to further reductions, all the more unfortunate owing to the fact that the number of officers borne on the Admiralty books is already in excess of requirements. This is especially true of the number of lieutenant-commanders. The Army will suffer, too, but as far as officers are concerned not to the same extent. Mechanization is proceeding slowly but surely, and it is one of the advantages of an armoured force that it demands a very high proportion of officers. The force that paraded before the King at Tidworth on May 18th consisted of 1,000 men and 250 officers. Still, reductions will certainly come, and it will be as well for Army officers to take careful stock of their future.

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The Regular officers of the Royal Air Force will probably suffer least of all, and it is likely the Air Force will continue to offer, as it does now, the best opportunity for rapid promotion to the promising youngster. That thoroughly unsatisfactory arrangement, the short service commission system, is, of course, another matter, which we deal with elsewhere.

The question then arises, supposing in the near future a considerable number of officers of the Navy and Army find themselves relegated to civil life, what machinery exists which will enable them to find employment? The Government is like other employers in that it only gives short notice when it decides to wield the axe. The Navy is fortunate in having at its disposal the Association of Retired Naval Officers, an admirable organization which does an immense amount of good for its members, and which, no doubt, could do much more if adequate funds were at its disposal. The Army has no such association, and an officer relegated to civil life has nowhere to turn except the Officers' Benevolent Department of the British Legion, incorporated under Royal Charter as The Officers' Association. This association has done much, but lacks the " membership " advantages which the Association of Retired Naval Officers possesses. Naval officers can turn to the Association of Retired Naval Officers with the feeling that it is " their own show." An Army officer who wishes to obtain employment and applies to The Officers' Association has the unpleasant feeling that he is asking for charity, and the mere word " Benevolent " is apt to put him off.

There seems to be a great opportunity for The Officers' Association at the present time—*i.e.*, to organize and finance an association of retired army officers, which in course of time would become self-supporting. Further, it might be possible to co-ordinate the activities of the two associations, a task which possibly Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, President of the British Legion, might be induced to take under his auspices. In discussing this question of possible reductions, we trust we shall not be considered alarmist; possibly they may not eventuate to the extent we have visualized; but whether they do or not, it seems to us there can be no harm in taking time by the forelock and making a suggestion which in any case would be in the interests of the two Services.

* * *

The recent recrudescence of naval journalism has aroused

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no little interest and argument. It is, however, a very moot point whether these sporadic outbreaks are strictly in the best interests of the Service. There is the feeling, always at the back of the naval officer's mind, that his is a very close corporation, and one which cannot be suffered to be disrupted from without by specious literary badinage. One feels that generations of brilliant and skilled thought and genius have gone to the building up and shaping of the Service, and that any attempt to "expose" its doings, or uproot an ancient and withal satisfactory system to the inspiring battle-cry of "Something must be done," verges upon an impertinence. There is that about lay criticism which is essentially repugnant to a Service man. He realizes better than most—especially in the case of the Navy—that under modern conditions it is virtually impossible to expect the civilian to fathom the shades of opinion and the subtler nuances of controversy. After all, how can the layman be expected to appreciate the finer points when he is scrupulously kept in ignorance of even the broad lines upon which the naval service works? Naval Manœuvres of to-day are sealed books to the public eye. The convolutions and contortions of fleets and flotillas in mimic battle are carefully hidden behind an impenetrable veil of "Hush." Air and land manœuvres are the subject of skilled criticism and studied analysis; they are dissected and laid bare to the gaze of articulate public opinion, with the very best results. These criticisms are eminently constructive. Under such circumstances it may be expected that the Ordinary Man speedily acquires a working knowledge of the broad principles of the work of the Army and the Royal Air Force, and with this groundwork of instruction can survey, with a measure of knowledge, the various minor points which from time to time arise. In the Naval Service, however, such opportunities are unknown. The progress of Fleet work is hidden from the general public, which is left unfitted either to discuss or receive digressions on the finer points, the ill-deeds of those in high places, and so forth. When, therefore, there is an orgy of misrepresentation, much of its effect must be laid directly at the door of this policy of needless secrecy. There is, indeed, in the body of the general public a not inconsiderable mass of thought which is fitted, by interest, to study the march of naval strategy and tactics with the same acumen with which it follows the trend of

The Pen and the Sword.

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modern thought on land or in the air. Granting this, however, the point at once arises as to whom the work of such public discussion or analysis of fleet work should devolve upon. Certainly it must not be left to the lay scribe; the "uninstructed lay criticism" which illumined the path of the so-called Jutland controversy is an excellent object-lesson in this respect. No person, in fact, is better fitted than the sailor himself—provided that he possesses the rare gift of impartial analysis and unbiased criticism, and is also able to gild well the pill of instruction.

There can, indeed, be no two minds that a sailor is needed to discuss naval subjects—when there are any deserving of discussion and ventilation—but it is imperative that such discussion should be limited to what is relevant or of constructive value. The serving officer has but little time in which to delve into the literary maze; but when he does, like Mahan, his efforts are frequently monumental, and always constructive. The officer no longer serving on the active list has both time and opportunity at his disposal. The public needs, and the Navy will certainly not suffer from, constructive criticism from a trained and unbiased naval mind, and all that is necessary to produce it is a little official encouragement.

* * *

The Navy and Flying Boats.

We publish in the present number the second of the two articles on the question of the Navy and Flying Boats. The present article voices the Naval point of view, and is in reply to the Air Force point of view, which appeared in the April number. We do not propose to summarize or discuss the various arguments advanced in these two outspoken articles, but simply to say that the writers possess credentials which unquestionably enable them to reflect very faithfully the views and feelings of the two Services. To the unbiased reader of the two articles certain definite facts are apparent—

(*a*) The present compromise—*i.e.*, the present system of dual control in the Fleet Air Arm—is considered thoroughly unsatisfactory by both Services.

(*b*) That in consequence friction between the two Services is almost inevitable.

(*c*) That both Services regard the aircraft carrier as vulnerable and expensive.

If these deductions are correct, and personally we have

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no little interest and argument. It is, however, a very moot point whether these sporadic outbreaks are strictly in the best interests of the Service. There is the feeling, always at the back of the naval officer's mind, that his is a very close corporation, and one which cannot be suffered to be disrupted from without by specious literary badinage. One feels that generations of brilliant and skilled thought and genius have gone to the building up and shaping of the Service, and that any attempt to "expose" its doings, or uproot an ancient and withal satisfactory system to the inspiring battle-cry of "Something must be done," verges upon an impertinence. There is that about lay criticism which is essentially repugnant to a Service man. He realizes better than most—especially in the case of the Navy—that under modern conditions it is virtually impossible to expect the civilian to fathom the shades of opinion and the subtler nuances of controversy. After all, how can the layman be expected to appreciate the finer points when he is scrupulously kept in ignorance of even the broad lines upon which the naval service works? Naval Manœuvres of to-day are sealed books to the public eye. The convolutions and contortions of fleets and flotillas in mimic battle are carefully hidden behind an impenetrable veil of "Hush." Air and land manœuvres are the subject of skilled criticism and studied analysis; they are dissected and laid bare to the gaze of articulate public opinion, with the very best results. These criticisms are eminently constructive. Under such circumstances it may be expected that the Ordinary Man speedily acquires a working knowledge of the broad principles of the work of the Army and the Royal Air Force, and with this groundwork of instruction can survey, with a measure of knowledge, the various minor points which from time to time arise. In the Naval Service, however, such opportunities are unknown. The progress of Fleet work is hidden from the general public, which is left unfitted either to discuss or receive digressions on the finer points, the ill-deeds of those in high places, and so forth. When, therefore, there is an orgy of misrepresentation, much of its effect must be laid directly at the door of this policy of needless secrecy. There is, indeed, in the body of the general public a not inconsiderable mass of thought which is fitted, by interest, to study the march of naval strategy and tactics with the same acumen with which it follows the trend of

The Pen and the Sword.

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modern thought on land or in the air. Granting this, however, the point at once arises as to whom the work of such public discussion or analysis of fleet work should devolve upon. Certainly it must not be left to the lay scribe; the "uninstructed lay criticism" which illumined the path of the so-called Jutland controversy is an excellent object-lesson in this respect. No person, in fact, is better fitted than the sailor himself—provided that he possesses the rare gift of impartial analysis and unbiased criticism, and is also able to gild well the pill of instruction.

There can, indeed, be no two minds that a sailor is needed to discuss naval subjects—when there are any deserving of discussion and ventilation—but it is imperative that such discussion should be limited to what is relevant or of constructive value. The serving officer has but little time in which to delve into the literary maze; but when he does, like Mahan, his efforts are frequently monumental, and always constructive. The officer no longer serving on the active list has both time and opportunity at his disposal. The public needs, and the Navy will certainly not suffer from, constructive criticism from a trained and unbiased naval mind, and all that is necessary to produce it is a little official encouragement.

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The Navy and Flying Boats.

We publish in the present number the second of the two articles on the question of the Navy and Flying Boats. The present article voices the Naval point of view, and is in reply to the Air Force point of view, which appeared in the April number. We do not propose to summarize or discuss the various arguments advanced in these two outspoken articles, but simply to say that the writers possess credentials which unquestionably enable them to reflect very faithfully the views and feelings of the two Services. To the unbiased reader of the two articles certain definite facts are apparent—

(*a*) The present compromise—*i.e.*, the present system of dual control in the Fleet Air Arm—is considered thoroughly unsatisfactory by both Services.

(*b*) That in consequence friction between the two Services is almost inevitable.

(*c*) That both Services regard the aircraft carrier as vulnerable and expensive.

If these deductions are correct, and personally we have

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no doubt they are, the situation is extraordinarily unsatisfactory from the national point of view. From the date of its inception over a year ago we have heard practically nothing of what is going on at the College of Imperial Defence. Possibly it may have considered this very problem and its solution, and may have forwarded its recommendations to proper authority. On the other hand it may not, and we may be told that to make recommendations on such a big question as this is not within the province of the College. To the man in the street at any rate, the only reason for the formation of the Imperial Defence College was to ensure *practical* co-operation between the three Services, and of all co-operation problems that of the Fleet Air Arm seems to be the most urgent.

* * *

Foreign War Records.

With the rising tide of naval staff interest there is one point to which it might be excusable to direct attention, and that is the woeful lack of enterprise manifested in the treatment of foreign war records. No doubt in the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence, important commentaries on the Great War are translated from their original tongue, and are analysed and laid under contribution for the purpose of historical compilations, but we feel sure that Service men—naval officers in particular—will agree that this is not sufficient. These documents should be available to the officer who is " service-keen," and is interested in forming his own theories and conclusions from a study of contemporary and original sources. It must be admitted that the official histories are excellent compilations, but they are official records and sometimes lack that essence of criticism which is essential to the student of war. To attain a position for just criticism, it is imperative to be in possession of the facts—on both sides—especially the enemy point of view. There seems to be no valid reason why the resources of the Admiralty or War Office could not be employed in the private translation of these foreign records, as, in many cases, the reading public interested in the subject is not sufficiently large to warrant an English publisher purchasing the translation rights of some of these foreign sets of memoirs and personal records, and therefore, unless the student be also a linguist, these sources of information are almost completely barred to him. It seems a very great pity that the official talent of the inter-

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preters in the Services could not be put to some practical advantage along these lines. It is almost a stock joke in the naval Service in the past that a Japanese interpreter would sooner or later find his way to the Mediterranean, and one who is conversant with Swedish to the China Seas. Such a situation is, perhaps, inevitable, but the interests of the officers concerned, and their natural desire to " keep their hand in " with the language in which they have specialized, would, it might be thought, afford a fruitful opportunity for obtaining translations of standard works in foreign tongues. As to the number necessary—after all, it is as easy to make one copy as four or five—if the needs of the Records Department were satisfied, a copy sent to the R.U.S.I. library, and another to the Imperial War Museum Library in Kensington, there would be sufficient copies available to provide a ready source of reference for those who are, and have every right to be, interested in the study of war. The idea is by no means novel; our trans-Atlantic cousins have long since adopted this policy, and, moreover, they spare the time and the energy to send an additional copy to the Imperial War Museum Library now and again. It is all the more galling, therefore, to find a British lack of initiative in this matter, and to realize that if a British naval officer unacquainted with the German language wishes to read a first-hand account of a U-boat's voyagings and adventures, he is beholden to the American Naval Staff for their gift of a staff-made translation. The point is particularly interesting just now when it is appreciated that several extremely interesting Russian documents are in course of preparation, together with, it is rumoured, a Japanese memoir of the attack on Tsing-tau and a Turkish Dardanelles account. Of course, all these will receive the attention of the Staff, but the fact remains that the details are of great value to posterity and to the younger officers on the active list; they are the people who, if ever another war comes along, will in all probability have to run the show, and the study of war along individual lines can never be carried too far.

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The Navy and Yachting.

Each year, as June and July come round, a small section of the Royal Navy is flung head foremost into the whirl of the yachting world. The fact that an escort of a mine-sweeper or some such craft is needed for His Majesty's racing cutter *Britannia*, and that a guardship is moored in the Roads during

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Cowes Week, is responsible for a pleasant departure from the common round of ship and fleet routine. This year the Cowes guardship will be H.M.S. *Rodney*, an extremely apposite selection in view of the immense Imperial significance of the great yachting festival. For escort duty H.M.S. *Selkirk* has been chosen, and yachtsmen in particular will learn with great satisfaction that Lieut.-Commander Griffiths, M.V.O., will command her. This is the second year running in which he has attended upon *Britannia*. He commanded H.M.S. *Tiverton* on the same errand last season, and left a great impression upon those yachtsmen whose good fortune it was to run across him during his meanderings from regatta to regatta. This escort duty is by no means a sinecure, and apart from the normal anxieties connected with the royal cutter, the commander of the *Selkirk* will bear the heavy burden of maintaining the close personal liaison between the professional sailor of the Service and his amateur brethren. There is one very interesting point connected with this reunion of yachtsmen and naval officers, and that is the raiment worn on auspicious occasions by the latter. We may be wrong, but we believe that last season there existed a *ukase* which decreed that henceforth officers of ships on " yachting " duty should wear a special " uniform " when enjoying yacht hospitality outside their own ships. The detail of this raiment is relatively immaterial, save that it was odd ; it included a peculiar cap badge mounted upon a brocaded black cap-band of the type beloved by the land-faring mariner. Who designed this amazing " get-up " or was responsible for this combined travesty of a naval uniform and a yachting kit ? One wonders what the shades of " sealed patterns " must have had to say on the subject. Furthermore, it is most difficult to understand exactly why such a side-step from the uniform regulations—or from the ordinary rig of an officer on pleasure bent—should have been taken. There is, of course, a theory that it was intended as a compliment to the yachting fraternity, but as far as the majority of yachtsmen are concerned such a compliment was distinctly unnecessary. The principle of dressing the part is indeed as novel as it is unnecessary when applied to the Services. The logical conclusion of such a step would be, of course, a *recherché* combination of uniform and the kilt when making the round of Scottish ports, or, again, some even less expansive attire when showing the flag in Patagonian waters. It seems quite

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unnecessary to produce such uniform regulations for officers who may need the attire perhaps but once in their lives, and then only for a few weeks—perhaps they would wear it not more than a dozen times all told. If a uniform at all were needed, surely the King's uniform would not be out of place; it would certainly be preferable to one which is bereft of rhyme or reason.

While touching upon the yachting season as it affects the Navy, it might be opportune to ventilate a suggestion which seems to be gaining ground in various places. There is considerable feeling that some sort of naval sailing club—on the lines of those run by several regiments—would have very much to be said to its advantage. A small coterie of zealous sailing men exists in each naval port and with each fleet, and were some form of one-design boat—such as the International Fourteen Foot sailing dinghy—to be adopted as a standard type, not only would it be possible to obtain some extremely good inter-port and fleet racing in a very spirited class, but the fleet, during its round of visits in the course of the summer season, would greatly strengthen its liaison with shore-going sailormen—yachtsmen—by being in a position to enter its own boats in this universal class at the local yacht regattas.

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Full-dress Sword Belts.

The fleet order dealing with full-dress sword belts is not without its amusing side. For a long time there has been a delightful military maxim that every soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. Even in view of the rather distressing actuarial record that not one in forty naval officers ever achieves flag rank, the junior naval officer will now be able to console and encourage himself with the thought that at least he will be able to carry a flag officer's full-dress belt about his loins.

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The Dghaisa-men.

A recent Admiralty Order has decided to limit the incursion of Maltese tradesmen aboard warships on this station. This, no doubt, will cause no little heart-burning ashore, but will be an extraordinary good thing from the point of view of the ship. There can be no executive officer who will not breathe a sigh of relief; never again will his gangway and decks be put to the risk of being carried by assault on the occasion of the newly

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commissioned ship's arrival in the Grand Harbour for the first time. There was a time when the suggestion of the proximity of a hose would do much to keep the seething horde of chafferers from the gangway, but in more recent and enlightened years even that threat has lost its terrors. To add a little zest to the innovation, however, comes an uncorroborated rumour that the dghaisa-men may decide to strike in sympathy with their more commercial brethren. The form their protest is to take will be, it is rumoured, a boycott of the ships in the harbour. Of course, it is almost impossible to imagine a stay in Valletta Harbour without the stream of dghaisas between ship and shore, and such " direct action " would have its inconveniences—and amusement. Talking of Malta and " direct action," however, we seem to remember having heard something of a similar happening years ago—and of an admiral who took the fleet away to sea for a good long spell until the atmosphere had cleared sufficiently ashore for it to be realized more clearly that the existence of the Navy in that fair spot is not entirely without interest to the inhabitants.

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Dearth of Young Officers.

The Army to-day is in a stage of transition. The old order is changing, giving place to the new. New weapons and new modes of transport are causing radical alterations in the composition of the military body. These changes in material have focussed attention in that direction and, perhaps, have caused changes in the personnel of the Service to be overlooked. Whatever weapons, whatever means of locomotion an army may use, it still remains a human organization, not a machine, and, as such, the individuals composing it are of the first importance, and of those individuals the officer stands first.

To-day, as we devise new tanks, new tactics and new guns, we cannot fill the vacancies for cadets at Woolwich and Sandhurst. There is a dearth of young officers. And if officers are not forthcoming, then let the tanks rust and throw the treatises on Mongolian tactics into the fire.

To cure a disease we must first diagnose it correctly. Our diagnosis of the reason why officers are not joining the Army is as follows :—

Officers may be divided into two classes—those who, blessed with this world's goods, enter the service for a life

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of congenial and not too strenuous work, and those who, not financially well off, are drawn to the Army by ties of tradition or by natural inclination, prepared to make it their profession.

Both classes have been affected by new conditions. The first find that regimental life has lost its glamour and attractions under the withering blast of high pressure training and efficiency. Foreign service cannot be evaded as in times past, while engines have not only ousted the horse but the sport the horse provided. By the second class, hard work, foreign service, progress and change are accepted, even welcomed, but adverse conditions of pay, pension and promotion hit them hard. Such conditions are a burning problem to-day. Pay and pension has steadily been cut, not by much, it is true, but the trend is there, and who can say where it will stop. Promotion to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which in the old days was nearly a certainty for the officer of normal ability, is now a matter of strenuous competition. "It is not good enough," they say, and do not come forward.

In addition, there are two general causes influencing the whole question. The families from whom officers are drawn are much smaller to-day, which means that the potential supply is less. And, secondly, the numerous articles in the press showing the futility and horrors of war and the improbability of another great war, to say nothing of the latest Peace Pact, both caused a feeling that to join the Army is to wed yourself to a moribund if not dead profession.

Small wonder, then, that candidates for Woolwich and Sandhurst are hard to find; rather is it a matter for remark that so many are forthcoming.

* * *

The Remedy.

If such is the malady, what, then, of the remedy? By what means can the supply of officers be kept adequate to the demand? The first method that seems to suggest itself is to draw upon fresh sources of supply. Already the War Office have taken action in this direction—a quota of officers is taken from the ranks, the universities are freely tapped, and the conditions for entry and maintenance at Woolwich and Sandhurst have been amended to attract candidates from a wider field.

To extend this system and draw upon many stratas of society may seem at first sight the obvious solution and one most fitting to a democratic age.

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Consideration, however, reveals difficulties. If all and sundry are taken as officers, the present source of supply may be dried up. In other words, this course of action may defeat its own end. Secondly, unattractive conditions of service will remain unattractive whether offered to few or to many. The truth is that to get officers they must feel that conditions are satisfactory; if this were so, candidates in plenty will come forward.

What conditions, then, will satisfy?

Pay and emoluments is the first thing that naturally comes to the mind. But in England at any rate it can be said that on this score there is no real ground for complaint. Pay has been set upon a reasonable footing since the war, and in respect of the Army has been brought into line with the other Services and other Departments of the Government. In connection with pay, however, the periodical decrease is unsettling to serving officers and a deterrent to prospective ones.

The next point that arises is the vital one of security of tenure. Here seems to be the root of the trouble. A service which throws out its servants between the ages of forty and fifty years, not on grounds of inefficiency, but for the bald reason that there is no work for them, cannot but be looked upon askance. Only in the Fighting Forces do such conditions exist; in civil life and other Government employ it is just at that period that the individual is beginning to reap the fruits of his sowing in his past years. And such action is peculiarly hard on those trained in a fighting profession, whose training in no way fits or prepares them for employment in civil life.

If the Service is to attract a steady and full flow of officers, it is necessary that it should offer to every officer of average ability the prospect of rising to a lieutenant-colonel's command and of qualifying for a full pension in that rank.

If the ratio of officers in the various ranks must be such as to produce congestion in the higher ranks, some means should be devised that will induce the surplus to go voluntarily rather than be compelled to retire. It is suggested that a substantial bonus might be offered for those electing to retire on their fifteen years' pension. Such officers would still be young enough to find civil employment, and they would form a most valuable reserve in case of war.

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A second essential condition of service would seem to be to open up the avenue of promotion by merit. But here we are on very debatable ground. Indeed, we understand, such accelerated promotion as has taken place of late has had a distinctly unsettling effect on the Army *as at present constituted.* In the infantry the regimental system is too deeply inbred to allow of such promotion being an all-round success. Still, it seems as if big changes in organization are likely to eventuate in the not too distant future, and when these changes take effect it may be possible to graft on to the new system a more satisfactory method of promotion by merit than at present obtains.

Lastly, the effect of service in India cannot be overlooked. Whatever the attractions of life in India, and they are many, it has decided disadvantages. Officers of the British Service are bound to spend many years in India, and many pass there the majority of their days in the Army. Service in India means the curse of separated families, and extra expense in many ways. The Government of India is not generous to the British Service officer. When it is remembered that the security of the Indian Empire, both internal and external, as also its political and economic structure, are directly dependent on the white troops of its garrison, it is surely reasonable that the Indian Government should show an increased degree of liberality to its British Service officers. Shorter periods of service in the East, easier facilities for passages home, and a scale of pay more in keeping with its own servants, would ameliorate conditions and eradicate the dislike which unquestionably exists of serving in the East.

In short, if the steady decrease in numbers of candidates for the Army is to be stopped, the Army must offer fair terms and a just reward for value received from its life servants. You cannot get something for nothing—such is the law of life. Palliatives may postpone but will not stop the coming of the evil day when the Service will find itself definitely short of officers.

Still, as we have said above, though the difficulties are many, great changes are on foot, and we confidently believe that the Army of the future can be made to offer to the youth of the country a career more attractive, more practical and more interesting than it has ever been before.

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Our present-day cavalry and infantry are admittedly behind the times. Cavalry can be and is being modernized, and here it may be noted that the men of the 11th Hussars and 12th Lancers are quite happy with regard to their transformation into armoured car regiments, primarily because they are doing work which will be a real help to them when the time comes to seek employment in civil life at the end of their army service.

The Future of Infantry.

With the infantry the situation is not so satisfactory, and it seems difficult to understand why more progress is not being made in training our infantry in the rôle they will be called upon to play in a future war. We fully realize that changes can only be made gradually, and that the present system of supplying drafts from home units to units abroad is an appalling drag on the coach and an exasperating complication. We fully realize there must be a delay of many years before the new methods reach fruition—before, for example, everything is *en train* for that portion of the infantry whose rôle will be that of co-operating with and of using armoured fighting vehicles in ordinary country. But in the meantime must our unhappy infantry officers and men of the Regular and Territorial Army go on laboriously plodding away at discredited methods of attack—methods which, *in any sort of war*, could only result in very heavy casualties? Must training ever wait on organization? Is our present infantry organization so rigid that nothing can be done to brighten the infantry outlook? Those who say nothing can be done we would unhesitatingly condemn to carry out platoon training under present conditions for the rest of their lives, giving them the job of platoon commander with about twenty men, a thoroughly unsuitable piece of ground, and nothing whatsoever except their imagination to supply the interest factor.

Then there is the case of infantry brigade commanders to be considered. These officers are picked men, and, in the case of the Regular brigades, are men who are earmarked for advancement to the higher posts of the Army. Yet it happens that the best brains of the Army, and men in the prime of life, are given a job which is not, owing to its present disabilities, an up-to-date job and which, in fact, often consists in inspecting a form of training whose chief characteristic is its utter lack of reality.

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It seems to us that many more experiments in the way of mixed brigades might be tried, that light infantry work might be adopted forthwith. These are merely suggestions, but whatever may be done we would stress the point that it is unreasonable and disheartening to expect infantry officers and men to go on, quite happily, year after year, carrying out a form of training which they do not believe in themselves and they know most of their seniors do not believe in either.

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The Senior Officers' School.

In a previous issue we deplored the official pronouncement, issued towards the end of 1926, that the senior Officers' School could not be expected to continue very much longer. We are thankful to say the Senior Officers' School is still alive, though once more ominous rumours are afloat as to early demise, owing not only to financial reasons, but to the fact that the supply of field officers is beginning to give out. In other words, the number of majors left who have not been to the school is considered insufficient to justify its continuance. However, senior captains are being approached, and by this means and by the inclusion of as many senior Territorial officers as possible, let us hope the life of this, the most useful of all the Army institutions, will be saved.

At the Senior Officers' School there exists a more complete atmosphere of broadmindedness than is to be found anywhere else in the Army. Nearly everywhere else, except possibly the Staff College, seniority, as is almost inevitable, tends to act as a drag on discussion.

At the Senior Officers' School, where all, including the instructors, are of the same rank and much the same age, discussion is free and unfettered, an invaluable *milieu* for officers shortly to become commanding officers, and one that saves them from becoming that most intolerable of all Army types, the narrow-minded doctrinaire. The Army is getting rather tired of doctrine and doctrinaires. What it needs is common-sense handling of the essentially modern problems with which it is faced, a point of view which the Senior Officers' School fully realizes. The system of instruction at the school is sound, modern, broad-minded and devoid of pedantry. Let us hope it has many years of usefulness before it.

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Umpiring and Tanks.

A correspondent writes that umpiring, as now carried out, is cramping the use of the tank, and has been doing so for the past four years. "It is no good," he says, "for the War Office to issue regulations and suggestions. These are frankly disregarded and the usual picture is that of some worthy gentleman, endeavouring to control his restive charger, and hastily putting tanks out of action as often as he can see them." The picture is highly coloured, but there is a good deal of truth in it, and certainly sufficient credit rarely is given to the tank's ability to return the fire of its opponent. "I am a fair shot with a 12-bore," says our correspondent, "and know how difficult it is to hit rabbits crossing a ride. It would be still more so if they spat back." It is, of course, a common failing to treat the peace-time enemy as a nonentity, but it is not always so. We remember during brigade training a distinguished brigadier who galloped up to one of his commanding officers in process of being attacked and shouted, "You must hold on to the last man!"

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The Territorials.

On May 23rd the Chief of the Imperial General Staff addressed the Council of County Territorial Associations at the Middlesex Guildhall on the future of the Territorials. He spoke in confidence, but it is perhaps permissible to state that his speech made a very great impression. It is, we believe, the first time that the professional head of the Army has ever come to the Council and told them his views and his difficulties frankly and freely. Sir George Milne left the Council in no doubt that he had the interests of the Territorials very much at heart, and that he was giving a considerable amount of personal attention to their many problems. In the past there has been a good deal of ill-advised talk about War Office antagonism to the Territorials. Undoubtedly the cause for this erroneous impression lay principally in the fact that responsibility for Territorial affairs at the War Office lies with a civilian department. It was easy to conjure up ideas of an Army Council utterly apathetic towards the interests of the Territorials. Sir George Milne's visit to the Council must have gone far to allay these "bogeys"; all the same, we cannot help feeling that the present position is anomalous and that it would be a help if the direction of

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Territorial affairs were brought directly under the control of the C.I.G.S., assisted by a Deputy C.I.G.S.

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Territorial Annual Camps.

In the good old days Volunteer battalions and other Volunteer units used to hold immensely successful camps in the immediate neighbourhood of the town with which they were associated, or at any rate in their own county. Such camps were very popular, were well attended, and on Sundays and holidays there was a constant stream of visitors, with corresponding benefit to canteen funds. Moreover, recruiting benefited. The people had a chance of seeing their own home battalion in harness, and were pleased and proud about it, and the youngsters were encouraged to join up. The strength of some of the old Volunteer units was astonishing.

Nothing of the sort happens nowadays, presumably because of the brigade organization. Yet an infantry brigade in camp practically never does any work, as a brigade, and it seems to us no great harm would arise if once in every three years, for example, Territorial units were allowed to train in the " home coverts." Though the higher training of officers and N.C.Os. is regarded, and rightly, as a main essential nowadays, yet it is important from many points of view that the Territorial units should be up to establishment in men, and we believe the institution of camps on the lines we have indicated would be a very great help in this direction.

The whole question of camps has a very great bearing on the efficiency and welfare of the Territorial Army, and the suggestion that one Regular battalion should be included in each Territorial brigade, during annual brigade training, as outlined by Lieutenant Wilson in his article " Mobilization and Territorial Organization," in the present number, seems well worthy of attention.

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Short-sighted Finance in India.

The main policy of the Government of India in the Finance Department appears to be to avoid capital expenditure except on canals, which yield anything up to 40 per cent. They will go on for years incurring an apparently low annual cost rather than save money by a bold use of capital. An example of this is the retention of the A.T. cart. Few will deny that a Morris six-wheeler can go anywhere that an A.T.

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cart can, and that where the country is too difficult for either, pack animals must be used. A Morris six-wheeler costs about £350 in India. An A.T. cart, with its two mules, costs about £150. A six-wheeler carries 40 maunds (30 cwt.). An A.T. cart carries 10 mounds (about 7 cwt.). A six-wheeler's daily run is about fifty miles; that of an A.T. cart is about ten miles. Therefore the daily performance of a six-wheeler is 75 ton miles. It would take 20 A.T. carts to perform the same amount of work. The capital cost of 20 A.T. carts and 50 mules is about £3,000. But the financier bold enough to scrap all the A.T. carts at present obstructing the Indian Army is not likely to be found serving the Government of India. We may take the cost of wages and food for drivers to be about the same in both cases, and probably petrol and mule rations more or less balance, when both are working. It is a different matter when the lorry is idle.

Another instance of senseless waste is in the matter of electrification. It has been laid down that no Indian lines are to be electrified until all British units lines and hospitals have electric light. The result is often seen that an Indian cantonment will be struggling along with oil lamps while the civil lines are ablaze with electricity. Sometimes a British unit will be supplied with electric light while an Indian unit alongside it is still in darkness. In one cantonment (Jamrud), where there is a military power station which could easily supply all units thereat, only the hospital is lighted. The Indian units are given a free ration of kerosene oil, which costs Rs400 a month, whereas it would cost Rs300 to supply electricity. Not forgetting, of course, the *enormous* capital cost of electric fittings.

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Indian Shortcomings and the Status of the C.-in-C.

India has no tanks and no mechanized field guns, though in the latter respect, we believe, a start is to be made in the near future. We have heard a good deal about the use of smoke of late; there are no smoke grenades in India. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that India might suffer from the attention of hostile aircraft in the future. There is no anti-aircraft artillery in India and, for the matter of that, there are not even any Lewis gun anti-aircraft sights in the country. Training in gas defence receives little attention in India, perhaps for the excellent reason that there are no gas masks there. Lastly,

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the Indian Army is very inadequately supplied with machine guns and light automatics.

Perhaps some improvement in the above unsatisfactory situation might be hoped for if a change was made in the status of the Commander-in-Chief. What is wanted in India is a Commander-in-Chief who can be a soldier all the time, and not a politician half the time. Kitchener killed the policy of a military member as distinct from the Commander-in-Chief for obvious reasons. He naturally would not agree to the presence of an officer junior to himself advising the Viceroy on military matters. But that was before the Montford reforms. Under the present system the Commander-in-Chief is Military Member of the Governor-General's Council, with a seat in both the Council of State and the Legislative Assembly. The Secretary to Government in the Army Department also has a seat in the Legislative Assembly. It is only right that the Commander-in-Chief should be the sole military member of the Governor-General's Council, but it is wrong and unnecessary that he should also have to sit and speak in the Indian Legislature. His Secretary should have that responsibility, and, being a member of the I.C.S., he should be better qualified to cope with the political atmosphere. It is no part of the business of a soldier to be a politician.

An example of the evil effect of the dual rôle thus forced on the Commander-in-Chief is the Cantonment Act. Under this precious piece of legislation a brigade commander is empowered to take over any house in cantonments for the accommodation of military officers. This was rendered necessary by the action of the native owners who are beginning to let their houses—which they or their predecessors were allowed to build on military land—to Indian tenants who are beginning to develop a taste for European style of living. In spite, however, of the powers conferred on him, few brigade commanders dare enforce it because of political pressure which is brought to bear through the very man whose first thought should be for the comfort of his officers. Jubbulpore is an instance where the brigade commander, now retired, received a rap over the knuckles for enforcing the authority to which he was by law entitled. The result is that officers are compelled either to hire a house privately at a rent which exceeds their lodging allowance, or live in a hotel, with its attendant discomforts and extra expense.

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There seems little doubt that the present system of Indianization will break down in time, if for no other reason than that it will seriously interfere with the sepoys' prospect of attaining commissioned rank and would thus have a bad effect on recruiting.

Indianization.

Practically every sepoy is a small farmer ; some enlist because the land is insufficient for every member of the family, some because of the family tradition. These latter, who are generally fairly well-to-do and have been able to afford education in early life, nowadays provide most of the Indian officers. Without this promotion stimulus this class would not enlist and would be lost to the Army, for when all the platoon commanders of Indian units are young " Brindians," the intelligent sepoy, instead of being able to look forward to retiring as an Indian officer with the prestige of the Viceroy's commission, could look no higher than havildar-major.

The real solution of the difficulty seems to be an Imperial Indian Army and a Territorial Army. The former would, of course, be very much smaller than the present Indian Army, and the Indian officers would be of the fighting races, have risen from the ranks, and, further, would be a product of King George's School and the Kitchener College, and therefore more highly educated. King George's College educates the sons of Indian soldiers and enlists them in the ranks, while the Kitchener College is for the education of promising N.C.Os. aspiring to Viceroy's commissions.

Of the Territorial Army, certain units could be permanently embodied for internal security duties. These units might be, except for the Commanding-Officer, 2nd-in-Command and Adjutant, entirely officered by Indians with honorary King's and Viceroy's commissions, obtained partly by direct entry and partly by promotion from the ranks. Thus the aspiring bania's or vakil's son would have a chance of appearing in the uniform of an officer. The Imperial Indian Army would thus be left free for Frontier and Overseas duty, and would also be freed from political influence. It would be smaller, mechanized and, one hopes, better armed than it is at present. Perhaps the Indian ranks might even be better fed. Before the Great War the sepoy was given ration money and fed himself. Some refrained from eating meat for religious reasons. Others because they could not afford it. During the war the sepoy was rationed and, if he wanted it, was given a meat ration, and benefited physically. Since the war the rationing system has continued except for

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meat. The sepoy is given the equivalent of one shilling *a month* with which to supplement his rations. He is lucky if he can afford meat twice a week. In these days of more strenuous training than pre-war, it seems only fair and reasonable that the sepoy should be given a daily meat ration if he will eat it.

* * *

Parents and the R.A.F.

The number of parents who say with fervour and obvious sincerity how glad they are that their son is not going into the Royal Air Force is, unfortunately, distressingly large. We meet them everywhere. The reason, of course, is the prominence which is accorded to Air Force accidents in the daily press. This prominence is disproportionate; numerous accidents occur in other professions which cause little or no comment, and, as was pointed out in a recent letter to *The Times*, in the R.A.F. you are just as likely to die in your bed from ordinary disease as to meet death from an air accident. Still, the fact remains, and there is no gainsaying it, that there are hundreds of boys, of exactly the right type, who would be keen enough to join the R.A.F. if they received the slightest encouragement from their parents to do so.

The number of accidents is steadily on the decrease, the reliability of the machines is beyond question; much is expected from safety devices, such as the Handley Page slotted wing, but more is required if the best of the youth of the country are to come forward in sufficient numbers as applicants for the R.A.F. That they should come forward, that their parents should be thoroughly reassured, seems to us to be an absolute essential. After all, the signs and portents all point towards a period of European peace for many long years; moreover, the standard of efficiency now attained by the R.A.F. is unsurpassed by any other Air Force in the world, and is certainly entirely capable of dealing with any of the minor crises with which it is likely to be faced. We believe that standard could be, at any rate, maintained, although it might not be added to, if the performance of "acrobatics" was of a little less ambitious nature than it is at present. The matter really rests in the hands of the Squadron Leaders. An absolutely rigorous enforcement of precautions and discouragement of undue risks—these, no doubt, are the letter of the law; but there must be many occasions when it seems excusable to take a chance or two, and in the past authority has often "winked at" this. But,

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for the moment, until such time, at any rate, as safety devices are more perfect than they are at present, we believe it to be unsound to take any chances, or to encourage such a line of action in any way. The Royal Air Force is a splendid and attractive Service, with a wonderful future before it, but the winning over of the parents should be the first plank in its programme.

* * *

***The Short Service Commission Scandal.**

While eulogizing the regular part of the Royal Air Force as a profession, everyone will agree with Brigadier-General Groves, the Editor of *Air*, who, in the June number of that journal, characterizes the Short Service Commission as a scandalous system. "At the present time," he says, "about 75 per cent. of the junior officers in the Royal Air Force hold short service commissions. Such officers are recruited between the ages of 18 and 29 for five years' service. At the end of that period they are given a gratuity of £75 for each year's service and turned adrift to find employment in civil life—if they can. But a very large proportion fail to do so, and many come down to abject poverty. . . . Not 2 per cent. of the officers holding short service commissions obtain permanent commissions. The remainder, no matter how excellent their records, are foredoomed to bitter disappointment and to the sacrifice of those vitally important years in which the foundations of a future career are laid." It would be difficult to cite a more disgraceful case of exploitation; but then the Government of the day always has displayed singular callousness with regard to the fate of its officers and men, after they leave the Service. As we have ourselves pointed out in a previous issue, the non-regular element is a weak spot in the R.A.F., and is not without its effect even in this matter of accidents, for it is unlikely that a serious sense of duty is as strongly developed in the non-regular as in the regular element. These short service commission officers represent the Air Force Reserve, and if the system were abolished, on what would the nation have to fall back? General Groves is in no doubt on this subject, and strongly recommends the development of civil aviation

* The two Orders issued by the Air Ministry on June 22nd dealing with the whole officer problem and creating a new class of officers, to be known as "Medium Service Officers," shows that the Air Ministry are fully alive to the evils of the situation. But the new measures are only a palliative.

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and light aeroplane clubs, and if the nation really gives encouragement to such measures there will be no lack of reserve pilots in the future. But in any case this iniquitous short service commission system should be abolished.

* * *

The Empire and the Air.

From every point of view the Empire has need to develop a connected system of air routes to link up its widespread possessions. Germany, France, Belgium are all ahead of us and, in fact, the British Empire, which has most to gain by world air services, is actually operating to-day a lower mileage than any nation with comparable interests, although it should be noted that both Canada and Australia are displaying most praiseworthy activity in air developments. Here at home there is no lack of oratory and articles, but amazingly little is being done to put into practice what is so frequently preached.

As a first measure it is essential to give civil aviation freedom from Service leading-strings, Service bias and Service requirements.

The very essence of Air Power is healthy, prosperous and self-dependent civil aviation, and the Service has everything to gain in the long run by leaving civil aviation an unrestricted field in which to develop and so to provide a reserve of pilots, a nucleus of skilled mechanics and a strong workshop and maintenance organization available when a national emergency arises. Great Britain's total air transport fleet at present numbers twenty machines, a pitiable total; indeed, the whole situation is thoroughly unsatisfactory, due principally, of course, to the fact that the nation is so curiously apathetic about the whole matter.

* * *

The Overseas League.

We would like to call attention to the article which appears at the end of the present number with regard to the Migration and Overseas Settlement Bureau of the Overseas League. The article speaks for itself, but having had some personal relations with those who have been mainly responsible for the formation of this excellent Bureau, we are anxious to stress how extremely valuable the organization is. Here, at any rate, officers may be perfectly certain they will not have foisted upon them overcoloured statements of the districts in which they intend settling. The information they will obtain is information in which they can place absolute reliance.

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FLYING BOATS FOR THE NAVY

By NAVARINO.

IT is singularly unfortunate that whenever the Army or the Navy venture to voice their needs for air vehicles to assist in carrying out their responsibilities in safeguarding Imperial territories or the sea routes which knit them together, that the partisans of "air" interests (often political or commercial rather than Imperial) should, at once, assume that this is yet another attack on the existence of a separate Air Force.

In the last number of THE FIGHTING FORCES its readers were presented with some aspects of naval air needs, under the title "The Navy and Flying Boats." The article probably left them with the impression that the Admiralty and Air Ministry were engaged in a perpetual "dog fight" as to who should wield the trident. This, they may rest assured, is not the case to-day, whatever it was in the past. Nevertheless, the machinery which controls naval air services cannot be said to operate entirely without friction as yet.

The author of the article referred to is certainly not one of those who assists to make for smoother running or greater efficiency in inter-service relations; he urges co-operation, while he pours petrol on the dying fires of discord. Instead of confining himself to the useful study of the problem of how flying boats and other aircraft can be used to help the Navy in its work, he harps continually on departmental differences and the peril to the conservation of the Air Force (or is it of the Air Ministry?) in allowing the Navy, and perchance also the Army, to use aircraft at all, except under the closest supervision and control of the Air Ministry.

It is time that air enthusiasts digested two fundamental facts:—

(*a*) That the functions of Service aircraft are primarily connected with the defence and attack of objects on the land or on the sea, and not in the air.

(*b*) That the use of aircraft is no longer the close preserve of either the Royal Air Force or of the Air Ministry.

With regard to (*a*), we hear a great deal about "air warfare" and "air strategy," but such terms are wont to

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be used all too loosely and vaguely. " Air warfare " seems to be applied indiscriminately to any operations on which aircraft are employed, even though their true character may be predominantly naval or military. As such, therefore, the term is pure journalese.

Strategy may be defined as the disposition of our fighting forces *vis-à-vis* those of the enemy outside the battle arena. The disposition of air forces can only be gauged from the point of view of the location of their land or sea-borne bases, because, once in the air, both their position and the duration of their influence are indefinite and nebulous, from a strategical point of view. In other words, " air strategy " is inseparable from land (military) or sea (naval) strategy.

Air tactics are another matter. Tactics may be defined as the handling of forces in the battle arena ; but, even so, fighting in the air is now admitted by the highest authorities in the Royal Air Force to be merely incidental to the real functions of aircraft : the attack and defence of ground-level objects.

We see, therefore, that there is no logical argument for regarding the employment of aircraft in war as involving principles distinct from those governing the land and sea forces. Although they are able to navigate in a different element and on a different plane to the latter, yet their main *raison d'être* is to make their influence felt where men live or have possessions of vital importance to them as individuals or as a nation—*i.e.*, on the ground level.

This being so, from a strategical point of view, there is no necessity for (and there are many disadvantages in) the existence of a separate Air Ministry and Air Staff.

Let us accept, however, that for political, administrative and commercial reasons, these are to remain ; there is still no sound argument why all aircraft and air pilots should be regarded in the light of a Trade Union, from which the sister Services are to be rigidly excluded.

Actually the Navy to-day possesses, to all intents and purposes, its own Air Arm. An incongruous and extravagant system still maintains whereby the Air Ministry claims a nominal dual control of the Fleet Air Arm and the exclusive right to provide the aircraft used by the Navy. To give some semblance of justification for their authority over the personnel of this force, 30 per cent. of the pilots employed in it are provided from the R.A.F. ; but the farce of such a dual

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control is nearly played out. Even the recent ludicrous order which demands that Lieutenant Smith, R.N., while flying an aeroplane, should also be designated Flying Officer Smith, R.A.F., cannot long defer the end of a system which is Gilbertian in peace and a source of danger to our preparedness for war.

The truth is that nowadays there is little more in the art of flying, *per se*, than there is in driving a motor car, but the use of aircraft for war purposes is dependent on the training of the personnel. It is here that the author of the article quoted trips up badly in his statements of fact and the deductions he draws. Enumerating the personnel required to man flying boats, he says they consist of :—

(*a*) Pilots ;
(*b*) Air gunners ;
(*c*) Navigators and W.T. Operators ;
(*d*) Observers ;

and, under certain circumstances, air mechanics. (*a*), (*b*) and (*c*), he asserts, are essentially Air personnel, and he contends that it is preferable that they should be a personnel who can give full time service to such duties. None of this is borne out in practice.

Naval officers have already proved that they are the equals of any others trained to fly aircraft, but no man can spend all his time, much less all his Service career, in flying ; he must have other work to keep him occupied when he is not in the air, and the greater part of his profession must be studied on the land or, in the case of naval air work, at sea. Nevertheless, in their own sphere, it is a constant source of trouble and anxiety to the Royal Air Force to know what to do with their officers as they become more senior, and how to ensure a steady flow of promotion combined with employment. This difficulty, as is well known, has led to the unsatisfactory five years' commission for a large percentage of their flying personnel. The naval pilot, on the other hand, can always revert to deck duties at the end of his career as such, and become " salt house " or a specialist in gunnery, torpedo, navigation and so forth.

In view of the fact that flying boats take to the air to perform work over the element on which the naval officer is trained from his earliest days, and as they would have to operate in war in the closest possible association with surface craft and

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submarines, there would seem every reason why they should be flown by naval pilots, as are the majority of aircraft in air carriers, and none why R.A.F. pilots should be employed for this work.

As regards air gunners, navigators and W.T. operators, their duties are incidental to the training of every naval officer or man, and naval ranks and ratings only require a short course of special training to adapt them to the conditions of the air; such specializing certainly does not constitute a life's career any more than flying does.

The work of the air mechanic is already being performed in aircraft carriers by naval artisans.

All this, however, does not necessarily imply that a separate Service—the Royal Air Force—is entirely superfluous. True, it might be argued that there is no greater call for such a distinction in the case of those who make war from the air than there is in that of those who handle the various craft and weapons which operate from under the sea. It might even be said that the Royal Regiment of Artillery is comparable to the Royal Air Force in that their particular species of attack starts from the ground level, rises into the air, and descends from that element on to the objective. In point of numbers and by virtue of the fact that they could assault positions far out of reach by the rifle and machine-gun of the infantryman, the Royal Artillery, it might be argued, should have been given the status of a separate Service, at any rate during the latter part of the Great War. But against all this theorizing is the more human consideration that war flying and fighting in the air do call for certain physical and temperamental qualifications which might not be acquired by all warriors, however brave. At any rate, the result has been the creation of a Service endowed with its own special prestige and traditions, attributes which no sensible officer in the older Services will begrudge and which, to-day, they have every reason to admire. The Royal Air Force, moreover, can now be assigned certain definite functions to perform "from the air." These functions relate primarily to the defence of our own territory against air attack and the attack of enemy territory which is out of reach of the Army or the Navy. Besides this, it is not inconceivable that, under certain conditions, the R.A.F. might have to be expanded to an extent comparable to the Army in the late war. This

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latter provides a specially powerful argument for a separate Service.

But none of these considerations justify the Admiralty being deprived of the unfettered control of aircraft needed by the Navy and manned by naval personnel for work under naval command in time of war. Aircraft, it must be remembered, can supplement surface warships, but until they can protect sea-borne commerce throughout the whole length of our sea routes, they cannot replace the great bulk of the Navy as it is constituted to-day. This being so, there can be no sound argument for divided responsibility in anything appertaining to sea security, whatever may be the pros and cons of maintaining a War Office and an Air Ministry to safeguard British territory.

So far politics and vested interests have overridden common sense in some aspects of this matter; but even so it is wrong to accuse the Admiralty, or for that matter the Air Ministry, of being so lost to all sense of duty and patriotism that they refuse to co-operate with each other.

The author of the article, "The Navy and Flying Boats," is mistaken in assuming that the Admiralty has declined to touch flying boats "with a barge pole" because they have not yet got complete control of them. In point of fact, it was the Admiralty, and not the Air Ministry, who took the initiative in proposing that the few flying boats we possess should be used for exercising with the fleet, with the result that this has now become a recognized practice, and the solitary flying boat base at Calshot now takes every opportunity of working with naval units.

The idea of substituting flying boats for aircraft launched from carriers, as proposed both in the article referred to and in recent Editorial Notes, is based on a complete misconception of the duties which fleet aircraft are required to perform. Those who are not versed in naval warfare conceive that a fleet puts to sea for a few hours, fights a battle, and goes home again. They therefore visualize flying boats being summoned out from a shore base to co-operate at the psychological moment.

There are others who ignore both the time factor and conditions of wind and weather, and who picture flying boats keeping company with the fleet for days on end, or travelling in a ship and taking comfortably to the water regardless of the state of the sea.

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In practice the Admiral commanding a fleet must have with him aircraft which are capable of taking the air at an instant's notice in any weather when the aircraft accompanying the enemy fleet can fly; he cannot be dependent for reconnaissance and observation on aircraft which may have to be summoned out from a base many miles away, or which, at the critical moment, may have expended their fuel and must go home; nor can he place any reliance in flying boats which, although they are carried in a ship with the fleet, cannot take the air unless they are launched in what seamen would consider to be comparatively calm water.

It must be remembered, also, that a fleet requires to be more or less self-contained and capable of operations without a base of supplies for several days on end, at least. Flying boats could only do this if accompanied by a sizeable supply ship equipped to afford them facilities comparable to a shore base. Such a unit would add to the difficulties and dangers of a fleet on passage in war time, and would constitute another weakness in the employment of flying boats.

The aircraft carrier is admittedly a clumsy, vulnerable and expensive aerodrome, but she is the nearest approach to providing constant air service for the fleet which human ingenuity has so far evolved.

It should never be forgotten that sea security cannot depend on spasmodic effort and limited range of influence. It requires forces whose mobility is not seriously impaired by weather or by conditions of visibility, and which are self-contained throughout a very great range of action.

The flying boat is yet in its infancy; it cannot keep the air for anything approaching the duration of time which a fleet may have to keep the sea. It cannot be relied upon to be " in company " when it is wanted; the aircraft carrier can—that is the situation in a nutshell.

Flying boats have undoubted potentialities in connection with sea security, but up to date they relate more to the work of local defence than to that of the " deep sea " Navy. In any case, as it is obvious that their future, from a Service point of view, lies over the sea, and not over the land, it would seem rational that their development should be entrusted to the sea Service, which knows what they are required to do, and not be warped by any jealous trade-unionism or departmental restrictions.

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Co-operation is the obvious solution where two Services with distinctive primary roles impinge on each other's spheres of responsibility, but it is at best a compromise. Flying boats are essentially aircraft for the use of the Navy and in connection with sea operations. What possible advantage can accrue from a system whereby the Ministry charged with sea security is denied control of these useful units and another Ministry, quite unversed in sea warfare and with other business to attend to, maintains the sole right to develop them? Make an end of dual control so far as command and personnel are concerned; turn over all Service flying boats to the Fleet Air Arm; leave that force, with its naval ranks and ratings, to the work of providing sea security, which is the business of the Admiralty; and progress will be unfettered.

Design, which writers on air subjects too often put before usage, *is* a matter for co-operation, because it requires the best technical brains of (in the case of flying boats) the Admiralty and the Air Ministry, of the Navy and the Air Force. For many years it has been the practice of the Admiralty and War Office to co-operate in the design of guns; the Air Ministry has now joined them with regard to R.A.F. firearms. The Admiralty and Air Ministry already co-operate over the design of aircraft for the Fleet Air Arm; they can and should do so over the construction of flying boats for the Navy.

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THE MERCHANT IN STINKS

By Major M. B. H. Ritchie, D.S.O., R.A.M.C.

THIS sonnet on Chemical Warfare, straight out of the facepiece of a respirator, explains what I was doing, and thinking about, down Salisbury way.

Here, in a camp on Sarum's hutted Plain,
I probe the novel purpose of an arm
Of neo-war, that carries hurt and harm
By means of toxic air and lethal rain.

Though war by Alchemy be more humane
Than brutal bayonet and gutted farm,
Men view the upstart war-god with alarm
That Mars has added to his mighty train.

Unscathed, we pass within a gaseous shroud
Of war asphyxiants in deadly drift ;
Protected by reagents that can sift
God's good fresh air from out that evil cloud.
Soldiers ! The respirator is endowed
By Science unto you—her noble gift !

Brown huts, green lawns, white rails, red fire-buckets. The camp reminds one of a trim C.C.S. in France. Gives a behind-the-line feeling that has its psychological value. A gas alarm calls one in the morning. Bugles and brick barracks don't go with stinks. Over the way is the big place that they do not want you hanging around—what you might call the factories, so to speak, while the camp is more in the nature of the showrooms.

All this outfit represents the seat of one of the most intriguing upholders of the might of the British Army. I call him, collectively, *the Merchant in Stinks*. Some Merchant! (*Some Stinks !*) Here I attended a regimental instructors' course in Chemical Warfare. The orders that sent me to Sarum shorted somewhere between Chemical Warfare and Infant Welfare. I was bidden attend a course of Chemical Welfare. Better, thought I, than Infant Warfare.

The merchant lives away from his customers. You see

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him around in civvies, and Sarum civvies at that. No band and colours. No stinks point-to-point. You don't find him practising the musical ride with retorts. No gingerbread on sale here. Serious-minded, and not thrilled with the glamours of peace ; hitting up a fine score, though you don't see it on the board. Far-seeing fellow, obviously sound. Big noise, and no mistake, but fitted with a silencer, and you just sense that he is ticking over.

The merchant is a fine salesman. All the same to him whether you are a bright lad or a trifle slow in the uptake. You come away stuffed with stink knowledge, and not a cubic inch of the packing left out. His instructors know their stinks as well as the kennelman knows the pack, and they don't use fancy names.

Yes, they teach you a lot down in Stinkville ; and you pick up a lot on your own. The merchant makes you think. That's where his cleverness comes in. One sees this in the short lectures that aspirants for stink honours have to deliver. Surprising how well the modern lads of the village can put the case—subalterns who were at their prep. schools when the stuff was coming over at Ypres. Each talked of stinks as sniffed from his own angle ; cavalry and chlorine ; lancers and lachrymators ; mustard flung on mountain fastnesses ; tanks and toxic smokes ; H.S. (mustard) on H.T. ; respirators and review order ; motor mechanics and mustarded mud ; and other kindred topics. A young machine gunner explains what he proposes to do about it when he rushes after an enemy rearguard and finds the best seats sprayed with three coats of fresh Colman's ; a R.A.S.C. subaltern holds forth on mustarded lorries ; you listen to this sort of thing about all arms and services. Never occurred to you that the stuff can get right down to the plum and apple for divisional commanders ?

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Myself, I reckon that one big thing stands straight up above everything like the aerial over the pea-sticks. And this is just the jolly old respirator. It is first and last and everything. Trust the respirator ; what's more, teach your outfit to trust it also. The merchant holds a fine line in respirators and defies all foreign competition. I am going to do a bit of pea-shooting at the nose-bag, but only because I think it so important.

I don't cotton to the name " respirator." Makes you

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think of a wheezy old wife sitting over the fire and coddling her chest. Perhaps the merchant could list it in his catalogue under a better heading. Far too great a contraption to be confused with domestic remedies for colds. A lot lies in a name, and an army name at that—don't I know it? Rechristening would not trouble the merchant much. Might indent on Ordnance; they thought of "warmers, stomach," at the baptism of a rubber hot-water bottle, and that takes a "bit o' doin'." Bravo, the Royal Ordnance!

Trust the respirator, I say. When you have its face-piece clinging to yesterday's growth and the container sparring with your sternum, you can sail through the enemy stinks and find them changed to ozone from the top of Ben Nevis. You may be able to help the merchant when he thinks out a new line. For development will go on; some day everyone in the country may be shouting for them, the A.A. scout at your cross-roads and the leader of the Opposition, the cook and the children, and, all in a single night. It may be an Empire question, and cute lads can help.

Listen here. Nations at war may use gas for three reasons. You will find them in the book, but here they are. First, to inflict casualties; second, to reduce the efficiency of troops by compelling them to wear respirators; third, to render areas of ground dangerous to occupy. You may add a fourth: to lessen *moral*. Concentrate on the second reason; what is it all about?

Simply this; people believe that a soldier *en masque* is inferior to one with his face uncovered. It has been taken for granted. Need it be so taken? I say no. Two things cause lessened efficiency; one is interference with breathing, and the other is interference with the special senses.

Wide, short intake channel all the way to the mouth would help to lower resistance when breathing in. Might be a question of assembling face-piece and container nearer together. Here you butt right into another question—a design that would cut out the "slung" position of the haversack, so that it would always be at the "Alert" when worn.

Easy expiration is as important as inspiration, but we are apt to concentrate on the latter. Expiration can be made easier by a larger outlet valve, or two if one is not enough. The more the better. This is bound up with improvement in speech. Of which more anon.

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It is more than merely breathing gently when you are sitting by the roadside. It is getting all the air you want, and getting rid of all that you do not want, after sprinting up a hill and down the other side with equipment on. The merchant may not have sensed the size of your lungs. He don't play the bagpipes. He could cater for you better if you told him what you want. The physiologists help him no end. But when you have marched ten miles on a hot day with a football cover on your face, peeping through the eyelet holes and breathing through a thing like an eighteenth century powder horn, you become a bit of a physiologist yourself. And the merchant will listen to you—or my name's not Jock.

Now to interference with the special senses. Hearing is not affected. The respirator is not so large as to cover your ears. Taste and smell also stand outside the picture—until the canteen opens. Remain speech and sight. Why need speech be muffled? A super-outlet valve would make you more audible and turn the respirator into a sort of megaphone. Get Heath Robinson in to advise.

Sight. It is not sufficient to see forward only, turning the head and eyes smartly to the right, or left, as the case may be. They don't issue rubber necks in our army. You and I want to look out of the corners of our eyes as a stiff-necked generation should. We have always done it, and we want to do it when wearing a respirator. The soldier must be able to see round the corner, because the trouble comes from there. So goggles may grow to the shape of a man's field of vision and not remain round. Means putting in side-windows. You wear spectacles? So fit lenses in front of your goggles; quite easily done.

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Now to another matter—weight. Ask the merchant if he could spare a few ounces off in his new models. You ought not to put on a soldier more than a third of the body weight. Fifty-five pounds is too much. History shows that one side has shed its equipment, got on the move and marched light, and won a war. Too often the other side has been crushed under the weight of its own equipment. Weight means slow-moving bodies, and slow-moving bodies seem to generate slow-moving minds. Here it is—*A light load is vital to Victory*. Paste that into your F.S. Regulations.

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Every little counts. Ask the merchant what he can do about mass production of lighter presents to hang on the Christmas trees. But T.A. is heavy on his toys, and it is no good giving him anything flimsy. The merchant is reasonable. Remember that you can have soldiers as weight-carriers or fighters, but not both together. Fifty-fifty will not go into fifty-five pounds.

I am stressing all these points, because they are so beastly serious. Go back to the first and fourth reasons for employing gas in war. It ain't goin' to inflict so many casualties in face of a good gas discipline and a sound, foolproof respirator. It ain't goin' to shake your *moral* or mine. All the stuff coming along in the air and trying to make love to your corpuscles will be sopped up half way through the container. If the container is a bit tired, if the face-piece has been gnawed by a rat, the respirator will still keep out the strong stuff and let you have it in weak concentration that may do little harm.

Gas defence *versus* offence—the latter leads every time. Keep the other fellow's stuff away first. You may go easy about giving him a whiff of yours, but you cannot ask him to stop the cylinders spitting at you till you have got your respirator from under the back cushions.

We may not hold with working up gas offence. But it is futile to go to sleep on the ante-room sofa when the merchant calls about defence. It will want working up some day, not by the merchant, but by you and me. I am not crabbing his respirator. It is the best there is. But I feel that there can be no last word in respirators until the last war is over. You cannot sit down on the 1928 line and say you have reached the North Pole in respirator design. It is not yet out of its cradle. Likely to outlive you and me by a century or two.

* * * * *

And so to Mustard. Mustard mucks you up by getting into your eyes first. The respirator keeps it out. It can burn you anywhere, but if it bungs up a soldier's eyes and he cannot see, he is no longer a soldier. If kept away from eyes and face, he can continue as a useful soldier for some time, even with a useful burn on some more remote quarter of his anatomy. The respirator overcomes the more serious effects of mustard. Chemical warfare may be said to consist of two main parts; one is gas, the other is mustard. *The respirator overcomes the whole of the first and fifty per cent of the second.*

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Curious stuff, this mustard. Bound to become a big noise in war. Can be flung at you in several ways. Sure to find you out, soon—or late, and that is where its beastliness comes in. Wanders quietly through clothing and boots, and over everything you cherish; weapons, equipment, ammunition, food. No respecter of persons, or personages. How do you propose to decontaminate men in the line—lorries, ammunition dumps, ordnance depots, everything? The merchant can tell you about it; means a mighty lot of decontaminating tackle, and an almighty lot of decontaminating *personnel*.

Yes; the flinging of mustard sets a lot of people thinking. Bound up with new construction; right down into the minor side-shows of war. Metal or wood; paint, clothes, roads, concrete. All want to be weighed in the mustard balance. Decontaminating means much organization; it must be done on the spot, and done right early. Remember mustard's only weakness—*it is a trifle slow off the mark.*

* * * * *

It seems to me that gas is a little *démodé* at present. Rather intriguing, this. Who wants to sling gas around? Slingers forward, please! A few hesitants explain their positions kindly. All are up against a limited supply of ammunition and an unlimited capacity to blaze it off. Mobility and mechanization mean minimum munitions. The seaman in fleet actions is out to hit a ship. If he can hit her at all, he wants to weigh in with the heaviest stuff he has and put her under. He is after *matériel* more than *personnel*, and sunk below the surface at that. The *personnel* follow the ship; the ditch is as good as a gas cloud. Blistered stokers and lachrymating enemy admirals leave him cold. He can provide other causes for lachrymation. He is adamant about not reducing a round of his heavy stuff to make room for gas shell. You see his point.

The airman also. He wants his target, factory or dump, to go up in the air. *Personnel* put down does not thrill him like machinery and munitions mucked up for the duration. He picks, and drops, his eggs accordingly. And the gunner. He is after *personnel*, of course, but has other considerations also. His ammunition is determined by the *rôle* he is called upon to play. Gas enters largely, but gas is not everything. The merchant in stinks goes the round of the shows and is

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greeted by " Full House." His patrons, though willing to " oblige," are up against the problems of humping sufficient ammunition around, and cannot jettison their cargoes of H.E. and other types of rudeness to take on gas instead. The shop windows are full of fireworks and customers dearly love loud bangs. Is gas crowded out ?

* * * * *

Has it occurred to you that gas in another war will step right in, without asking anyone's leave, before the morning milk ? The ultimatum may come ultimately, but bear this in mind—*gas is going to be penultimate.* You won't want to indent on the A.E.C. to look up that word in a dictionary. If one Power wants to pounce on another, and that is how the trouble often arises, it is going to have the shilling-in-the-slot meters filled up with bright new coin, and the whole of its gas outfit worked up to the umpteenth degree before it tells its ambassador to put up the " To Let " notice. Stinks may open the bowling. Surprise and full effect are best got in the first overs. Other rudenesses may come later. Whatever way you look at gas you see that all this respirator business is vital. You can't have flat tyres on the motor fire engine and start to mend the punctures when the alarm goes—not if you want to put the fire out.

War is a crime against humanity—as everyone knows. A mug's game, as the younger generation of Europe is beginning to understand. Perhaps uneconomic also. The mustard conception of war, *i.e.*, a casualty instead of a corpse, a liability instead of a memory, as the merchant aptly puts it, but ten casualties for one under the old conditions of fighting, may lead to the extinction of war as we have known it. Mustard is the master big noise, with an almighty long blast that will echo down the generations. Ear-pads of scarlet and gold lace will never keep the noise out, and the merchant knows it. He is working close to realities ; trust him, he will not let you down. Just walk through his showrooms some day, as I did, and you will find much to interest you *Finito.* I take off my hat to the Merchant in Stinks.

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WITH THE AIRCRAFT OF THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE, 1927

By WING-COMDR. C. E. MAUDE, R.A.F.

NO armed force, either naval or military, is nowadays complete without its proper complement of aircraft for co-operation purposes, and the Shanghai Defence Force was no exception to this rule.

In the preparation and dispatch of the Defence Force from home, time was of the first importance ; unless the troops could arrive in Shanghai before the probable date of arrival at that city of the Chinese Southern (or Cantonese) armies, their dispatch was likely to be of little use.

The necessary battalions could be, and were, collected and embarked at very short notice, and the greatest credit is due to the Army organization which made possible their extremely rapid dispatch.

But the packing of aircraft for long-distance overseas transport and their disembarkation and re-erection at the other end—even supposing a suitable aerodrome is ready to receive them—is a longer and more difficult matter. In these circumstances, therefore, it was finally decided that the necessary air force for the defence of Shanghai could most quickly and easily be provided by the dispatch of reinforcements of the Fleet Air Arm, which is that part of the Royal Air Force detailed to work with and supply the air needs of the Royal Navy.

The Fleet Air Arm works afloat with the fleet, and is therefore extremely mobile. The aeroplanes or seaplanes are carried in their own special aircraft-carriers, ready for flying at a moment's notice, when and where required. For inland operations they would not, of course, be of great value, but for amphibious or coastal work at a distant centre the aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm can be brought into use more quickly than can any other unit of air force. One aircraft-carrier, H.M.S. *Hermes*, was already in Chinese waters, having been detached from the Mediterranean Fleet since the autumn of 1926. Towards the end of January, 1927, when the dispatch of the Defence Force was finally approved, it was decided to reinforce the aircraft of H.M.S. *Hermes*

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by the dispatch of an additional aircraft-carrier from home. H.M.S. *Argus* at that time had just completed a long refit in Chatham Dockyard, and was in process of re-commissioning for service with the Atlantic Fleet.

On January 24th, when the ship was on her way round from Chatham to Portsmouth to pick up her aircraft preparatory to joining up with the Atlantic Fleet, definite orders were received that the ship was to be diverted to China, taking with her as many machines as could be packed into the ship, together with all necessary spare parts and equipment, spare engines, and other miscellaneous and general stores. The ship arrived at Portsmouth on January 26th, and then began some of the most hectic days it has ever been my lot to experience. Trainloads of trucks and convoys of lorries converged on us from all over the country, all hustling and jostling to get alongside the ship at the same time, and all clamouring to be unloaded at once.

As the ship had only just commissioned, everyone was new to her; no one knew their way about; the officers did not know their petty officers or non-commissioned officers, and the latter did not know their men; most of the R.A.F. contingent of airmen had never been to sea before in their lives.

The difficulties of loading were increased by the fact that the only available space in the dockyard at which the ship could be berthed was a very narrow jetty, with only room for one lorry to unload at a time, and only room for one gangway in or out of the ship, up which all small stores which could be man-handled had to be carried.

When it is realized that not only aircraft and their spares, but also ship's victualling stores, canteen stores, wardroom officers' wines, ammunition and bombs, and quantities of other miscellaneous stores, had all to be embarked at the same time, the chaos and confusion which ruled for a time can be better imagined than described.

However, the task was finished at last—the last lorry unloaded, the last packing-case hoisted in—and on the morning of February 1st we slipped quietly and silently out of Portsmouth Harbour and set sail for the Far East.

The transport *Minnesota* had preceded us from the same harbour five days before, with the Royal Marines Battalion on board—the first of the Defence Force to leave England. Her departure was accompanied by cheering mobs and

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blaring bands and all the publicity of large-type headlines and front page columns of newspaper "story." Ours was silent and almost unnoticed except for a few forlorn wives who came down to wave to us from the jetty. One could not help remarking the difference; but we consoled ourselves with the thought that we were merely one of His Majesty's ships proceeding on our ordinary duty, and as such we neither wanted, nor expected, "publicity."

Our first task, after settling down at sea, was to try to sort out, re-stow, and secure all the accumulations of stores that had been received in the past five days. So intense had been the pressure in those days of loading that little or no opportunity had occurred of sorting or stowing; everything had to be taken as it came and dumped on board "most anyhow," with hardly a chance even of securing the aircraft and their parts against the possibility of bad weather. Fortunately the weather was kind, and the eight days between England and Malta gave us a much-needed opportunity of re-arranging and properly securing all the aircraft, equipment, and stores, and incidentally of making room for a further batch of aeroplanes which were ordered to be embarked at Malta.

It had been intended that the ship should proceed direct to the Bay where is situated the seaplane base in Malta, and embark these additional machines by lighter from the shore base. A heavy swell which set in the day we arrived at Malta and continued for four days prevented this plan from being carried out, and eventually the aeroplanes had to be embarked in the security of the Grand Harbour. To achieve this the machines had to be towed overland on their own wheels from the aircraft base to the Grand Harbour, a distance of about seven miles—no mean feat, as will be realized by anyone who is acquainted with the narrow and tortuous country roads of Malta.

The Mediterranean Fleet was assembled in Malta at the time of our call, and they gave us a grand send off when the time came for our departure, each ship "manning ship" and cheering as we passed. All the aircraft from the shore base also turned out to see us off, accompanying us and making circles round us for the first hour or so of our passage from Malta.

The contrast between the beautifully painted, spick-and-span battleships of the Mediterranean Fleet and poor scrubby

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old *Argus*, straight out of dockyard hands, with no time even to clean, let along paint ship, was indeed a remarkable one, But again we comforted ourselves with the thought that this was " active service," and such things as paint and bright-work must take second place.

From Malta onwards our voyage was, on the whole, uneventful. At Port Said we waited twenty-four hours to enable the Canal to be cleared for our passage through. On our way through the Canal three aeroplanes from one of the Air Force squadrons stationed in Egypt flew over us, the leader coming down low to drop a message on our flying deck wishing us good luck and *bon voyage*.

At Suez we stopped only long enough to drop the Canal pilot, and then proceeded on our way to Aden. The Red Sea was not too hot, but a following wind made conditions more unpleasant than they might have been.

At Aden we stopped only a few hours, to pick up provisions ; here, again, the local representatives of the Royal Air Force (the Aden Flight) turned out to welcome us from the air and wish us God-speed.

At Colombo, our next halt, we stopped for forty-eight hours, which gave everyone a very welcome opportunity of getting ashore and stretching their legs, and also of admiring the beauties of the land, which are indeed many. There was, of course, no time for excursions inland, but the scenery in the actual vicinity of Colombo itself is sufficiently remarkable, at least to eyes with no previous experience of the East. What struck me most was the wonderful vividness of the colouring ; the combination of intensely blue sky and blue sea, the bright yellow of the sands, and the vivid green of the tropical vegetation bordering the shore on the stretch of beach outside Colombo, was really extraordinary. Here, indeed, was an example of " nature copying art."

The whole picture was more like the " tropical beach " of typical theatre scenery than one could have believed it possible for nature ever to be.

Between Colombo and Singapore a slight trouble with the engines delayed us for a few hours, during which we amused ourselves with fishing for sharks. The water was very clear, and soon after we stopped we could see many of the great brutes swimming round and about the ship. A butcher's hook on a strong line, and baited with a lump of raw meat, soon claimed its victim ; but the " playing " of

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the beast and its final securing were no easy matter. Even after it had been lifted clear of the water its struggles continued so terrific that it had eventually to be dispatched with a rifle before it could be hoisted in-board.

" First catch your fish, then shoot it," appears to be the rule in shark-fishing.

Our stay in Singapore (where we remained twenty-four hours) was disappointing; it poured with rain practically the whole time we were there, hence we were hardly able to see the place at its best. I think we were all glad to set out on our last lap from Singapore to Hong-Kong. The forced inactivity and confinement of the ship had begun to be a little trying, added to which the weather had been rather uncomfortably hot since leaving Aden. The ship was not well equipped for hot weather, and, moreover, we probably felt it more coming direct from the middle of an English winter.

All aircraft had been received on board uncased, but dismantled, and so tightly were they packed that no space was left in which to erect any machines or get them ready for flying. Therefore, our first task on arrival in Hong-Kong in the middle of March was to disembark all the surplus aircraft (which had been brought out as reserve) and other miscellaneous stores and spare parts, and so make room for the erection and fitting of our own machines for active use in the ship. This task was in some ways slower and more laborious than had been the loading at home; the ship was in mid-stream instead of alongside, which meant the double handling of everything, first from ship to lighter, and then from lighter to shore; also the available lighters were of an awkward shape and size not suitable for the accommodation of the fuselages and planes of aircraft.

Meantime the Cantonese, or Southerners, had been pressing forward on their advance on Shanghai, and by March 22nd had completed the " capture " of the city. In accordance with common Chinese practice, the commander of the defending troops (that is, the Chinese Northern army outside Shanghai) had abandoned the defence as soon as his position appeared seriously threatened, and had himself deserted his troops and fled to the North. By what dubious means this " commander," a young man of about thirty-two, who rejoiced in the rank of Admiral-General, had won his way to such exalted combined naval and military rank is not recorded; but his rapid rise had certainly not endeared

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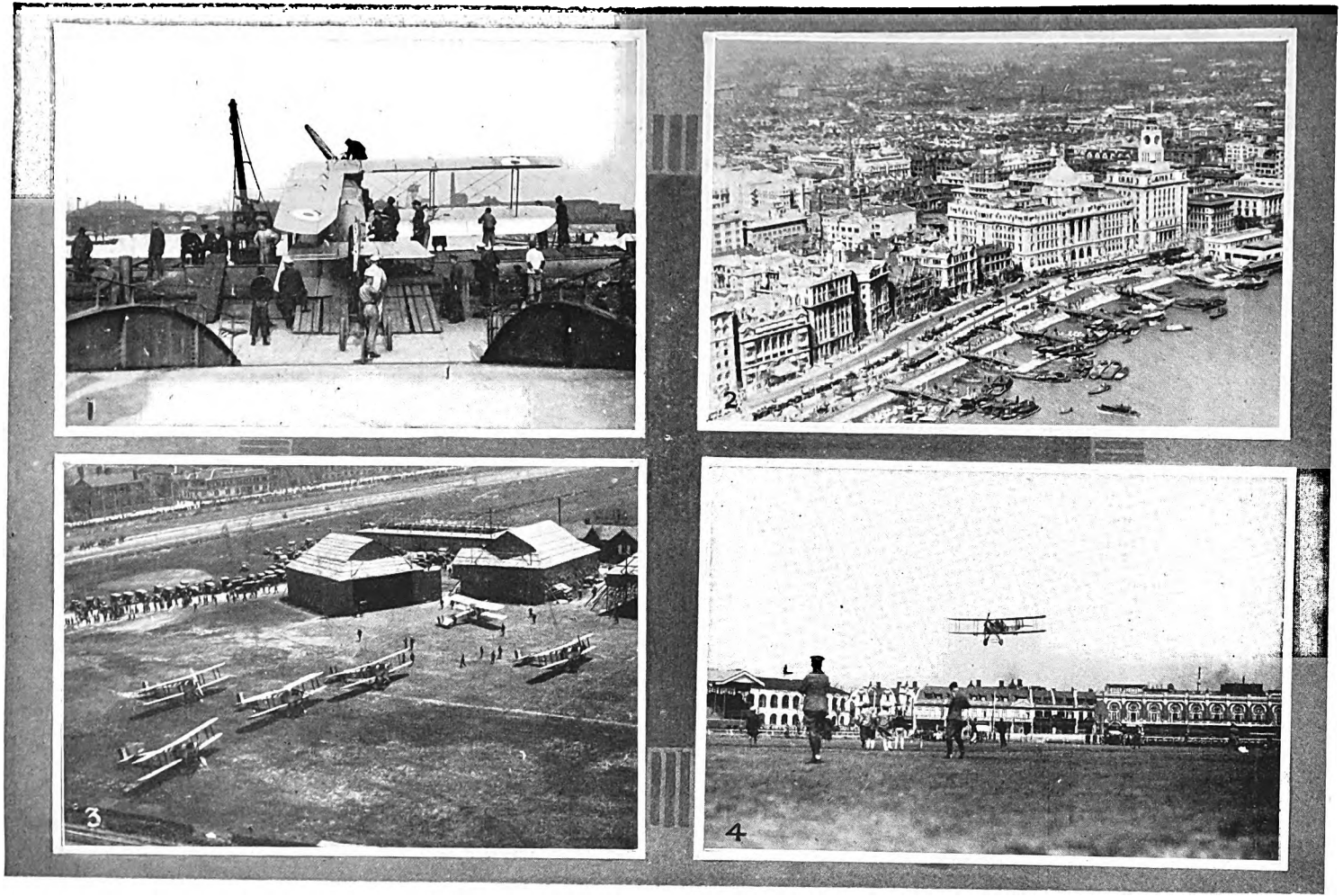

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1.—Landing of 441 Flight. Disembarking from Lighter.
2.—Shanghai from the Air. The Bund.
3.—441 Flight at Race Course. A General View of the Flight.
4.—441 Flight at Race Course. Coming in to land. (For God's sake drive some of these idiotic spectators out of the way!)

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him to his compatriots and erstwhile seniors, who naturally resented his meteoric promotion over their heads. It is reported that he was subsequently arrested and executed in Tientsin, which would seem a fitting end to his career.

Thanks to the promptness of our Government in sending out the Defence Force, the International Settlement in Shanghai was never seriously threatened. Our troops had had time to make good their defences, and had thrown a cordon round the whole boundary of the Settlement by which all entrance was barred. Thus, although a certain amount of skirmishing took place on the outskirts (chiefly caused by demoralized Northern troops trying to break into the Settlement in their efforts to escape from the Southern attackers), the earlier humiliations of Hankow and the subsequent horrors of Nanking were avoided.

But in those days at the end of March the situation was far from clear, and the problem confronting the G.O.C. the Defence Force, in conjunction with the Settlement Municipal authorities, must indeed have been a difficult one. As its name implies, the Defence Force was sent out purely for defensive purposes; we had continually announced to the world that we had no quarrel with the Chinese and would on no account take sides with one party or faction against another. In no circumstances therefore might any offensive action be taken by the Defence Force, except in the event of direct attack on itself; nor also might Chinese territory be occupied outside the Settlement boundaries. From a tactical point of view the situation of the Defence Force was a bad one; a large force tied down to the narrow confines of a crowded city, with a long and difficult boundary to defend, unable to go beyond the limits of that boundary, and unable therefore to learn the disposition or intentions of a possible attacking army. Even more serious than the question of warding off possible outside attack was the problem of the maintenance of internal security and safety within the Settlement itself.

Although the International Settlement is a self-governing community entirely outside Chinese jurisdiction, yet its area is, and must always be, normally open to free access on the part of all and sundry of the Chinese population. Many thousands of Chinese live within the boundaries of the Settlement or of the adjoining French concession. (For purposes of defence, the International Settlement and

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French concession were treated as one, though the French were responsible for the defence of their own area). Many thousands more come in daily from the outlying Chinese districts to work in the many large factories and other business premises of the Settlement. One of the most remarkable facts which struck me on my first arrival in Shanghai was the very large proportion of Chinese. At a rough estimate, I should say that ninety per cent. of the people one meets in the streets (and never have I met a more crowded city) are Chinese, mostly of the labouring classes. Somehow I had expected that in the European quarter of the town the Chinese would be in a minority, but, of course, this is not so.

Apart from the immediate necessity of preserving life and safeguarding property, the chief concern on the part of the authorities in holding the Settlement and refusing entry to Chinese armies, either North or South, was to prevent the city from being drawn into local Chinese conflicts and to enable trade and business to be maintained. Therefore, of course, the vast numbers of Chinese whose work or business lay inside the Settlement had still to be allowed free entrance and exit, and this in itself constituted a grave potential danger. Communist agitators, Bolshevik-trained or inspired, were busy day and night in all the Chinese quarters, stirring up strife and inciting the masses ; the most wild and virulent propaganda of the usual anti-capitalist and anti-foreign (chiefly anti-British) type was rife ; the labour unions called a general strike, and by means of their gangs of " gun-men " instituted a reign of terror amongst their own people.

The holding of meetings and the carrying of arms, etc., inside the Settlement was, of course, forbidden, but although a system of search was instituted at all the main entrances on the Settlement boundaries, it could not hope to be entirely effective in view of the vast numbers continually coming and going ; and the danger of an armed rising within the Settlement was one which could not be overlooked.

Such was the situation in those last critical ten days of March. Feeling was tense, and no one knew what might happen. At any moment attack might come from without or disorder and violence break out within.

The Defence Force was ready in either eventuality, and would, without doubt, have dealt with any situation which could have arisen. But in view of the obscurity of the situa-

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tion, and the unknown chances of the future (including even the possibility of open warfare outside Shanghai should the Southerners be so foolish and so foolhardy as to try to force an attack), it seemed desirable that the Defence Force should be strengthened by the addition of some aircraft as soon as this could be conveniently effected. In these circumstances orders were issued on March 21st for *Argus* to proceed as early as possible from Hong-Kong to Shanghai. At this date the unloading of our surplus aircraft and stores was hardly more than half completed ; but by dint of strenuous efforts the work was rushed through and finished by noon on March 23rd, and the ship sailed from Hong-Kong on the afternoon of the same day.

The passage from Hong-Kong to Shanghai takes about three days, and on the evening of Saturday, March 26th, we dropped anchor off Woosung, at the mouth of the Whang-poo river leading to Shanghai, to await orders to proceed up to the port itself.

Close by were anchored two Chinese cruisers, flying the Cantonese or Southern flag, looking remarkably smart and trim, with well-painted sides and shining bright-work. In the days of a united China the two chief ports of the Chinese navy (which consists of a few small and very old cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo boats of antiquated types long since defunct in modern navies) were Shanghai and Tsing-tao, further north. Up till a week or two previously the navy had remained united, under the control of the Northern or Peking Government. But with the approach of the Cantonese armies towards Shanghai the portion of the navy stationed at that port had incontinently transferred their allegiance to the Southerners, partly on the principle of " safety-first," and partly, I think, owing to resentment against the self-styled " Admiral-General " Pi, whose assumption of supreme naval command at Shanghai had been much resented by the navy.

Very early the following Sunday morning we were all awakened from our slumbers by the sound of heavy gunfire close at hand. We leapt from our bunks and rushed on deck, wondering what on earth the firing was about, and whether the Chinese cruisers had suddenly gone mad, and had been unable to resist the temptation of having a shot at such a marvellous target as we, with our towering sides, presented. It was barely dawn, but it was just light enough to see that

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a third cruiser had crept up from somewhere in the dark, and was now proceeding to open fire with all her guns on the two harmless and unsuspecting cruisers lying peacefully at anchor and all unprepared for the quiet of a Sunday dawn to be broken by so rude and dastardly an attack. The attacking ship had come up under cover of *Argus*, and was apparently using us as a screen between herself and her opponents. The two cruisers were lying just off our port quarter, so that as the attacker came down from ahead on our starboard side we were very nearly in the direct line of fire. The shooting was not remarkable for its accuracy; shells were falling all over the place, some less than half-way between ourselves and the two cruisers, so that it seemed more than probable that a stray shell would sooner or later find a target in us instead of the " enemy." Fortune favoured us, as it turned out; but we ourselves closed up to " action stations," prepared for any eventuality. It appeared quite possible that in their confusion at such a rude awakening (one or two shells had by now found their target, and a few hits were scored on both the Southerners, though without apparent damage), the two cruisers might imagine that it was *we* who were firing on them, and turn their guns on us. For our part we were prepared to engage either side impartially (whoever hit us first), and hoped that we might give a good account of ourselves should the necessity arise—which, perhaps fortunately, it did not. About twenty minutes after the raider had opened fire the first of the two cruisers began to reply, and was soon followed by the second. Battle was was now joined between all three ships, and the firing raged more furiously than ever; but the raider had begun her retreat as soon as the " enemy " began to return her fire and fortunately we were no longer in the line of fire. Shortly afterwards, both Southern cruisers slipped their cables and proceeded in chase of their attacker at utmost speed—which was about six knots! The raider, presumably having more steam at her command, soon outstripped her pursuers; but the latter nevertheless, still kept up the chase, and fire was continued intermittently till all three ships were out of sight.

The two Southern cruisers returned later in the day, showing signs of a few shell holes in their funnels and upper works, but apparently none the worse for their adventure, though we heard afterwards that one of the ships had suffered

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about fifteen or twenty casualties through one shell bursting on the forward mess deck.

The attacking ship, we learned, was the *Hai-chi*, flagship of the Tsing-tao portion of the navy, still owning allegiance to the Northern Government. She had come down to administer punishment to her one-time colleagues of Shanghai for their treachery in turning over to the South. Having fought an action—inconclusive, certainly, but sufficiently successful to meet Chinese demands in this direction—she had returned to her base at Tsing-tao, whence she was to be heard of again, as shall be told in due course, So ended the first battle of Woosung—surely one of the most comic and remarkable naval battles of modern times, and certainly affording a great deal of amusement and satisfaction to a large number of neutral and impartial spectators. That the Southern cruisers, in spite of the entire unexpectedness of the attack, should have been able to return the fire and get under way in less than half an hour, speaks well for their efficiency; and as a matter of fact, all that we saw of these Chinese men-of-war (and we saw a good deal of them in the months to come at Shanghai) impressed us very much with their general air of smartness and discipline—in striking contrast to the general run of Chinese land forces.

After this very war-like introduction to Chinese affairs it came as rather a shock to us to learn later that same day that we could not be allowed to fly, as permission had not yet been given for flying to take place over Chinese territory or territorial waters. Our ardour was somewhat damped thereby; but at least it gave us a breathing space in which to complete the rigging and fitting up of all our aircraft. Neither time nor space had allowed this to be done at Hong-Kong, and though we had worked "full out" on the job during the three days' passage from Hong-Kong, a good deal still remained to be done.

Of course, under international convention, no aircraft may fly over the territory of a foreign power without the consent of the power concerned. It was straining the letter of the law considerably to apply this doctrine under the existing circumstances in China; but it only shows how anxious was our Government at home, and how far it was prepared to go, in its endeavour to adopt a strictly neutral attitude and to avoid giving the slightest grounds for offence

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to either side in the local civil warfare as long as they on their part respected our own rights and privileges.

However, in the last few days of March, there took place what soon became known to the world as the " Nanking outrages," when Cantonese soldiery over-ran the town and indulged in a campaign of deliberate and systematic looting and destruction of foreign property, besides offering violence to many foreign residents, including consular staffs. At this the patience of the authorities at home was finally exhausted, and on March 30th permission was given for flying to take place " as necessary for the defence of the Settlement." At the same time orders were received for *Argus* to proceed up to Shanghai itself, which we did on the afternoon of March 31st.

In anticipation of flying being carried out only from the ship in rivers or waterways, all aircraft had been rigged as seaplanes—that is, with floats in place of the usual wheel undercarriage of a land machine. (All machines on board were convertible for use on either land or water.) At first sight a more unsuitable place for seaplane flying than the river at Shanghai can hardly be imagined. It is narrow, not more than a quarter of a mile across, with an unending stream of traffic going on continuously all day long. Big ships and little ships, tugs, lighters, steam boats, motor boats, junks, sampans and native craft of all kinds pass and repass in unending succession from early morning to dark. Though eventually a good deal of seaplane work was successfully carried out from the river, pilots learning, with remarkable skill, to choose the exact moment when they could find just sufficient clear water to get off or land again, yet it was soon realized that the opportunities were much too restricted to enable full use to be made of all the aircraft on board, so far as seaplanes were concerned. Therefore, the question was raised of landing a flight to work from ashore, and search was begun for a possible aerodrome.

Here, again, we came up against the order which restricted the Defence Force to the boundaries of the Settlement and forbade the occupation of any Chinese territory. Several suitable or possible sites existed, but each had to be rejected because it was outside the Settlement ; and finally we had to fall back on the only possible area actually inside the Settlement itself—the Shanghai race-course and public recreation ground. This site was far from ideal as a flying ground,

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being right in the centre of the town, surrounded on all sides by high buildings, and with many obstructions in the way of club houses and pavilions on the ground itself. However, it was the only place to be had, and we decided to make the best of it. For operational use in an emergency it was possible, but would certainly never be passed for ordinary peace-time flying.

(*To be continued.*)

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"1948."

By "ARTHUR GUNDRY."

I.

LORD BARCROFT, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, followed the Prime Minister to his study.

"Well, Barcroft," the latter said, "anything you want to see me about?"

"Nothing of importance," the Foreign Secretary replied; "only the matter of the Boravian-Manitolian Frontier incident. I've just received a cable from Delmaine, who's doing Secretary to the Council of Minor Powers. Apparently Borania is being truculent, denies all knowledge and responsibility in the affair, and refuses to have any neutral enquiry into the matter."

"Has he reported them to the Council of Major Powers?"

"Yes, and Borania has paid no attention to them at all, consequently they're referring it to us as Paramount Power."

"There's no question as to what actually did happen, is there?"

"None at all," replied the Secretary. "Borania's denial is all bunkum. But considering she's only been out of International control for three years, and that Manitolia is one of the old Little Entente, the situation is ridiculous. In the event of hostilities Borania would be wiped out within a week!"

"That mus'n't happen," observed the Premier. "Once allow those Central European powers to take up arms and there's no knowing where things will end. If any action is to be taken, we'll take it."

"I don't think it will come to that. Hazlett's at Kamstadt, and can put our views very forcibly. He can talk to them like a father—a father with a stick behind his back—and point out the error of their ways."

"Well, tell him to be very firm, then. He may inform them definitely that we will take action if necessary. It might be rather a good thing to show what can be done—*pour encourager les autres*—but let's hope they'll be sensible."

"Then I'll cable Hazlett to that effect, and notify both Councils that the matter is to be left entirely in our hands. Will you need a Cabinet Meeting to confirm this?"

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" I don't think so," replied Lord Stardale. " I'll be seeing Havers and Thompson over the week-end, and I'll talk it over with them, and also with St. Bauleigh. If you hear nothing to the contrary before Sunday evening, you can take it as being settled."

II.

At about the same time as Lord Barcroft was leaving No. 10 Downing Street, a dust-covered car wound its way round the last curves of the road to Semmering.

Semmering is a small health resort, some 40 kilometres from Vienna, situated amongst the deep valleys and sharp pine-clad spurs of the Rax Alps. Impoverished Vienna, unable to go farther afield, came here for their winter sports ; its Plazas and Kurhausen still remain, but its visitors are few, for, with the re-establishment of the Austrian currency many have resumed their places at St. Moritz and Interlaken.

The car entered the grounds of the Kaiserhoff and made its way along the pine-edged drive to the main entrance of the hotel. Here three men alighted, two of whom went in, whilst the other, obviously a valet, occupied himself with the baggage.

One, a rather short, thick-set man of about fifty years of age, registered as Baron Erdody and the other, of rather military appearance and considerably younger, as Major Szilvassy. They both gave the Donau Palota Hotel, Budapest, as their former address.

A suite of rooms had been booked in advance, and the Baron immediately went upstairs, whilst Szilvassy idly scanned the register ; then, after a casual look round the lounge and a drink at the bar, leisurely followed him up.

He found the Baron looking out of a window at the dark green velvet folds of the surrounding country.

The elder man turned as the door opened and asked in Boranian : " Are they here yet ? "

" No," replied Szilvassy.

" There's plenty of time," remarked the other ; then, turning back to the window, he continued in German : " I like the cosy homeliness of this place better than the colossal grandeur of Switzerland," and so they fell to talking of such matters.

During the afternoon a number of guests arrived at the hotel, and Szilvassy, looking at the register before going

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up to change, took particular note of two of them. One was a certain Count Czeke, who registered as coming from Vorosvar, the capital of Manitolia, and the other was a Baron Vichenyi, who arrived from Zurich. In both cases the gentlemen were travelling alone.

At dinner these parties occupied different tables, and it was not until Erdody and Szilvassy had finished that even the most critical observer could have discovered any connection between them. As Szilvassy was going out he turned and looked casually round the room and allowed his gaze to rest briefly on each of the other two.

Count Czeke finished next and went into the lounge, and, taking up a Neuer Pester Lloyd, was soon engrossed in it. Later Vichenyi looked in, but did not remain, and the Count realised that he would not be wanted for at least another half hour, so he called for the waiter and ordered a bottle of Somlauer.

Vichenyi, on leaving the lounge, went upstairs to the suite of rooms occupied by Baron Erdody and knocked at the door. It was opened by Szilvassy, who greeted him heartily.

"Come in, Herr Baron. I hope you had a good journey? I'll let His Excellency know you're here," and after seeing that the guest was comfortably installed, Szilvassy went to fetch his companion.

After a few minutes they returned, and in an instant Vichenyi was on his feet, heels together, bowing stiffly.

Baron Erdody, as has been said before, was a short, thick-set man of about fifty years of age. His face showed signs of Mongol influence with its high cheek bones and narrow eyes. His mouth, which as he entered was parted in a welcoming smile showing the whitest of perfect teeth, in repose was exceptionally firm. But his eyes were his most remarkable feature—brown, deep brown, with a constant sparkle and twinkle, seemingly full of vitality and good humour. They never lost that twinkle even under the most adverse circumstances, nor when they contemplated the callous sacrifice of human life or honour.

This, then, was Prince Esterhanyi, Prime Minister of Borania, the most unscrupulous, patriotic and capable minister in Central Europe. Baron Erdody of Kisfalva was one of his lesser titles which he often used for travelling incognito.

He walked briskly across the room and shook Vichenyi

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warmly by the hand. " Sit down, my dear Vichenyi ! " he exclaimed. " I'm pleased to see you looking so fit after your long journey. I'm afraid you received rather short notice, but I had to see you at once. Have any further developments taken place since your last telegram ? "

" Just before I left, Delmaine came to see me and informed me officially that the Councils had referred the matter to the Paramount Power."

" What did he think the result will be ? "

" I don't know—but there's not much doubt about it. As you know, the Councils are indignant at our attitude, and unless we retract we will be subjected to action either by Manitolia, supported by both Councils, or to direct action by the Paramount Power."

" And you don't think it matters which, for the results will be the same, eh ? "

" I must admit, Excellence, that the instructions I have received from you seem bound to embroil us in a hopeless struggle which can only end in our complete defeat. It is national suicide ! Whilst who knows but that if we wait we may not one day regain our former strength and avenge the burning shame of the treaties we were forced to sign."

During this outburst, which the speaker's obvious sincerity and patriotism more than rendered excusable, Esterhanyi calmly lit a cigarette and appeared to pay no attention to the pale face and clenched hands he saw before him. He offered one to Vichenyi, which the latter took and lit with trembling hands.

" My dear Vichenyi, your sentiments do you credit. In your position I doubt whether I would have been half as moderate and certainly not so impersonal."

" Excellence, I repeat I am totally in the dark, but I will always do your bidding. Besides, to march once more against those cursed upstarts, to kill as many as one can before being killed oneself—that would be something. But the women and children will remain with the halt and the maimed to serve in bondage under the iron heel of the conqueror."

" Well, well," replied the Prime Minister, " perhaps our army is not as weak and unprepared as one would imagine. It's quite possible that Manitolia might find she had bitten off more than she could manage. What do you think, Szilvassy ? "

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" With a little help, I think it could be managed," the latter replied smiling.

" Help ? " broke in Vichenyi. " In God's name whence are we to get help ! We've not one friend in the Councils and most of them are waiting carrion-like for our dismemberment. Illyria, Lusatia, Pannonia and Moldavia are already licking their lips ! Our only hope is that the Paramount Power will not allow them to touch us, but will deal with us herself. Excellence, there is yet time ! Whatever compensation we may have to give now will be as nothing to what we will otherwise suffer ! "

" Vichenyi "—Esterhanyi's eyes were twinkling, but his mouth was now in a thin straight line—" I would not have gone as far as I have if I had ever entertained the possibility of turning back. I want you to tell me what you think will be the form of action taken against us, *for I want it to be taken.*"

Vichenyi had flung himself into a chair and was burying his face in his hands.

" Well—what do you think they will do ? " the cold voice was insistent. The Prince looked at Szilvassy, who gently shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

" Come, my friend, pull yourself together and tell me what I want to know. Will it be the Paramount Power or Manitolia who will take action against us ? "

Vichenyi got up, his face was drawn and grey.

" I am of the opinion "—his voice faltered—" I am of the opinion that the Paramount Power will deal with us herself."

" And that, my dear Vichenyi, is just what I hope, too." added Esterhanyi, smiling.

" My God ! The sky will be black with their machines and the streets of Kamstadt will be red with blood and fire ! " cried Vichenyi. He turned abruptly. " Which of us is mad ? " he demanded of Szilvassy.

" Patience, my friend," said the Prince ; he took out his watch. " Czeke will be coming up in a few minutes. I'm very anxious to get his opinion about the forces Manitolia has at her disposal, and to know how our farm is getting on. You didn't know we had a farm just outside Vorosvar, did you ? Well, we have, and quite a lot depends on it. Indeed, it will answer the question which you have just asked Szilvassy." The little brown eyes were twinkling mischievously.

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Vichenyi took a cigarette and helped himself to a whisky and soda. Either he or his companions were mad !

There was a knock at the door, and Szilvassy went to open it. Count Czeke, a big man of military appearance, came in. He bowed to the Prince, who immediately came across to greet him.

" Come along, my dear Czeke " welcomed the Prince. " We're just ready for you. I hope you're not tired."

" Not in the least, Excellence, I had a most pleasant journey."

" How are things at Vorosvar, and what are our friends up to ? "

" The whole country is very excited, Excellence," said Czeke, settling himself in a chair. " They are determined that if action is not taken against us immediately or the necessary compliance on our part is not forthcoming, they will take matters into their own hands and march on Kamstadt. They've got some agreement with one or two of the other members of the old Little Entente, and they expect to occupy it within forty-eight hours. They've certainly got much larger forces than they're given credit for. I'm afraid we've not the slightest hope against them at present."

" Perhaps you're right " agreed the Prince. " By the way, how's that farm of ours getting on ? "

" Excellence, a most extraordinary thing happened last night. I put all the cattle in the two fields marked on the plan you sent me, just as you directed. At about three this morning there was a sudden clap of thunder and a blinding flash and they were all killed. I hadn't time to go thoroughly into the matter, but the most peculiar thing about it is that one of the men, who was coming in from the stables after attending a sick horse, says that the lightning ran along the ground. Indeed, as far as he could see it didn't come down from the sky at all."

" Strange ! " remarked the Prince. " Does anyone else know of this ? "

" Lots of people must have heard the clap of thunder and have seen the lightning, but only my men know about the cattle. But I don't see why it should have killed all the cattle ! There were about thirty in those two fields, and every one was killed and most dreadfully burned. One or two I could understand, but that all of them should be killed is most extraordinary."

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Again the Prince looked at his watch.

" I think I'll be able to explain that to you a little later on, my dear Count. A friend of mine, whom I'm expecting to arrive any minute will be able to do so, anyway."

He went out on to the balcony and called the others to him. From far down in the blackness of the pine-covered valley came the sound of an approaching car, and its head lights twisted and turned as it made its way up the winding road.

" I think that is my friend," said the Prince. " Szilvassy, order some supper for him. He'd better have it up here. In the meantime, gentlemen, help yourselves to whisky and cigarettes and let us talk of other matters."

About a quarter of an hour later there was a knock at the door and Szilvassy answered it. A most unexpected sight met the inquiring gaze of Czeke and Vichenyi.

A little shabbily dressed, bespectacled man, holding in one hand an umbrella and in the other an old suitcase, made his shuffling way into the room. His untidy hair and beard were almost white, and a red hairlipped mouth was surmounted by a long thin pendulous nose. His watery blue eyes kept blinking solemnly. He seemed in no way impressed to find himself in the presence of Prince Esterhanyi.

The Prince got up and welcomed him and then, turning to the others, he said : " Count Czeke and Baron Vichenyi, allow me to present Professor Horvath, who, after he has eaten, will perhaps be good enough to explain to you, Vichenyi, why I am not mad, and to you Czeke, the mystery of your cows."

III.

The striking force of the Paramount Power was its huge aerial fleet. This consisted of some ten thousand machines of the advanced design that had given it complete supremacy and had brought it to the pre-eminent position it now occupied.

They were of the ornicopter type, and were capable of rising directly upwards and hovering at will. Their maximum speed was about 300 miles per hour, and this could be maintained for a considerable time and distance.

At the Maidstone Aerodrome the machines of the Metropolitan Group were taking off to rendezvous over Dover at midnight. Three thousand machines were to

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proceed to Kamstadt and cause defiant Borania to comply with the demands of the Major and Minor Councils.

For the first few seconds the up and down movement of their wings could be glimpsed in the brilliant lights of the 'drome, but as the soft hum of the vibrations increased the wings became invisible and the hulls of the machines rose with increasing rapidity straight up from the ground.

At midnight the signal came, and three thousand machines darted off on their 1,200 mile journey to Kamstadt.

In the cabin of the flagship the Air Vice-Admiral, Sir Robert Bukely, sat talking to his Chief of Staff.

" It seems hardly fair," he was saying. " They haven't got a chance. Why, it's just like whacking some little worm in the Lower Third when you're a hulking House Prefect. Lord, how I used to hate that job ! That's the worst of the Paramount Power idea, we'll always be doing police work like this, and we'll never get a real stand-up scrap like we used to in the old days."

" It does seem like striking a defenceless man," his Chief of Staff agreed. " Still, they've asked for it."

" Poor devils ! I should think a couple of hundred tons will be sufficient. That will mean the first twenty squadrons only will have to unload."

An officer approached from the wireless room with the half-hourly report.

The Admiral read it and frowned.

" Three machines have dropped back. They all belong to the South Irish Group." Then, turning to his Chief of Staff, he continued : " They're all of the 1935 type, and their batteries never were satisfactory. In fact, all machines of that type had better return to 'dromes at half speed. We don't need them, and it will show my opinion of such trash. We're just passing Oberdülnwald and in ten minutes time we'll be crossing the frontier."

" Then I'd better send those machines back at once and warn all formations in rear of the Metropolitan Group that they won't be required to unload," the Chief of Staff remarked.

" All right," agreed the Admiral, and then added : " Tell the Metropolitan Group to descend to 10,000 feet so as to make sure of hitting their targets."

Some few minutes later the Navigating Officer, looking through the screen of the forward cabin, suddenly saw in

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front of him a zig-zagging horizontal streak of blueish light. He rubbed his eyes, but it was still there and much nearer.

The machines in front of him were tumbling down in flames!

"What the hell . . . !" he began, and then a blinding, stunning shock and shrivelling heat.

* * *

Of the three thousand machines that had set out some two hundred, despised and rejected, were all that remained. And these winged their way sorrowfully homeward, totally unaware of their miraculous escape.

IV.

Lord Stardale stood up, pushing back his chair behind him. His haggard face was grim and determined.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I've put the facts of the case before you as they are known to me from all available sources. The thing seems preposterous, incredible, impossible—yet it is. The proof is overwhelming.

"We are the only European nation that has not yet capitulated to the Boranian demands. To do so means that we will be shorn of more than half our Empire. Not to do so means that London will be dealt with piece-meal until it is all destroyed, and after that it will be the turn of our other big cities.

"We are absolutely powerless to protect ourselves against this terrifying force that is being employed against us. London will suffer the fate of Rome and Paris.

"We have until mid-day to make up our minds—two hours! Mine is already made up, but, naturally, you, gentlemen, must decide. Is there anyone who wishes to consider the matter further before we answer the momentous question that lies before us? Very well, gentlemen, since you are all ready we will put the matter to the vote.

"Over there, behind that screen, is a ballot box. In front of you, you will find an envelope containing two pieces of paper, one white and one black. Those of you who are of the opinion that we should accede to the Boranian demands must put the black piece in the box, and those who think we ought not to do so must put in the white piece.

"I am adopting this extraordinary method of reaching a decision because the matter is so grave that each of you must form his opinion uninfluenced by the views of others. For

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the same reason, gentlemen, I must request you not to touch your envelopes until you are behind the screen, and to retain them and the remaining pieces of paper concealed until you can destroy them. Since there are twelve of you, I too will vote, and will do so first."

The Prime Minister looked steadfastly round the table, his fine face set in severe disciplined lines. Never had his Cabinet seen him so calm or so cold. His monocle dropped from his eye and he looked as if he was about to speak again, but he turned suddenly away and with slow steps made his way behind the screen. When he re-appeared he went straight back to his seat and, with his chin in his hands, stared through the window out onto the Horse Guard's Parade ground below, but the fingers of his left hand nervously entwining themselves in the silk cord of his monocle showed the intense strain he was undergoing.

Not a word was spoken as one by one his colleagues made their way with heavy step behind the screen. They studiously avoided each other's eyes, and the atmosphere of the room was so intense that when fat Admiral Stennet struck a match to relight his pipe it sounded as if a bomb had exploded. When the last of them had voted the Prime Minister got up and fetched the box.

He brought it back to the table, and, taking a key from his waistcoat pocket, inserted it in the lock.

" Gentlemen," he said, " I will open it in front of you, for I want you to share what I know will be the result." And so saying he lifted up the lid and emptied on to the table thirteen pieces of white paper.

V.

Prince Esterhanyi, with Major Szilvassy by his side, sat in a powerful touring car that was climbing the foothills of a large mountain range. The road wound in and out, following the bed of a roaring mountain stream. On either side, towering high above them on overhanging rocks, stood seried ranks of dark-coloured pines. Here and there the road changed from one side of the gorge to the other across moss-covered bridges, and here and there, snuggling tight against the sheltering heights behind, a red roof dwelling gave a touch of peace and homeliness.

Esterhanyi spoke at last. " In an hour from now we will be masters of Europe. I think Britain will accept our

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demands at the last moment. If not, so much the worse for them ! "

" What is the range of Horvath's machine ? " asked Szilvassy.

" We don't quite know," observed the Prince. " It managed Paris all right, and that's over nine hundred miles, but he hasn't projected over a thousand yet. London's about 1,200 miles, and he is to have carried out some experiments at that distance before we arrive. You haven't seen his projectors, have you ? "

" No," replied the other, " but he explained them to me. Unfortunately, it was mostly over my head and I didn't understand very much about it. He's mad, of course."

" Most people are," agreed the Prince, " only some are more so than others. Now, old Horvath is so mad that he won't put the secret of his projecting coils on paper, nor will he tell anyone how they're made. He's as obstinate as a mule about it, too."

The Prince's eyes were twinkling, and his whole face was wreathed in smiles. He was thoroughly enjoying the cigar he was smoking.

Szilvassy looked at him in wonder. This man had been responsible for the death of more than half a million of people during the last forty-eight hours. In a short time at his word alone another million or so might be ruthlessly destroyed. Szilvassy shivered.

The car slowed up on nearing a cave-like opening in the side of the gorge on the right. It was barred by an iron gate, and there was a peasant standing near by. The chauffeur got out and spoke to him, and the man opened it.

The headlights were turned on and they proceeded into the cave. The gradient was very steep, and after some twisting and turning a faint light began to show in front, and a few minutes later the road ran out into the daylight. They were stopped by a control post, and whilst the formalities were being gone through Szilvassy looked around him.

The ground in front was perfectly flat, roughly circular in extent, and about a quarter of a mile in diameter. It was surrounded by a wall of perpendicular cliff varying from two to three hundred feet high. The only entrance was through the tunnel from which they had just emerged. In the centre of this surprising plain was a knoll, its sheer side rising some fifty or sixty feet. It looked like the half of

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a stilton cheese in the bottom of a band box. Around its base was an obviously electrified wire fence, and on its flat top, discernible only at a distance as one entered the valley, was a building.

On arriving at the fence, they were met by an officer, who took them up in a lift to the top of the knoll. He conducted them to a well-furnished room in the house, and a few minutes later the door opened and Professor Horvath shuffled in.

He was more untidy than ever. His collar was dirty, his tie askew. His clothes looked as if they had been slept in for some days. He looked at the Prince without a sign of recognition ; he blinked and peered and his eyes were more watery than ever.

The Prince was the first to speak.

" Good morning, Professor," he said, shaking the other warmly by the hand. " I hope that the strain of the last few days has not been too much for you ? "

" Strain ? " mumbled the Professor, " What strain ? "

" Ah ! I'm glad you feel like that about it," replied the Prince ; then coming straight to the point, " The British have not yet accepted our terms, and should they fail to do so they must be brought to their senses. Can you reach London ? "

" They are fools, they are proud. A dangerous combination for themselves. I have met them, a self-satisfied conceited, brainless people. They have always despised learning. They laughed at me, there in London, when I told them a little about electricity. Their Royal Society thought I was mad—to-day they will see who is mad."

" Did the test go off all right ? "

" Test—what test ? Oh ! I did no test ; there was no need. I checked through my calculations—I can tell better that way. It will be all right. I can reach London."

" Szilvassy wished to see how your projectors work, Professor, so I brought him along. Will you excuse me while I get in touch with Kamstadt to see if they've heard from London ? " said the Prince. " I scarcely imagine they will be stupid enough to resist after what happened to Rome and Paris, but they are an extremely pigheaded race."

The Professor turned to Szilvassy.

" There's very little to see," he explained. " Some dials, some levers, the humming generators and the hissing

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coils of the Pole Projectors. There is nothing to see this end—the other end, that is the end to see. It is strange, is it not, that I, the creator of this tremendous power, have never seen its greatest effect?"

"Perhaps if you had, Professor, you wouldn't use it," suggested Szilvassy.

"Why not? It's very humane and economical. I leave no wounded or suffering, no halt or maimed; they are dead before they know they are in danger. I destroy a certain amount of material, but it is done instantly, and there is no terrible drain on the country's resources, no interminable war of attrition. They must either give in or perish; there is no other way. If England is wise she will give in! If not she must suffer."

The Prince returned. "England refuses!" he said brusquely. "In twenty minutes time, Professor, you must teach her not to laugh."

"I said they were mad, did I not?" mumbled the Professor. "Come, let us get ready."

They went down a passage into a large plentifully lighted room. It was gleaming with white tiles, polished brass and plated nickel. Towering high above them on either side of the entrance were two generators of gigantic proportions and original design. Beyond them, looking like two huge theodolites with their rotating and elevating tables, were the shining black pole-projectors.

The Professor pointed them out to Szilvassy.

"Those," he said, "are my special children. Nobody would believe me if I told them how I made them, so I don't tell them. They project the pole-centres anywhere I wish. I build up my positive pole here and my negative pole there, and between them lightning flows. By moving those centres forward I can cover immense areas and in the twinkling of an eye exterminate all that's in them."

The Professor turned and led them up a shining ladder of polished steel to a kind of bridge house spanning the two gigantic generators. They found themselves surrounded by dials, gauges, compasses and binnacles. On a table lay a confused mass of maps and charts; conspicuous amongst them were the latest Ordnance Survey maps of London.

For a few minutes the Professor busied himself with one of them and asked "Is there any particular part of London you wish to be destroyed first?"

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" No. But the more influential the better, for then their Government will take more notice," replied the Prince.

" Then let their Government be the first to suffer ! " cried the Professor. " I will wipe out their Houses of Parliament and all around it within a mile."

The Professor's eyes were bloodshot, and he swayed on his feet and sniffed and slobbered like a dog. His nostrils quivered abominably. He talked to himself in a petulant voice.

" What a pity, what a pity I can't see it ! The dead and the mangled, the flames and the destruction ! They're mine ! All mine ! I make them, yet I shall never see them—never."

The voice of the Prince cut sternly through the Professor's maudlin.

" Get ready ! " he commanded. His eyes twinkled, but his mouth was firm and straight and utterly hard.

The Professor shouted certain orders, and the huge black cylinders swung round and up. He peered at a jumble of figures on a piece of paper in his hand. He touched certain switches, and the generators rose to a piercing shriek and their indicators went rapidly forward. They soon passed the thousand kilometre mark. The progress then became slower. They passed the fifteen hundred and crept hesitatingly forward. Seventeen hundred ! Eighteen hundred ! The needles were very unsteady. Szilvassy realised that there was no need to go much farther. Nineteen hundred ! The indicators were wobbling terrifically.

" That's far enough," shouted the Professor, " I knew I could do it. Now to build them up."

He touched another control and the hissing of the pole-projectors developed into a roar. He pointed to two other dials and shouted to Szilvassy. " They show the voltage."

Szilvassy knew nothing about electricity, but he realized that the readings on the dials were stupendous, unthinkable, impossible : 200,000,000 volts ! And yet they rose. The positive indicator went steadily forward, but the negative one began to quiver and fell slightly back. The Professor screamed and again touched the control, and the quivering needle made its way slowly forward, but it was very unsteady ; 350,000,000 volts !

The Prince touched the Professor on the arm, but the latter shook him off and looked at the negative dial with a bewildered expression, for it was now oscillating violently.

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Suddenly it steadied, and the Professor, with obvious relief, turned towards the Prince.

The latter was standing with his watch in his hand; his eyes were bright and hard as agate, but his mouth was beginning to open for the last cruel smile of satisfaction.

He raised his hand, but shook his head. Szilvassy and the Professor understood. When that hand descended—then . . .

The Professor's right hand closed on a large ebony handle, and he stood waiting with his eyes on the Prince.

Szilvassy noticed that the Professor was slobbering, and that his red-rimmed eyes blazed frightfully. His mouth and jaws were working like a hound devouring its prey. It was too disgusting! Szilvassy turned away. He was just in time to see a purple flash at the rear end of the negative projector and heard the consequent crack.

The Professor looked round bewildered and peered once more at the dials. The negative one was falling slowly back.

He let go of the fateful ebony handle and seized the control of the negative pole. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the Prince's hand drop. The positive pole was all right, but the negative was still falling. It must go forward! He pushed the control farther over——

There was a blinding, devastating, shrivelling crash, and then, save for the crackling of burning wood-work, utter stillness and smoking ruins.

VI

Subsequent upon the unaccountable failure of Borania to carry out the threatened annihilation of a portion of London in accordance with the terms of her ultimatum, the Paramount Power immediately dispatched an aerial fleet to Kamstadt.

It approached its objective with due caution but met with no opposition, and its mere presence caused instant and unconditional acceptance by Borania of all the demands of the Major and Minor Councils of European Powers.

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NAVAL POLICY IN THE GREAT WAR

By Rear-Admiral J. E. T. Harper, C.B., M.V.O.

IT is of interest to compare the general Naval policy of Great Britain, in the late war, with that of Germany.

To carry a war to a successful conclusion the policy which directs the movements of the armed forces should be a sound one. The next step to success is to ensure that adequate preparations are made so that there is a reasonable chance of being able to follow the policy decided on. Finally, the success depends on the efficiency of the instrument—*i.e.*, the armed forces—employed.

In the Great War the Naval policy of Great Britain was based on her needs: needs which have been hers for generations but never more important than now. Of these the most important were :—The uninterrupted supplies of food and other necessities from Overseas; the safe transport by sea of troops and supplies for the same, and the prevention of invasion. In short, a defensive policy.

To ensure these an adequate and efficient Navy was, and is, necessary; but false economy in the past left England at the outbreak of war with a cruiser force barely sufficient for her needs. In preparedness, therefore, England was, in fact, not fully able to uphold her policy and became so only after the expenditure of enormous sums of money in " panic " building of ships. Has this lesson gone home?

The tasks set the British Navy were in accordance with the general policy, viz. :—To protect our own commerce and destroy that of the enemy; transport our troops and supplies and deny the same to the enemy, and to prevent invasion. To accomplish such tasks it is necessary to defeat, or render impotent, the enemy fleet and the Navy which accomplishes these tasks can be said to have obtained " command of the sea "; a phrase which has no meaning except in war, as in times of peace no nation can claim possession of that which is the property of all—the high seas.

There is little need to recall that the Royal Navy, gallantly aided by our magnificent Merchant Service and equally gallant fishermen, performed the allotted tasks. True, our

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food supplies at one time became seriously diminished owing to the illegal, unrestricted, submarine warfare conducted by the Germans against our own, and neutral, merchant vessels; but our population was never actually in want; our troops were transported without serious loss, their supplies were maintained, and our island kingdom was not invaded. This success was attained by the defeat of the German naval forces overseas, and the rendering impotent of her fleet in the North Sea. The German High Seas Fleet did not suffer a decisive, material defeat, but after the Battle of Jutland it remained impassive in harbour and became, for all practical purposes, a thing of naught.

Let us now turn to the naval policy of Germany. This was not governed by her needs; it was not a policy which had stood the test of centuries as ours had done; she had no experience to guide her. Germany did not need a big fleet for defensive purposes, but a big fleet she had rapidly built in the years preceding the war. The writings of Grand Admiral von Tirpitz and Admiral Scheer indicate that the German Battle Fleet was built for the purpose of challenging the supremacy of the British Battle Fleet. True, the assistance of a Naval Ally in the case of war was hoped for, but this does not affect the fact that German Naval policy was not, as ours was, a defensive policy, but an aggressive one. The design of the German battleships shows that they were not intended for service overseas; therefore the policy, in this particular, was to challenge the supremacy of our Battle Fleet in Home waters. It was not vital to her interests for Germany to protect the trade routes of the world yet she had no inconsiderable cruiser force in Foreign waters, for the purpose, it is assumed, of challenging our supremacy in those parts. It may be said that this is an incorrect assumption; that the German cruisers stationed abroad were intended for the destruction of our trade, not for the destruction of our warships. Our policy being to protect trade, and our cruisers being stationed abroad for that purpose, it follows that if the trade was destroyed by German warships we could not claim supremacy and, conversely, the enemy could claim it. The most thorough method of obtaining sea supremacy in any particular part of the world is to defeat, or render impotent, the Naval forces of the enemy, and until this is done the combatant wishing to destroy trade can do little real damage to it. Germany's Naval policy, as it has

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already been stated, was an aggressive policy—to challenge the supremacy of Great Britain at sea—but after the declaration of war the German Fleet, whether in Home waters or overseas, acted mainly on the defensive until the commencement of the unrestricted submarine warfare against merchant vessels, when the underwater portion of her fleet was employed to uphold her policy which had now become not only aggressive, but lawless.

The Battle of Coronel was the one occasion during the Great War when a German squadron voluntarily accepted action with a British squadron ; the latter, although considerably inferior in strength, made no effort to avoid an action which could have but one result—defeat, unless unexpectedly favoured by fortune. There was, however, an off-chance of inflicting damage and thereby weakening the enemy, and Admiral Craddock was not the man to neglect such an opportunity.

At the Falklands, on the other hand, this same squadron made every effort to avoid action with a superior British one. There are numerous cases in history in which an inferior force has successfully engaged a superior force, by seizing a favourable opportunity. When the enemy ships were sighted from the Falkland Islands in the early morning of the day following the arrival of the British squadron, that squadron was in harbour, at anchor, with colliers alongside. The German Admiral von Spee had not expected to encounter anything but a comparatively weak British force, and when he realized he was faced with superior odds he turned tail and ran, in spite of the fact that if, as was probable, the British ships could get to sea in the course of an hour or two, their superior speed would enable them to overtake him before dark. Von Spee's tactics were, therefore, doomed to fail unless the fates were decidedly in his favour. On the other hand, if von Spee had boldly faced the situation, the element of surprise, so vastly important in war, would have been in his favour. It was as much a surprise to the British Admiral to sight von Spee's squadron as it was to the latter to find a superior squadron at anchor. The element of surprise was therefore present on both sides and success was deserved by he who made best use of this factor.

The British squadron, powerful as it was, could have done little if any damage to the moving enemy ships by indirect fire over the land ; on the other hand, von Spee

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could have caused considerable inconvenience to the ships lying at anchor, and by a lucky hit might, conceivably, have prevented one or more of them leaving harbour. At the worst, if none of the British ships had been damaged, von Spee would have placed his opponent at a considerable disadvantage if he had waited within range of the entrance of the harbour and attacked the British ships as they emerged, and before they had time to take up battle formation.

Such an action would have been unique in the annals of naval warfare and offered a chance, never to be repeated, for the Germans to strike a severe blow at our Naval supremacy overseas.

The Germans had all to gain and nothing to lose by seizing the opportunity when it offered.

Again, at Jutland, the misty weather was all in favour of the weaker fleet and a bold offensive on the part of the German Battle Fleet might have met with some success. On each occasion during the war, except at Coronel, the German Fleet made every effort to avoid action and, in the case of the Battle Fleet, remained, for the most part, impassive in harbour.

Thus the Naval armed forces of Germany did little to uphold the policy of aggression although they were designed as the instrument.

The result of the war, which was largely determined at sea, indicates the importance of framing a sound policy in peace time, and adhering to it in the unfortunate event of war. Further, a policy, to be a sound one, should be governed by needs and not desires.

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MOBILIZATION AND TERRITORIAL ORGANIZATION

By Lieut. F. K. Wilson, Royal Signals.

ANY Regular officer who has been privileged to see the Territorial Army under training must have been struck by the high standard and keenness displayed by all ranks. Their enthusiasm in the work is most impressive. The high standard is, undoubtedly, due to the fact that the greater proportion of the officers and non-commissioned officers and many of the men have seen active service during the Great War. A study of the functions of the Territorial Army is therefore of importance when considering the question of the organization of the Army on mobilization.

The duties of the Army may be summarized as follows :—

(*a*) To garrison India and other places abroad.

(*b*) To maintain these garrisons with drafts.

(*c*) Home defence.

(*d*) Provision of an expeditionary force (or forces).

(*a*), (*b*) and (*c*) are carried out by the Regular Army in peace, and (*d*) in the event of a war calling for the use of up to five divisions and one cavalry division. The Territorial Army assumes the duties of home defence in replacement of the Regular troops sent overseas, and also, if it should be necessary, augments the expeditionary force. It also provides the machinery by which the Army expands in the event of a war of a national character.

Our commitments since November, 1918, have increased enormously, whilst our Army is smaller than before. Although a period of European peace seems highly probable, it is our duty to be ready for any eventuality and we must ensure that full use can be made of our limited numbers. Sir William Robertson in his book " Soldiers and Statesmen " remarks of the pre-war period : " Although our foreign policy had gradually assumed a continental character our military preparations had remained insular, and almost parochial." This remark may well be kept in view to-day.

There has been much argument as to the best way of using the Territorial Army in the event of a war sufficiently big to necessitate its dispatch overseas. In his book, " The

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World Crisis, 1915," Mr. Winston Churchill records the following (in the month of January, 1915) :—" But with the discussions about the coastal advance there was soon mingled a very sharp dispute between the War Office and General Headquarters upon the system by which the new units should, when trained, be incorporated in the Armies in the field; Lord Kitchener and Sir John French found themselves at complete variance on this. The Secretary of State wanted to employ his new armies at least in divisions. The Commander-in-Chief wished to break them up and mix them by battalions with the seasoned troops. I inclined to the views of the Commander-in-Chief, but I did all I could to promote a settlement between the authorities concerned."

I have quoted this at length, as it is of particular interest to the case under consideration.

Whatever measures we may contemplate in producing a large army in the future we must, at all events, avoid any " sharp disputes " of such nature, at such a time.

In considering a war in which the Territorial Army is to be used overseas two sets of conditions arise :—(*a*) When the expeditionary force of five Regular divisions proceeds overseas practically at once on the outbreak of war; and (*b*) When the dispatch of the expeditionary force is delayed either for a successful Naval action or for some other reason. In this case the Territorial Army may have time to attain the necessary standard to proceed with the Regular troops.

The present arrangements by which the Territorial Army is kept entirely separate involves the following advantages and disadvantages :—

Advantages.—(*a*) It provides a complete, highly trained force ready for immediate dispatch overseas.

(*b*) The expansion of the Army can proceed in the absence of the Regular forces, if necessary.

(*c*) Keeps the Territorial Army as a self-contained force, which some Territorials prefer.

Disadvantages.—(*a*) As we are *one* Army, is it wise to have two separate and distinct forces?

(*b*) Five divisions will seldom be sufficient for an expeditionary force and the present arrangement prevents a combination of Regulars and Territorials.

(*c*) Practically all our valuable Regular army will be thrust in at the beginning of a war in such small numbers as to make heavy loss inevitable. Furthermore, no help

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could be given to the Territorial Army in their training when most required.

It is important to note that each of the above disadvantages assumed very serious proportions during the late war.

Let us now consider the question of " mixing " Regulars and Territorials. We have already said that two sets of conditions arise—*i.e.*, when the five Regular divisions and cavalry division proceed overseas at once, and secondly, when the dispatch of the expeditionary force is delayed. In the former case any mixing would have to take place overseas, and in the latter the amalgamation can take place at home soon after war is declared. Amalgamation overseas would appear to be more difficult than at home.

Distribution of Regulars and Territorials.

The following ways of " mixing " are open to us. Only infantry is considered here; units of other arms could be dealt with similarly.

(1) *Mixing by Brigades.*

This unit is too big to get the personal contact between the men. A further objection has been raised that it is not desirable to change commanders and staff at this stage. There would not be sufficient Regular brigades to complete the whole nineteen divisions.

(2) *By Battalions.*

Favoured by Sir John French in 1915. This would probably be the most popular with the Territorial Force as units retain their identity.

The Brigade would then consist of one Regular and three Territorial battalions. This method is, undoubtedly, the best. It worked smoothly during the Great War when battalions were often changing their brigades (and even divisions). The men train under the same commanders in peace time as in war. The three Territorial Force battalions in each brigade at least would always be under the same brigade commander and staff.

(3) *By Companies.*

Here the " personal contact " is much more pronounced. The personal benefit is therefore much greater than in (1)

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and (2). In this case the battalion would consist of one Regular and three Territorial Force companies. The very great disadvantage is that it breaks up units, and for this reason it would be strongly opposed by both Regulars and Territorials.

(4) *By Personnel.*

The tremendous amount of work in earmarking personnel in peace and posting on mobilization does not make this a very feasible method. It would mean practically a complete change in the personnel of Regular units at least.

A suggestion has, however, been made that, in the event of the Regular Army proceeding overseas immediately after mobilization certain Territorial Army personnel who volunteer in peace should join Regular units on mobilization, and a corresponding number of Regular personnel could then be left behind and would be of considerable value to the units of the Territorial Army to assist them in their training.

A glance at the Army List shows that when Catterick Camp is taking its full garrison, the location of Regular units will bear some relation to the position of the Territorial Army units in this country. It should then be possible to devise a scheme by which Regular battalions can accompany the remainder of their brigade (Territorials) during their annual training. For instance, with the aid of the battalions of the Regular Infantry Brigade now stationed at Catterick, the 50th (Northumbrian) Division, whose headquarters is at Catterick, could be made up as follows :—

Mixing by Brigades—

Regular Brigade at Catterick.
149th T.A. Brigade at Durham.
151st T.A. Brigade at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Or, Mixing by Battalions.—The 149th, 150th and 151st T.A. Brigades would each receive one Regular battalion on mobilization, and normally only have three T.A. battalions.

The convenient situation of Catterick in the centre of the 50th Divisional Area would make it an easy matter for the Regular battalions to attend annual camp with their " mobilization " brigade.

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The experiment is, at any rate, well worth trying and it is strongly recommended that, say in the 50th Division only, the scheme should be given a trial.

The advantages to be gained are, briefly, that we still have our Regular divisions training together all the year round except for a fortnight, and ready for immediate dispatch overseas on mobilization. As units of the Territorial Army become efficient they can, if required, be sent over-seas; each Regular Battalion absorbing its three Territorial Army battalions and forming a brigade. On the other hand, should the dispatch of the expeditionary force be delayed the nineteen divisions can be " mixed " at home, by battalions, into brigades that have been trained together for at least a fortnight every year.

As Regular battalions become stationed in the same part of the country as its " mobilization brigade," it could probably be arranged that they could see even more of each other. At any rate the commanders could meet frequently.

It is claimed that mutual benefit to both Regular and Territorial would result. The mixing of the keen, hard working Territorials, with the few but highly trained Regulars should quickly produce nineteen divisions which would be a real weapon to safeguard the peace of the Empire.

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THE SUPPLY OF AN ARMOURED FORCE DURING A PERIOD OF ACTIVE OPERATIONS

By Captain T. Ivor-Moore, M.C.

Royal Tank Corps.

DISCUSSION may complicate a simple matter, but the reverse is true when the subject bristles with difficulties. The problem of Supply for the Armoured Force is of such vital importance and so beset with difficulties that a thorough discussion of the subject is the first step to a satisfactory solution.

It has been realized by all who have any interest in the matter that the System of Supply need not necessarily follow the existing method found by experience suitable to the slower moving armies in which Infantry is still the main assault arm ; in fact, it seems that some more elastic system will be essential so that the Mobility of the Armoured Force—and this is, after all, its chief characteristic—will not be checked ; and, further, that the Commander of the Force will not daily have to sacrifice a portion of his force to protect the supply column, neither will he have continually to be curtailing his tactical plan to bring it into line with his administrative necessities.

Before experiments can be tried there must be some definite tactical Limit of Action defined, based on proposed tactical employment. War Office instructions last year aimed at a period of independent manœuvre lasting forty-eight hours. To enable us to fix a limit of our own, let us attempt to visualize the probable use of our Armoured Force.

The Armoured Force will be a very highly valued force in the hands of any Commander, and it is considered extremely unlikely that it will be used on operations in the nature of raids with unlimited objectives, necessitating long marches in enemy country, but rather in co-operation with other arms to hit and destroy an enemy, once he has been located, pinned and his vital centre of distribution ascertained.

Until the day arrives when there is the policy of an Armoured Army instead of only a Brigade, let us imagine situations only where we are definitely acting in co-operation with the remainder of our Armed Forces. Even if the time

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comes when our home forces consist of perhaps two Armoured Divisions, we may always expect to be allied in a war of the first magnitude to some great continental Power with a large army of only very partially armoured troops.

It is emphasized that no Commander would use his Armoured Force—that is to say, his decisive weapon—until he has assured himself that the successful attainment of the object of his action will be of a decisive nature. At least it is put forward that concentric action will be the aim of the Commander, although the moment when such action appears worth while will vary with the initiative and ability of the Commander. The fear of a total loss of his Armoured Force will impose a certain caution on the Commander.

If this is the case—and how can it be otherwise?—the Commander will achieve the greatest success by using all his forces co-operatively at the first opportunity. This action must of necessity be sufficiently contiguous to enable each different arm effectively to assist the other. It is suggested that operations separated by more than a hundred miles will not achieve this object.

There will be no Collins Raids on the Stuart pattern in the next war, and, after all, the Stuart Raids didn't always turn out trumps.

There is, however, no suggestion that the Armoured Force will always be used on the immediate flank of the remainder of the Army.

It seems, then, that three days, or 250 miles (complete journey), could, at our present stage of evolution, be set as a limit of time and space to cover action by the Armoured Force when used as visualized above. It should be understood that the actual mileage covered by the lighter vehicles of the Force would be considerably above this figure.

To enable our Armoured Force to move and fight, it must have men, petrol, and ammunition sufficient for its circuit of Action, this circuit increasing in proportion with the facility of supply of the above necessities. We have in the previous paragraph given a suggested limit of circuit, and it is obvious that if the A.F.V. can of itself carry the supply for that proposed period, an ideal would have been reached; just as an ideal would have been reached with the R.A. had they been able to carry a whole fighting day's supply of ammunition in their gun limber.

The tactical advantages of being released from the supply

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string, and relief of anxiety on this score for the Commander, are too obvious to stress.

Now our ideal with the present equipment is unattainable, so let us see what the Gunners did in their case. They provided extra carriage in the shape of ammunition limbers, which were an integral part of the fighting unit. So in like manner must we have our petrol limbers and ammunition limbers too, which are part of the unit itself. Separate vehicles, of course, not limbers towed by A.F.Vs.

There is no suggestion that Maintenance Companies R.A.S.C. and R.A.O.C. Supply Units can be done away with, but it is put forward that the Armoured Force must be made self-contained for a period of decisive action. Empty vehicles would of necessity have to accompany the Force during its whole tour, and could be used to carry wounded.

It is doubtful whether these " limbered " vehicles with the fighting arm could be armoured, or else they would lose much of their carrying capacity ; for this reason, and because the fewer " limbers " the better, we must cut down to the absolute minimum the impedimenta carried in our vehicles and on our fighting personnel. No extra transport can be allowed for greatcoats or blankets. A new type of equipment must be produced. Compressed and patent foods must be made use of, and to establish the confidence of troops in compressed foods, experiment should be made in peace time. Hot tea is, of course, essential to the present-day soldier, and cooking on the exhaust pipes of vehicles should therefore be introduced as one of the normal methods of peace time Beatonism. On the other hand, there can be no question of starvation diet, and the confidence of the soldier in the suggested method must be established before war breaks out. Soldiers, even when led by Napoleon, marched on their tummies. Riding in motor cars has not up to the present reduced the cubic capacity of a soldier's stomach. In fact, personnel of the Armoured Force must consider it a point of honour to reduce the bulk of their necessities to enable extra petrol and ammunition to be carried. Further, the standard of mechanical efficiency of the fighting personnel must be high so that they can maintain their vehicles without a large body of specialists to assist them. Replacements of parts will always be necessary, but for any unit to have to call in outside aid except under very special circumstances must be considered as a slur on the honour of the unit concerned.

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The fact that any vehicle falling out on the line of march will have to remain behind without special protection will always be a practical reminder of the necessity for the highest degree of mechanical efficiency. There will, of course, have to be a Salvage Section to deal with vehicles that by reason of enemy action become derelict, but it is for consideration whether the majority of their work will not have to be done after the battle zone has passed by. Light Tanks might be loaded into lorries and thus actually saved during the battle itself, but special lorries cannot start out empty with the force entirely for this duty.

The idea that practical mechanics are beyond the mentality of the ordinary soldier, or Staff Officer, must be severely discouraged. There is still in some quarters a feeling that a petrol engine is an instrument of black magic.

Not only must we have (*a*) economy of space, (*b*) economy by means of mechanical efficiency, but also economy of administrative effort. Indents in quintriplicate for A.F.Z., set systems of procedure and the majority of returns must be discarded, and it is therefore essential that each unit should have an Administrative Officer of active thought and elastic methods within the general administrative scheme.

A good Quartermaster for each unit is a necessity, and special selection of the Mechanized Force minded seems indicated.

Having achieved our first step, our next effort must be to extend our self-contained radius by twelve hours, or fifty miles at a time. There will, of course, come a limit; probably a circuit of 350 miles will be sufficient to meet the tactical needs of any situation.

There is a further alternative solution to the problem of increasing the radius, and that is by re-designing out the present medium tank and producing a lighter pattern weapon with an increased petrol consumption.

It is not, however, for a moment suggested that the function now carried out by the medium tank can be dispensed with. There must be a striking weapon—a vehicle armed with a gun—but surely we can produce something with a better mileage per gallon rate; if we cannot, then we must keep our present tank and do the best with it.

The present Rolls Royce Armoured Car, with alterations that could be carried out in twenty-four hours, could be made capable of independent action for a week. That is supposing

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that 700 miles and 10,000 rounds of S.A.A. would be sufficient mileage and armament supply for this period. Nevertheless, whatever the cause, the necessity of refilling with supplies during action without losing touch with the enemy may arise. If our line of communication zone has advanced with the battle, and our Advanced Base is within reasonable distance, the matter is comparatively simple; but if not, and the Armoured Force is isolated, then a protected convoy must set out from the rail-head to some suitable rendezvous.

It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the chances of disaster consequent upon the non-arrival of the convoy, and if operations were being conducted against an active enemy with an efficient Air Force it would be his obvious objective.

It is interesting to note that Lieut.-Colonel G. F. Brooke, in the January issue of the *Army Quarterly*, assigns the duty of protecting the convoy chiefly to the Cavalry, pointing out, rightly, that the distance that had to be covered by the Armoured Force itself will be much greater than that of the convoy, who will use the third side of the triangle made by the enveloping Armoured Force.

Before admitting, however, that Cavalry can be used in this manner, let us examine the matter rather more closely. It is essential that the movement of this convoy shall be undetected by the enemy air force, and to ensure this it will be necessary at any rate to commence this journey by night. There is the practical certainty of roads being available for this move, but even across country it is considered that eight to nine miles per hour is not too great an estimation of speed in spite of darkness and minimum of driving light. In the most unfavourable conditions of a short summer's night, fifty miles (2200 hours to 0400 hours) can be considered as a bound. Can the Cavalry do fifty miles, even in a day's march? and having achieved fifty miles the first night, would they be capable of returning safely to their starting-point the next night? Grant that they can! But this hundred miles in thirty-six hours will be their absolute limit. The circuit of action of our convoy will often be greater than this suggested minimum of a hundred miles, and their very safety will have to depend upon their speed, thereby rendering it essential that their "fleet speed" shall not be retarded by a slower moving protective arm. Cavalry may on occasions be useful for this duty, but A.F.Vs. seem more suitable if available. Possibly a combination of the two presents a solution.

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Cavalry marching out from the battle-line of the slower moving troops into a comparatively safe area, the escort of a few Armoured Cars through the country where enemy in large numbers are not expected to be met, and, finally, a portion of the Armoured Force sent back to ensure the final steps of the journey being completed without interruption.

No matter what system of protection is put into use, the protection of convoys will always necessitate the withdrawal of fighting troops from some other sphere, and it will always be an operation of considerable hazard. The safer and more economical way seems for the Armoured Force to be self-contained to start with.

Whilst it is unlikely that the Armoured Force as a whole would be used for long-distance reconnaissance, it is equally likely that portions of the light group might be detached for special missions of this kind. Armoured cars can, with little alterations, be made self-contained for considerable periods, but with Light Tanks (which, although now established as tactical necessities, are still in the egg as regards design) this essential storing space must be remembered, particularly so as in peace time so much is sacrificed to reduce the initial cost.

It is not in this paper intended to discuss the use of an Armoured Force as a striking force against some semi-civilized enemy. If satisfactory solutions to the many problems of the supply of an Armoured Force in a conflict of nations armed on a European scale can be found, then it will be comparatively simple matter to adopt them to a less intensive type of warfare.

To sum up, there are three points that seem to present themselves :—

1. That until definite instructions are issued to the contrary, we may visualize the Armoured Force acting in co-operation with other fighting forces, although possibly separated by as much as a hundred miles, and that any action that they may take will not necessitate a lengthy separation from the main force.

2. As the mobility of the Armoured Force suits it for enveloping action, the Force must be able to maintain itself away from the ordinary supply system for short periods. (*Note.*—The study of the Supply of the Cavalry during the Advance on Aleppo gives valuable data on this subject.)

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3. That by enforcing—

(*a*) Minimum limit of extra loads ;

(*b*) Maximum mechanical efficiency ; and by

(*c*) Constant research with a view to reducing petrol consumption,

the Armoured Force can be maintained independently of the normal supply system during limited periods of decisive action.

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"H 73."

By Capt. P. A. Chubb.

IT will be some time before William, the Battery's youngest subaltern, dares to speak to His Majesty's Navy again.

It all started over a noggin or two of ale, which William and a few of his brother officers were consuming in the company of certain Naval officers. The latter happened to mention the fact that Army officers did not seem to be keen on going out in a submarine, and William foolishly picked up the gauntlet.

A week later he staggered forth in the chilly dawn of a raw winter's morning and in the teeth of half a gale boarded H.M. Submarine H 73, as she lay at her moorings alongside the dockyard wall.

At the invitation of his host, the Captain, he climbed through a hole and stood on the bridge. He shuddered slightly when he heard the Captain give the order: "Let go fore and aft!" and then turned to make bright conversation with the Chief Bo'sun. His efforts, however, were short lived, for the Bo'sun produced a whistle, blew a piercing wail thereon and stood stiffly to attention, while the Captain saluted smartly. In vain did William seek for the centre of this reverence and even as he was making discreet inquiries the whistle blew again and the performance was repeated. Again William failed to spot the winner.

By this time the submarine was rapidly approaching the exit from the inner harbour and William recommenced his flow of cheerful conversation only to be rudely interrupted by yet another blast on the whistle. This time his blood was up and, turning to face a passing ship, he gravely saluted it. Unfortunately it turned out to be the local ferry boat. It was not until the following day that he discovered that the salutes should have been directed towards the three flagships that happened to be in harbour at the time and that only the Captain is entitled to salute.

Before long the good ship H 73 reached her playground and the Captain turned to William with a charming smile and said: "Shall we dive?"

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William, like a true British hero, put on a ghastly grin and replied : " L—let's."

Hastily he recited what prayers he could remember and then, laying his soul in the hands of the deities, descended into the bowels of the submarine.

With the grin still firmly fixed on his face he listened to the Captain giving the orders : " Flood Numbers One and Five ! Flood Number Two Auxiliary," heard the horrible gurgles of the water flowing into the tanks and watched the needle of the depth-gauge creep round—five foot, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five ! He shut his eyes tightly, then opened them again and groaned. The needle was passing forty-five !

Presently, as the air pressure increased, he began to feel sick and his ears buzzed, but still the needle continued to register an increase of depth. William registered emotion. Finally the needle came to rest at sixty-five and William was free to appreciate the uncanny stillness that reigned, broken only by the steady hum of the motors and the occasional clank of the hydroplane chains.

After a minute or two he felt better and began a tour of inspection of the ship. He examined the engine-room and was about to go for'ard to look at the torpedo tubes when a sudden heavy bump shook the submarine from stem to stern. William's knees trembled and when he heard the Captain's sudden order : " Emergency blow," a cold sweat broke out on his forehead and he awaited Death bravely.

With a roar and hiss of compressed air the tanks were blown and the submarine shot upwards and broke surface. But William was beyond caring what happened next. He was in the middle of the General Confession when an A.B. touched him on the shoulder and informed him that the Captain was about to open the hatch and would he (William) kindly open his mouth as otherwise he would probably be sick owing to the sudden change of air-pressure.

Unfortunately William received the message too late, but the Captain had gone aloft and so was unaware of this slight lapse.

When he felt better he ascended the conning tower. " W—what was the m—matter ?" he inquired.

" Hit the bottom," said the Captain. " Anyhow we shall have to go back now and see if any damage is done. Awfully sorry to have to cut your trip short. Next time you come out with us we will do a crash-dive."

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" Splendid," lied William.

The run back to harbour was uneventful and at the dockyard gates William parted from his host.

" By the way," said the latter, " you are the first Army bloke we have taken out who has not been sick. I congratulate you,"

" Not at all," said William, and fled.

He passed the Captain of H 73 a few days later in the street and the latter grinned at him—and William glared in return.

You see, William could not decide whether the grin was one of sheer friendliness or whether the crew of the submarine had revealed the hideous truth.

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PRIZE MONEY

By E. C. M. Trehern, LL.M.

Barrister-at-Law, late an Assistant to H.M. Procurator-General in Prize.

Part I.

PRIZE-MONEY. The words suggest visions of Drake, Spanish galleons and "pieces of eight." During the late war when the merchant ships of the enemy dared not put to sea, the actual picture was one of an endless procession of neutral vessels driven into British ports by the inexorable pressure of our sea power for search and seizure at the hands of Customs officials. The Prize Courts began to adjudicate on these seizures in September, 1914, and the commission in prize is not yet closed—a writ claiming damages against the Procurator-General (the proper officer of the Crown) was issued, at the instance of American claimants only a few weeks ago. But the Naval forces of the Crown have now received all the prize-money that it is intended to distribute—something over £15,000,000, and to Naval readers, therefore, the financial aspects of the subject are no longer of vital importance. Under the old system, however, many thousands of those who received their well-earned share would have got nothing had they been serving afloat in the time of Nelson, and the historical aspects, therefore, are by no means devoid of interest.

For more than two centuries, in all the wars of importance in which this country was a belligerent, it was the practice to grant to the actual commissioned captors the whole benefit of all prizes taken by them except those which constituted droits of Admiralty. During the eighteenth century, in particular, fortunes depended on the decisions of the Prize Court. The capture of the Spanish frigate *La Hermiona* in 1762 by the ship of war *Favorite* and the frigate *Active* is a notable example of a rich prize. She was laden with tea, cacao, and gold and silver bullion, and the lucky captains and crews of the two captors netted over £500,000.

The old practice, however, satisfactory as it was to the fortunate few, was open to the objection that it worked

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injustice to others who had rendered equally important service and who went unrewarded. Accordingly, during the late war the principle adopted was that there should be made available for distribution among the Naval and Marine Forces as a whole the proceeds of all such condemned captures as would under the old practice have enured for the benefit of the actual captors, viz., droits of the Crown. The rights to droits of Admiralty had been surrendered by Prince George of Denmark, then Lord High Admiral, in 1707. Accordingly, when the office of Lord High Admiral ceased to exist, droits of Admiralty reverted to the Crown ; and, upon the surrender of the hereditary revenues of the Crown, which recent sovereigns have made upon their accession, passed to the Exchequer. Hence arises the paradoxical position that droits of the Crown go to the Navy, and droits of Admiralty to the Exchequer.

The broad distinction between droits of the Crown and droits of Admiralty was stated by Sir William Scott in the quaint language of 1806 as follows :—" That when vessels come in [to any of His Majesty's ports] not under any motive arising out of the occasions of war, but from distress of weather, or want of provisions, or from ignorance of war, and are seized in port, they belong to the Lord High Admiral ; but when the hand of violence has been exercized upon them, where the impression arises from acts connected with war, from revolt of their own crews, or from being forced or driven in by the King's ships, they belong to the Crown." Accordingly, the Naval Prize Tribunal,* constituted under the Naval Prize Act, 1918, to decide what sums were payable into the Prize Fund in accordance with His Majesty's Proclamation of August 15th, 1918, decided that it was the intention of the Proclamation to grant to the Naval and Marine Forces the proceeds of all captures except those formerly appropriated to the Admiral. The Tribunal had to allocate between the Exchequer and the Naval Prize Fund the proceeds of condemnations ordered in 2,312 cases. A number of the seizures would not have been covered by the usual grant of prize as no commissioned ship could claim to be the actual captor, as, *e.g.*, where neutral vessels came into the ports of this

* The Tribunal consisted of Lord Phillimore (chairman), Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, and the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Callaghan. At his death the late Admiral of the Fleet Sir F. Doveton Sturdee was appointed.

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country to submit their cargoes for examination under agreements made between their owners and H.M. Government, and the cargoes were seized by Customs officers. The Proclamation, however, granted to the Naval and Marine Forces not merely "Droits of the Crown," but "any other sums received in respect of ships and goods subject to prize jurisdiction which the Tribunal consider may reasonably be treated . . . as sums to which, had there been a grant of prize to captors, captors would have been entitled." Accordingly, the test the Tribunal applied was to inquire whether it was or was not the pressure of the control exercised by the Fleet as a whole which had brought about the seizure; and they decided that the fruits of such seizures—which were very numerous—were payable into the Fund.

A fact not by any means universally known, and one which it is satisfactory to record, is that the Fund was not eaten into by the lawyers. With the sole exception of the costs incurred by the Fleet in proceedings before the Tribunal £688 17s. 11d., all legal charges and expenses, where they were not recovered from unsuccessful claimants, were borne by the Exchequer.

The prize money we have been discussing is distinct from the prize bounty awarded to the officers and crews of such of H.M. ships of war as were actually present at the taking or destroying of any enemy armed ship. Such ships' companies were entitled under the Naval Prize Act, 1864, and an Order in Council of March 2nd, 1915, issued in pursuance thereof, to have distributed among them as prize bounty a sum calculated at the rate of £5 for each person on board the enemy ship at the beginning of the engagement. In older times this bounty was called "head money," and was based on armament. In the time of the Commonwealth, if the hostile ship destroyed was an Admiral's, the bounty was £20 for each piece of ordnance on the ship; if a Vice-Admiral's, £16; if a Rear-Admiral's, £12; and for any other ship of war, £10 for each gun in the ship. In modern times, the number of guns being very small in comparison with the crews required to fight them, the bounty is calculated by the number of men on board. In the case of the Battle of Jutland it was estimated that there were 4,537 persons on board the eleven German ships destroyed by the Fleet, and, it being impossible to contend that any one ship or squadron was responsible for the sinking of any particular enemy

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ship, prize bounty amounting to £22,685 was awarded to the whole Fleet of 151 ships. The plum, so far as prize bounty was concerned, fell to the gallant Commander and the officers and ship's company of H.M. Submarine E14, which sank a Turkish transport with a crew of 200 and in addition 6,000 Turkish troops on board. The Privy Council (reversing the decision of the Prize Court which had held on the evidence that the transport was not an "armed" ship within the meaning of the Naval Prize Act) allowed the claim for prize bounty which, at £5 per head, amounted to the handsome sum of £31,000.

Prize bounty being a purely naval reward, the Court held in the case of the German and Austrian warships destroyed by the combined action of the military and naval forces in the course of the bombardment of Tsingtau that no award of prize bounty could be made. As regards the destruction of enemy ships from the air the Royal Air Force as such, therefore, has no claim to the bounty; but where the pilots and observers of seaplanes assisted the monitors *Severn* and *Mersey* in the destruction of the German cruiser *Konigsberg*, these officers of the then R.N.A.S. were allowed to share in the prize bounty, as they were borne on the monitors' books.

In most cases of prize bounty the application to the Court was a mere formality and a waste of money, and there would seem to be no reason why the Naval Prize Act should not be amended to permit the bounty to be distributed by the Admiralty, with the consent of the Treasury, to those entitled to it, without reference to the Prize Court except in doubtful cases.

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FRONTIER PARTRIDGES, CHIKOR, AND SISI

By Captain T. B. Butt, K.O.Y.L.I.
("Vive le Sport.")

THERE is no doubt that, on the whole, soldiers who are fond of sport get their shooting, fishing and hunting served up to them in more varied ways than their brothers in civil life. Looking back over a period of years, it is easy to recall all sorts of days and all sorts of conditions of small game shooting. There have been red letter days when one has driven partridges with large bags as a result, there have been long days in a rough shoot with perhaps only a few birds to show for hours of walking, but they have all, almost without exception, been really happy times.

We remember reading in Sir Edward Grey's book on "Fly Fishing" rather an amusing description of what some old ghillie considered was a day's fishing, and, if memory serves, it was "twenty-four hours creeping and crawling." Here on the frontier one might almost say that a day's chikor shooting is forty-eight hours' mountaineering!

If a line is drawn from Peshawar to Kohat and bisected at right angles to the East one comes to barren, mountainous, rocky country, in places dotted with scrub trees and bushes and everywhere littered with loose stones and small boulders. There is little or no water except in certain definite localities where a spring or well is situated. In such places there is generally, though not always, a village.

There are certain valleys, nullahs and mountain tops where chikor are to be found, and also occasional coveys of sisi and partridges. The sisi is very like our partridge at home, though smaller, while the chikor is slightly larger and dove coloured, with very handsome buff, black barred breast feathers. These latter birds are strong on the wing, run fast from rock to rock when disturbed, and when eventually they get up they usually fly straight down the khud side.

When a shooting trip is being arranged, a shikari is warned, and it is his business to locate approximately where birds will be met with. Let us assume for a moment that we have been brought to a deep nullah leading out of the main

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valley along which we have been walking. The nullah is about sixty feet deep, and at the top, perhaps, about a gun-shot in width. We will imagine that there are four guns and try to explain how the shoot is carried out. One gun works up the left side to a place of vantage where he can see into the bottom of the nullah; number two works farther up on the other side; number three walks slowly up the bottom of the nullah, and number four, perhaps, fifty yards away to the flank.

The shikari, who is squatting beside number one gun, suddenly sees the quarry running along the bottom of the nullah and hopping from rock to rock; there are about eight or nine birds. Number one gun gives a low whistle, and, by pointing, indicates to number two to go on uphill quickly to a certain point overlooking the nullah, which he hopes number two will reach before the birds. The whistle is also a signal to the other two guns to be on the look out.

Now follows an anxious wait while number two scrambles up to his appointed place. If he is late the shoot in this particular nullah will probably fail; if he is in time, he, personally, will be so out of breath that his chances of bringing down a bird are small. After a few minutes number two arrives behind the rock indicated, and his cartridge carrier creeps forward and, on a signal from number one, throws some stones over the khud side into the nullah near the place the birds have reached. A single bird rises, and number two gets a shot, but the climb was too much and the bird goes on. Three birds then rise: one breaks out and gives number three gun a crossing shot, which he gets; the two others come beautifully, straight over the head of number one, who brings off a right and left. Finally, five more birds get up; number four gun gets a difficult shot and misses, whilst number three brings down a brace. Such is the pattern when things go right, but they generally go wrong. With a party of four or five guns, a good day, if one works hard, may give from four to ten brace of birds, the majority of which will be chikor and the balance partridges or perhaps sisi. There are parts of the frontier where big bags are made, but on that portion of the frontier with which we are dealing a big bag is unusual.

We recently went for a shoot in this district, and will now give a short account of it.

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The party consisted of five guns, twelve frontier constabulary, and four mules with food and bedding on pack saddles.

We left camp at about 3.30 in the afternoon of a Friday early in October, and at once climbed down to the plains some three thousand feet below us. The " going," though steep, was quite good, and was, in fact, a regular mule track. Half-way down the hill we came on some cave dwellers, who had presumably descended from generations of people living in the same caves. They appeared to be quite interested in our party, but it took a lot of persuasion before we could get the small boy on the left of the photograph to come into the picture ; his fond mamma was not quite easy in her mind about it.

On arrival at the bottom, two Pathans from Maroba (our destination for that night) met us and conducted us on. These two men had located one covey of chikor and a covey of sisi. The chikor we never saw, but we did meet the sisi, but they got up very wild and we never had a shot. With the exception of a very lean hare, we saw no more game that night.

In due course we arrived at Maroba, to find that the pack mules with our bedding and food had already off loaded. The head man of the village, who had been warned to expect us, came out and greeted us, and then thirty or forty villagers (men and boys) gathered round in a circle while we rested on charpoys,* lent by the village.

After an hour or so dinner was ready ; four courses had been prepared and coffee to finish with. There was no hurry, and we were hungry ; the meal lasted an hour and a half, and during all that time our circle of friends never moved. After dinner we were treated to a solo on native pipes. At this village we spent the night outside the walls, and none of us were invited inside, and in spite of our natural interest we considered it unwise to invite ourselves.

Next morning we breakfasted about five o'clock in the dark, and by six we were ready to move off. The mules were to go straight to Kamar Mela, our second night's halting-place.

In this nullah at Maroba there used to be a good river, and there still is, but it flows underground, and the only water

* Native beds.

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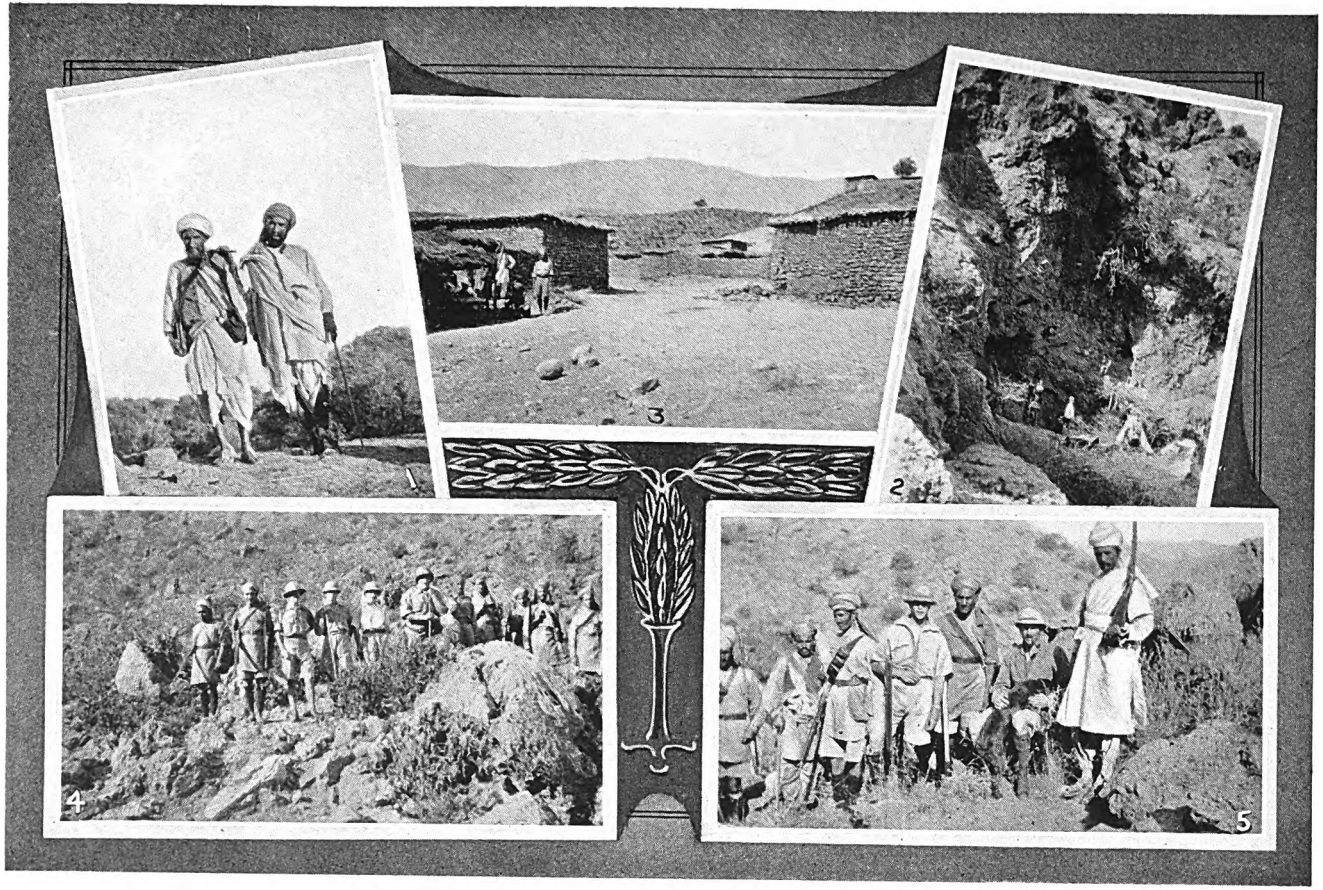

1.—Sharbat Khan, the Shikari (on right). 2.—The Cave Dwellers. 3.—The Village of Kamar Mela.
4.—Some of the Guns and Escort. 5.—Two of the Guns and Escort.

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now available is from a well let down to the river some twenty feet below the old river bed. The villagers' camels, cattle, sheep and donkeys were all watered first thing in the morning from this well before starting off for their day's work or grazing. A number of young camels caused us a good deal of amusement by their playful and friendly advances.

We now began to shoot, and the party divided into two. For five hours or so we plodded up and down hill, occasionally coming across some coveys, but more often not, and during the course of the morning we got eight birds. At times we heard chikor calling, and, of course, made straight for the place, but as often as not they would run and get right away long before there was any hope of shooting them.

At about one o'clock we reached Kamar Mela, to find our lunch was ready, and most welcome it was. The headman and principal villagers (men only) came out to meet us, and professed themselves happy that we should have come to their village. They at once showed us the spot near by where an aeroplane had crashed. Kamar Mela is a fairly large village placed either side of a deep nullah, and we were brought right into the village and allotted the open space in the middle for our quarters, and again we were given charpoys, and in addition a lean-to thatched shed was placed at our disposal. We lunched and then rested for a couple of hours (the thermometer registered 95° in the shade) before going out for the evening shoot.

The evening shoot, which took us round Lashora, was unproductive of sport ; actually we saw a few birds, but did not get a shot. On returning to camp in the village we found preparations for dinner well advanced. We bought a goat from the inhabitants and presented it to our friends of the constabulary. Thus everyone was happy ; we certainly were ; the villagers had sold a goat, so they were ; and the constabulary ate the goat, so they must have been.

An enormous wood fire was kindled, and the scene was attractive, as at this moment a long belated convoy of camels in single file trailed by and disappeared in the shadows. Our mules tethered slightly to one flank looked more picturesque in the mixture of moonlight and firelight than these animals generally do. The goat was hung up and skinned, and was then cut up with all due ceremony. The heart, liver and kidneys were then carried over and given to us as

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a friendly present. In due course the animal was cooked and eaten to the accompaniment of a ukelele. And so to sleep for a few hours, when at six the next morning operations were again continued.

This last morning we worked up the foothills towards home, but again met with very little sport. About 11 a.m. we met some tribesmen bringing in hay; there were ten bullocks each with two bundles of hay, and on the other side of the track ten women each with one bundle, carried, as is their custom, on their heads. We eventually came to one more good nullah with a trickle of water from a spring, and here we came across quite a number of chikor and added three more to the bag.

A short rest followed and then we had to start the climb back, three thousand feet, and all of it steep. This last climb makes a tough finish after a hardish shoot; in this case it took two hours, and the last hour in the hot part of the day with the sun on one's back was very trying.

To summarize: There were five guns in the party, we had been out for about forty-six hours, we had been walking nearly continuously during the hours of daylight and climbed up and down a good many hundreds of feet, and the bag was eight chikor and three partridges. It sounds a poorish "do," but it has an attraction of its own, and that evening everyone was quietly purring.

We think that the real attraction lies in the fact that on these expeditions one sees the real India, and not the India of the cantonments.

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INTERCOMMUNICATION:

A PLATOON COMMANDER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By "String."

"ALL Commanders are responsible for keeping their respective superiors, as well as neighbouring units and subordinate Commanders, regularly informed of the progress of events and important changes in the situation as they occur" (I.T., 1926, Vol. II, Sect. 10).

Starting at Sandhurst, on joining his regiment and in practically every letter on Training emanating from a higher formation, an Officer has the importance of this paragraph impressed on him. Furthermore, even the military correspondents from time to time comment on the fact that the training of the Army in this respect is not up to standard. All this makes even a Platoon Commander think. Intercommunication is now a favourite topic of inspecting generals. Message writing has assumed the place of "flies in the cookhouse" on an inspecting officer's list. However, even a Platoon Commander knows that without constant information, or in other words intercommunication, higher Commanders cannot decide how to use their reserves and so influence the course of the battle. Now this is bound to create a certain sense of responsibility—responsibility from the thought that he may be the weak link in the chain of communication, and that it may be due to some oversight of his that the superior Commander is not kept informed of the progress of events.

The following article puts forward a few suggestions from the Platoon Commander's point of view, though one is naturally rather diffident of putting anything on paper dealing with a subject which is obviously of so great importance. The subject will naturally be looked at from a training point of view, as of course any training is training for war.

We will start one step higher. What is the position of the Company Commander in this chain of information? He has probably never more than two superiors whom he must keep informed of the progress of events—

(*a*) The Commander of the formation above him, usually his Battalion Commander.

(*b*) Any unit that is co-operating with him.

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As regards lower formations, he has—

(*a*) The four platoons of his Company ; and
(*b*) Any other troops which may come under his orders for a special operation.

The means at his disposal for ensuring communication in both cases being established and continuous is through—

(i) Signallers attached to his Company from Battalion Headquarters.
(ii) Runners.
(iii) In war, though not on training, he would have signalling pistols for Very lights.

Now of these three available methods, really only one—viz., runner—can be used to communicate with the units coming under his command, at any rate with the platoons, for the simple reason that there are no trained signallers with platoons to receive messages should he desire to use signallers for this purpose. Regarding Very lights, however valuable these may be for communicating from front to rear formations, they are apt to lead to confusion when the process is reversed.

We will first of all consider the question from the point of view of the Company Commander communicating with his higher formations and keeping them informed.

If he wants to convey any message to a superior Commander by means of his signallers or runners, he must first of all write a message. Now, message writing is no simple matter. It is, in fact, a bugbear to the Company Commander. It is liable to reach enormous dimensions. There is an actual example where, in a very minor training operation lasting not more than three hours, a Company Commander wrote and received no less than forty messages.

Now, the average time occupied in writing a message by the time one has regained one's breath after doubling across country in full marching order, probably 300 yards, then getting the message pad out and seeing that the carbon paper is in position, is seldom less than four minutes. So during that simple operation over two and a half hours of valuable time was used up. But that is not the worst aspect of it.

In addition to the time being used, there is always the likelihood of some important development in the tactical situation being overlooked because the Company Commander is engrossed in his endless message writing.

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Now admittedly we have got to keep our superior Commanders informed of the progress of events, so the problem is, how are we going to reduce this message writing to a minimum or dispense with it altogether ?

The first suggestion is that we should at once revert to the stereotyped message forms which were introduced in the war. The forms would be printed with a series of headings very similar to the sub-heads which are definitely laid down to be used at the present time in message writing.

One feels convinced that the use of these pads would reduce the average time occupied in writing a message to about a minute.

Thus far we have dealt with only one means of communication at the disposal of a Company Commander for keeping in touch with his higher formations.

It seems obvious, however, that another medium of communication, the signalling pistol, would help to reduce considerably the number of messages sent.

In most operations nowadays which a Company Commander undertakes, except probably defence—and here the apparent difficulty could easily be overcome—there is given a series of objectives or bounds to be made good.

Normally these objectives or bounds do not exceed four. A very simple " rule of thumb " scheme which would hold good for any operation could easily be drawn up by the Battalion Signalling Officer. For instance, a Very light of a certain colour would represent the first objective or bound, the colour would be different for the second objective, and so on.

It is not for a moment claimed that this signalling method would or could entirely supplant message writing, but it would undoubtedly reduce it considerably, and this short article is merely an endeavour to suggest how it can be reduced.

Now we are faced with a more serious problem—how we are to ensure good intercommunication within the Company. In this respect the Platoon Commander's job is no easy one. He has not only to use his tactical knowledge in the employment of his platoon in battle, but he is more often than not called upon to lead his platoon personally, and it has been found that the time left for message writing is very small.

But still, a Platoon Commander has got to keep his

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superior Commanders informed of the " progress of events." Not only that. He must keep his four Section Commanders *au fait* with the situation. Some messages must be written, so again allow Platoon Commanders these special message cards we have already proposed.

But there is an additional problem in this case which does not affect the Company Commander. At platoon headquarters, in addition to the Commander, there is the Platoon Sergeant and one runner. If you are going to pursue the " runner " system to a logical conclusion, you must have five runners, one per section, and if you are going to take five runners from the fighting men in the platoon the " fire power " is diminished by one-sixth.

Now the book of words, our old friend " Infantry Training," says that a Commander—that is also a Platoon Commander—when once he has launched his forward units to the fight, can rarely influence the battle except by the use of his reserve.

The theoretical soldiers will undoubtedly say that it should not be necessary to communicate with sections to any extent when once they are definitely engaged in operation.

But this is not strictly true. Napoleon said that " it was the unexpected that always happened in war." And it happens during training as well, consequently continuous touch must be kept between Platoon and Section Commanders. What can be done about it ?

The most obvious suggestion seems to be that every fighting soldier should be compelled to learn semaphore signalling, and there is a tentative movement in this direction at present. Admittedly this savours of Boer War tactics, and is likely to be opposed for this reason, but there is little doubt that the only real solution is to make the learning of semaphore compulsory and to include a knowledge of semaphore in the definition of a trained soldier. It is not contended that long messages in semaphore could be sent from section to platoon or platoons to companies, but it would be the simplest thing in the world to arrange a series of code signals within the company, or even within a battalion, which would take the place of long messages. Again, these codes might be made to correspond to our headings in the message form.

Agreed that the times and places where visual signalling can be used are limited, but still opportunities do occur.

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Moreover, we have undoubtedly a difficult problem awaiting solution, and nothing must be overlooked which might be of help.

The next suggestion and, it is believed, one that has already been tried is a system of official observers.

Briefly, the idea is that higher formations would attach a trained observer to units under their command. The sole work of this individual would be reporting the events during the course of the action—*i.e.*, progress of units, casualties, and intended actions of the unit with which he was working.

Narrowing this idea down within the scope of this article, it would be the Battalion Commander's responsibility to train these official observers.

They would probably be attached to the Signal Section, and the establishment would be at least six per company distributed as follows : one per platoon, one at company headquarters, and a spare man to replace casualties. All official observers would be trained in all forms of signalling, including communication with aircraft.

The great crab to this system is, of course, obvious. If your observers become casualties, bang go your communications. But again may the writer repeat that their chief *raison d'être* would not be entirely to supplant other means of communication, but to lessen message writing. It would, of course, be impracticable to allot these observers any further forward than a platoon headquarters.

This brings us to another vexed question, the problem of runners. The disadvantages of runners are so apparent that they do not need repeating here. But one great point stands out. The use of runners from platoon headquarters forward must be reduced to a minimum, and it is thought that some of the suggestions contained in this article might do this.

As some form or other of message writing is always likely to remain with us, perhaps the following idea might help matters along. It has been proved practicable, and a great saving of time for the second-in-command of a formation to do the actual writing of the message, probably at the dictation of his Commander, but more probably and certainly more desirable on his own initiative, for, after all, the times when one writes a message are fairly well defined—*e.g.*, on first sighting the enemy, on adopting a certain plan of action, on capturing an objective, etc. In the case of a Company, the second-in-command could write the messages, and in the

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case of a platoon the Platoon Sergeant, thus leaving the Commanders free to fight or control the fight, which after all is their job.

These suggestions are mere flea-bites. There are deeper principles and ideas underlying the question of inter-communication than these.

A great deal, for instance, could be solved by a better and more thorough training of the section leader. Idealism. A great deal—in fact, nearly everything—will be solved when all leaders of formations are equipped with minute wireless telephony receiving and sending apparatus.

Meanwhile we are supposed to be training for war—*i.e.*, training in the methods we are going to use in war—and we are using a system which is bound to fail in battle because there is no time to carry it out.

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FLYING FORTUNE

By Anderjohn.

HIGH in the clear, pure air above the mountains of the Frontier flew an aeroplane. One of the young flying officers looked out towards the great white snowfield of the Hindu Kush, that monster range of Afghanistan, which an orange-red sun was now touching. Suddenly he sighed, then pursed his lips. What concern was it of his, after all, if men must die and blood must run amidst the finest grandeur of Nature.

Bombs had been dropped on a certain village, the new and comparatively inexpensive form of a punitive expedition. Presumably the village had offended His Britannic Majesty in some obscure manner, and that day it had paid the price. So, that little war being at an end, the British forces in the form of one aeroplane and two flying officers were returning to Peshawar for dinner.

Consequently, the victorious army was somewhat inclined to peaceful thinking—until the roaring engine coughed and spluttered, checked, then stopped.

The plane began to lose height immediately : in seconds she would be down amongst the treacherous winds in the mountain tops . . . then . . .

But Bill Roose knew his job if any man ever did. He pointed her nose into a long, comparatively open ravine and hoped for landing ground. There was little enough hope in his heart, too, for the bottoms of ravines in the mountains are merely collecting areas for rocks and boulders, the meeting-places of gullies.

The precipitous crags seemed to rise on either side as they rushed on, ever searching for a chance to land and ever losing the power to manœuvre as the mountain sides closed in on them.

Then came the hope of hopes—fields of sugar-cane beyond a village a mile ahead. Skimming over the mud roofs, Roose came down, touched the cane once—twice—then tore through it for twenty yards and crashed. Almost ponderously the tail rose up into the air like the sail of a windmill, hesitated, then remained pointing to the sky. Roose shot out safely on to his back only to be immediately

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winded by the arrival of his companion, who rolled on several yards.

Both remained passive for several minutes. At last Roose sat up.

" Evans, old flick !" he called.

" Well, what about it ?"

" Same to you and many of them."

This interchange of intellect indicated bodily welfare, and silence fell again. At length more information was evidently required.

" Hello, Bill !"

" Hello !"

" How's the bus ?"

" Not much damaged," replied Roose, who had now risen to his feet and was staring accusingly at their machine. " Ye gods !" he added, with a whistle, " we've been shot down. Here's a bullet hole right through the . . ."

" Lads of the village approaching," said young Evans warningly.

" Let 'em all come. Got your gun ?"

" Sure thing !"

Suddenly young Evans put up his hands. Roose turned to find himself looking into the business end of a mauser rifle held very professionally by an enormous tribesman. Very deliberately he also raised his hands.

Mahsuds leapt from the sugar-cane and disarmed them, then led them silently within the mud walls of their village.

* * * * *

They were bundled unceremoniously into a one-roomed house and were given a corner where, it was indicated, they should spend the night in the company of three or four generations of one or more families. As the cubic capacity of the chamber was limited, and the only source of ventilation appeared to be the door, there seemed to be no cause to fear the chill mountain atmosphere.

An elderly Mahsud, with a beard dyed red to denote that his virility was as yet unquestionable, issued a few orders to his family concerning the captives. Roose, who could understand Pushtu, picked up some of his words, especially those affecting food which one young girl was instructed to offer them. He looked at her and nodded with a smile. The child rose and lighted a lamp, which she placed on a

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ledge, then limped to the door and brought them a jar of water and a large chapatti—the pancake-like substance of unleavened bread which is eaten in the East.

"What's wrong with the leg, Rebecca?" he asked in English as she placed the edibles before him. The girl smiled slyly. She was a slight little thing of about thirteen or fourteen, with a strikingly sweet face. Roose repeated his question in her own language.

"Ah, nothing! Just a cut," she answered, showing a row of perfect teeth and pointing her foot towards him. On her ankle, inflamed and septic, was a large open gash.

"Poor kid!" muttered Roose. "I'll fix you up with my field dressing when there aren't so many of the family about." Then, turning to Evans, he continued in English.

"Come on, old Spud," he laughed. "Pâté de fois gras and Burgundy. Let's to it!"

Evans silently chewed at his piece of leathery scone for a few minutes, while Rebecca, who had retired to her corner, watched him with a look of compassion in her large dark eyes.

"Roose," he said at length, "what's happening?"

"Haven't an idea," grunted Roose, his mouth full of chapatti. "They're not saying much about us. We're lucky to be alive, at any rate. They seem to like us, or they wouldn't keep us in the palace."

Meanwhile the girl brought them each a blanket, which Roose fingered suspiciously. She paused for a few moments beside young Evans, then touched his arm and smiled wistfully at him.

"Rebecca has taken a fancy to you, laddie," said Roose, as he finally surrendered himself to the folds of his probably well populated blanket. "Well, I'm for a spot of sleep now that the banquet comes to an end."

Not half an hour after the light of day had begun to filter in at the door, Evans caught Roose suddenly by the shoulder.

"Listen!" he whispered.

Roose raised himself on his elbow. Above the shuffling sounds made by the women preparing food came the distinct hum of an engine.

"Gad!" he said, turning to Evans, "someone up already looking for us. With any luck they'll see our bus."

The alarm spread throughout the village, and two

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Mahsuds rushed into the hut. Roughly they jerked the flying officers out into the compound and hurried them towards a pile driven into the ground.

As Evans and he were lashed firmly to the stake, Roose noticed that the village was being evacuated. When satisfied that no escape for their prisoners was possible, the two Mahsuds seized their rifles and fled after the others.

" Problem's solved," muttered Roose as he watched the last fleeing figure retreating to the nearest crags rising above the village. " We're to be tied up here every time a plane comes over, either to be blown up or, if seen, save the ruddy hamlet from bombing."

" And there's blink all hope of being seen," he added, looking up towards the approaching aeroplane which was still just a speck against the harsh blue of the morning sky.

But the visitor had evidently some intention of seeing what lay below him. He began to descend as he approached the ravine, then to circle—still at a considerable altitude, but ever descending.

At last he appeared to notice something; there was a puff of smoke from his exhaust as he flattened out and came straight over the village.

Two rifles cracked from the rocks half a mile away, but the plane passed on untouched. It rose immediately, circled once, and set off over the mountains.

" Seen the bus, I expect," growled Roose, " and going back to report a funeral."

Evans made no reply. He was staring at the hut from which they had been so suddenly taken. The lame girl was kneeling at the entrance.

" Gad! they've left that girl in the village," he almost shouted in his indignation. " Poor little devil! Just because she can't hurry she can damn well stay where she is and be bombed."

" Who? Rebecca?"

" Yes—our little girl, at any rate."

" They're a bit like that, these lads of the village. Leave their old folks to starve out on the mountains when they're past being useful."

Some of the more daring spirits began returning to the village. The hostages were unstrapped and led back to their hut.

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After eating, the men sauntered out into the compound, where they loitered about smoking and playing games of chance. When a favourable opportunity presented itself, Roose tore the field dressing from his uniform and applied it to Rebecca's ankle. He glanced at her face as he was doing it and smiled in a satisfied manner. She was looking adoringly at young Evans.

" This gives me an idea," he muttered to himself. Then quietly to Rebecca, in her own tongue : " Wouldst care to help us to escape ?"

" Oh, yes ; but how can I ?"

" I'll tell thee how when the time comes. Hast any clothes that we can wear ?"

" Oh, yes !" she said, glancing fearfully towards some women who sat near the door.

" Then keep clothes for us beside thee and await. The time will come."

" What are you saying to her ?" asked young Evans cautiously.

" Fixing up an escape, that's all, old flick !"

" How on earth can we manage that ?" said Evans, with a catch in his breath.

" Rebecca's the keystone in the edifice, laddie. She was left behind when the plane came over because she can't run. That dressing will put her on her feet in a day and a night, though I'll take care she doesn't let anyone know. Well, bombs will be the next event, and when we're tied up, Rebecca can cut us loose, we'll change into native kit, and run for it before the lads know what's what."

" We'll never get away with it," sighed Evans dolefully.

" You leave it to me, partner. We'll get away with it if we have to run like a brace of stags."

" But how about the girl ?"

" Can't say. Haven't had time to think about that yet. However, in a show like this we're we and she's she, and, as our nautical friends would say, you can lay to that."

Young Evans groaned rather miserably.

* * * * *

Two days later, within an hour of sundown, the alarm spread through the village again.

" Bombs this time," laughed Roose, his eyes sparkling with excitement as the tribesmen retired to safety, leaving the

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flying officers lashed in the centre of the compound. " We'll have to shift like streaks of lightning when Rebecca cuts the cable."

The girl, seeing the village now deserted and being no longer hampered by the pain of her foot, ran out to them and severed their bonds with a sharp knife. All three dashed back to the hut, where the girl pointed to bundles of clothing. Roose threw one to Evans and draped himself in the generous garments of a hillman. Turning to Evans, he found him clothed as a woman.

" Kilt your skirts, laddie, and run like a plague of hares. Come on, now for it !"

Evans glanced at the girl for a moment, then ran. Out through the entrance and straight towards the crags. The plane swooped down to within five hundred feet of the village, and the rattle of musketry echoed through the gullies. The fluttering red, white and blue pennant of a message pouch streaked down into the compound, and the plane rose like a bird, followed by a hail of bullets.

Jumping, stumbling, slipping and swearing, the two men ran on for dear life until, utterly blown, they fell down amongst the rocks. A slight figure squatted beside them.

" Lord !" ejaculated Roose in gasps, " so you're coming too, Rebecca. Well, I wish I had your lungs."

The girl sat silently watching them as though nothing had happened, the light of love blazing in her beautiful eyes whenever she looked at Evans.

" Your number's up, my son," said Roose. " You can count on me as best man."

" We must go on," cried the girl suddenly. " Come with me."

The tribesmen, still unaware of the escape, were beginning to return to the village.

" Righto, Rebecca, we put our trust in thee," said Roose. " Upon my soul, we'd lose ourselves in ten minutes without thee."

* * * * *

They reached Peshawar after a week of considerable hardship. The Mahsud girl had begged food and water for them each day, professing to be accompanying her aged father and mother on a pilgrimage into Hindustan. They were so aged, incidentally, that they were quite unable to deviate so far from their path as to visit any village where

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she might be begging, but, she explained, would wait for her to take food and drink to them as they sat in meditation.

However, that time of trial was ended, and they made their way to Roose's bungalow, where his wife awaited him and where young Evans had a room.

Mrs. Roose almost fainted with emotion; the combination of at first not recognizing her own husband and then realizing that he was safe and in her arms again completely routed her usual calm placidity.

The two men changed into clean kits after indulging in baths, and then demonstrated their hunger by eating anything and everything available, which shocked Mrs. Roose into a realization of their half-famished condition.

"Can you fix up Rebecca somehow?" Roose asked her suddenly. "She's the heroine of the whole show."

"Of course I can, Bob. She's having food with the servants now. I suppose she'll go back almost at once?"

"No . . . I'm afraid she won't; she's torn things pretty badly with her own outfit."

"Oh," said Mrs. Roose slowly. "Whatever made them send such a child with you?"

"Send? Send!" cried Roose, staring at her. "Good God, Vi, they didn't do much sending. We damn well ran for it, and but for Rebecca we would neither have escaped nor ever got here alive."

"Bob!" gasped Mrs. Roose. "But . . . but I understood that an offer of ransom was made, and I took it . . . I thought that . . ."

For several seconds Roose drummed his fingers on the table, then lay back in his chair and laughed.

"Ye gods!" he gasped. "Of course; I get it. There were no bombs from that jolly old bus which routed the village just before we started, and I'll bet she dropped a message. And we've done a top notch cross-country hike with the breeze up the whole jolly time, when we might have come back as the show pieces in a procession. And poor little Rebecca has dropped the brick with a resounding crash."

"I say, Roose," said young Evans, "we'd better nip along and report our return."

"You're right, laddie," said Roose, rising and kissing his bewildered wife. "The ransom money can't have gone yet, and we will see what we will see."

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The men seized their topis and set out for the Wing Headquarters.

" Keep an eye on Rebecca," Roose called back, as they left the compound, " and be kind to her."

* * * * *

" The ransom was to be paid when you were handed over alive and uninjured at a place mentioned in the agreement," said the Adjutant. " Rowland dropped the message into the village where you were seen about a week ago."

" Well, what about the money now ?" asked Roose.

" God knows !" said the Adjutant, waving his arms in a gesture of utter despair. " The ransom has been authorized, and it will disorganize the red tape department of India for ten centuries and cost millions of lacs of rupees to get that authority cancelled and the money returned to the treasury."

" I see you know your India," said Roose, with a smile. " Well, look here, why cancel it or ever think of cancelling it ? I've told you about Rebecca. Let her be the representative who has handed us over."

The Adjutant's face brightened.

" Roose," he cried, " I believe you've solved the bother. I'll put that up to the Wing Commander, who, I'm sure, will jolly well approve of it."

" He will," said a bronzed, handsome man of about forty, who had entered the room unnoticed and now laid a hand on each of the flying officers' shoulders.

" Oh, sir, how awfully decent of you !" said young Evans, and immediately blushed.

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NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER* PRISONER-OF-WAR 1914—1918

(*The first part of this article appeared in the April number.*)

AFTER telling of all the recreations and other resources of the prisoners' life, the author is careful to dispel the possible impression that "life in a prisoner's 'lager' was a long round of lazy enjoyment, or at least of tolerable content. . . . On the contrary, our existence was one long struggle to preserve our health and sanity . . . there were longer intervals of inaction when anxieties and hardships won the upper hand and influenced the serenest mind."

Of their monastic condition he says: "Our little community had some unique peculiarities, of which the most remarkable was the absence of any female society. Where could a parallel situation be found? . . . In the prisoners' 'lagers' there was a complete absence of the softening influence . . . associated with the other sex. This deprivation could not fail to have a deteriorating effect. Impossible meals, ragged clothes, and a falling off in the refinements of conversation and manners, bore testimony to the exclusively masculine nature of the company."

"The long winters seemed interminable. There was less military news . . . and there was more sitting indoors. Even bridge, languages and reading palled after a time, and it was difficult to find substitutes." Once or twice Jack Frost came to their aid. "In January, 1917 . . . a skating rink was made by flooding a piece of ground, which was by no means flat. But an embankment of earth kept the water from flowing away on the lower side, and each night a fresh sheet of ice was formed till the whole surface was level. A lot of skating and some hockey on the ice went on for about three weeks, but . . . there was something missing. Even the novelty of sport on the ice lacked that zeal which is associated with the idea of skating under normal conditions. The more gallant members of the company attributed this deficiency to the absence of the fair sex."

* "In the Grip of Attila," an unpublished MS. by the late Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Fitzgerald, East Surrey Regiment.

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The relations between Allies in misfortune, not always, at first, of the best, were on the whole satisfactory in retrospect. "A large number of French Officers taken early in the war belonged to Territorial and Reserve Units. . . . In the course of time they were joined by the products of more modern times, younger and more progressive Frenchmen. . . . Clearly the non-Regulars belonged to an old school . . . they were so deeply ingrained with the importance and sanctity of French customs that they did not always approve of the tendency among their more up-to-date compatriots to adopt habits more commonly associated with England and America. Games were not much in their line, nor the modern cult of athletics. They considered the present-day respect for hygiene and open air as very much overdone, and rather absurd. . . . Three very pronounced members of this old school were once overheard lamenting the tendencies of modern times. The habit of wearing pyjamas as opposed to night-shirts (or perhaps day shirts) was denounced as indecent, as was also the British custom of stripping to the waist when washing in the mornings. . . . The bulk of the French . . . were by no means inclined to criticize our habits adversely, but were only too glad to adopt such of our institutions as appealed to them. They joined in all the games, and were as keen as possible on football, hockey and tennis."

As to how the French prisoners supported their captivity, "Their fortitude and moral courage was an example to all around them. The inhabitants of the occupied districts in the North might well have been excused for giving way to despondency; in many cases they were ignorant of the fate of their families, and several had lost everything they possessed without hope of recovery. . . . From a state of being rich and prosperous owners there were many who had nothing beyond the clothes they stood up in. And yet they showed a gallant front to the world and awaited with unruffled equanimity a reversal of their fortune and the punishment of the oppressor."

Some French Officers got their relatives to send them serviceable articles of their peace-time uniforms. "Our simple khaki was put in the shade on Sundays and fête-days, when the French parade was a dazzling display of varied colour. There were numbers of French tailors in the camps who turned out all manner of beautiful kit for their officers. . . . It frequently happened that the first intimation of a particular

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fête-day, both to ourselves and the Germans, was the appearance of the French on parade in their full kit. . . . As a rule there was a lot of chattering and an undercurrent of derisive chaff, but in order to mark a great day, such as the 14th of July, all informality gave place to the utmost gravity and silence. This rather puzzled the Germans . . .; but on one second Sunday in September the German Captain . . . asked them whether the day was being observed for any special reason. 'Oh, yes,' replied the Frenchman, 'the anniversary of the victory of the Marne.'"

The British soldier orderlies, overworked both inside and outside the 'lager,' earned the gratitude of all by their unfailing cheerfulness and willingness. The author has praise, too, for the other orderlies: "The French orderlies were one of the mainstays of the 'camps,' as waiters, barbers, orderlies, carpenters, tailors, bootmakers and laundrymen; they looked after us in that peculiarly motherly fashion which only a Frenchman can assume. Their own Officers complained that the British Officers spoilt them, and perhaps we did, but certainly . . . they richly deserved it."

When the subsequent fate of many gallant Russians is remembered, this tale of their sufferings in prison "lagers" is sad reading: "The Russians were by far the most numerous inhabitants of all the 'camps,' and as a body they endured far the most suffering. At no period was their communication by post with Russia satisfactory, and they were on the whole very poor. . . . They were often in complete ignorance of the fate of their families. . . . In such circumstances it is not surprising that depression was rife among them"—a depression the Revolution of 1917 only tended to deepen. "The Regular Officers . . . who were in a minority, were certainly a more cheerful body of men than the mass of their fellow-prisoners. It was the active Officers who were leaders in singing and games of all kinds. They were fond of cards and a bottle of wine, while gambling of any kind had an irresistible attraction for them."

News of the outside world was, fortunately, not altogether denied to the inmates of the "camps." German newspapers of all political shades could be freely bought. These papers published both the German and Allied General Staff "communiques," so that, with the help of a map, the course of operations could be followed. An insight was also got of the sentiments of the German public, so far as the

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censored press could give them expression. " The news of the sinking of the *Lusitania*, as is well known, was received with joy throughout Germany. The Press took great trouble to create the impression that there was a huge quantity of ammunition aboard the ship, and also assumed the arrogant standpoint that America had been warned. . . . Some considerable time after the tragedy we found on the walls of a shed in the camp, amongst other pictures, a full-page illustration from a German paper. . . . The scene in the drawing was the deck of the *Lusitania*, and the track of the approaching torpedo was marked on the water. A pretty little girl is shown running towards her mother, who is standing horror-struck with outstretched arms. The child cries, ' Oh, Mother, look, a torpedo !' "

Not only to prisoners-of-war was known a " notorious publication entitled *The Continental Times*. This paper was published in Berlin by a gang of renegade Englishmen and Irishmen who were supported by the German Government. . . . No abuse (of the Allies) was too vile and no lies too incredible for their campaign of hate . . . there can be no doubt that the primary motive of the German Government was to use the paper for the purpose of undermining the loyalty of prisoners-of-war. . . . In the case of the men, who were less able to judge the true situation, its presence in the Camps can only have been a trial and a cause of torment."

The commencement of 1917 saw a move to concentrate some 800 British Officers in the " lager " at Crefeld. The author says : " It will be remembered that whereas we were subjected to the worst possible indignities in early days, yet for a period of about two years, dating from the spring of 1915, we were comparatively well treated. . . . But this tolerable state of things was suddenly to undergo a radical change."

Not that the concentration at Crefeld was a hardship, but this lasted a very short time.

" The unique feature of the ' Camp ' was its Commandant. To his lasting credit, be it said that he was a gentleman . . . there were many Commandants who wrote ' von ' as a prefix to their names, but who were in no sense gentlemen. The man in question, however, was a striking exception . . . he was a man of the world, who showed no sign of that parochial complacency which characterizes the normal German Officer ;

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he also . . . possessed a keen sense of humour. On one occasion when compelled by his General to allot punishment for some disorder committed in the Camp, instead of resorting to the practice of a collective ' strafe,' he suggested that three officers should go to the cells for a certain period, and that the selection should be made by the prisoners themselves by lots. This plan was adopted to the satisfaction of everyone, and the General was merely informed that the three principal culprits had been awarded adequate punishment."

Now began a final period of " punishment camps " for the British Officers. " Towards the end of May (1917) the blow fell. . . . The first signs of the gathering storm were observed on a Sunday afternoon. We noticed that the sentries had suddenly been doubled. . . . Presently columns of troops appeared and lined both sides of each road surrounding the barracks. Officers shouted, and under-officers yelled. . . . Machine guns made their appearance—not only on the roads, but on the roof of an adjacent building. The great German Army was in movement, and the prisoners were closely invested in their cage. . . . Next day the sentries were still in position, and the roads guarded. . . . Finally, to our consternation, we were told that the camp was to be broken up at once."

" . . . Some months afterwards, a German General, while inspecting us, explained that the extra precautions and the hurried break-up of the camp were due to a discovery by the German Secret Service in England that we were conspiring, with the help of the authorities at home, to rise in a body, overpower the sentries, and make a combined dash for the frontier. This audacious plan, which was to be executed at night, was dependent on our friends at home . . . for the assistance of aeroplanes which were to assist in breaking up—or breaking down—the barracks, and subsequently to fly over our heads as protection on our way to the frontier."

The dispersal of British Officers into " camps " all over Germany, many quite unfit for permanent habitation, now followed; the author and his batch going to " Schwarmstadt," a place used formerly as temporary hutments for soldiers. " Rumour also added that it had been condemned as insanitary. . . . On entering we were drawn up on a piece of black sandy ground. . . . Here we were greeted by the Commandant. . . . He was a very tall, old man with sharp features and long white moustache; he was dressed

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in the full uniform of a Cavalry Colonel, and was a fine, handsome specimen of an old soldier. Standing on the mud heap in his smart uniform . . . gracefully waving his faultlessly gloved hand in the direction of his squalid, ramshackle huts, he regretted that we must live fifteen in a room, but it was none of his doing . . . . His apologies were interlarded with veiled threats . . . he added something to the effect that we were sent to him in consequence of our past behaviour, and if we gave any trouble we had better look out !"

" The worst features were the beds and the drains, or rather the lack of drains. . . . The mattresses were found to contain old hay, heather, scraps of paper, rags and vermin . . . the fleas were never exterminated. They were an awful pest and extraordinarily numerous. . . . On one occasion, by a fortunate piece of luck, the visiting representatives of a neutral Power arrived unexpectedly in the early morning. This was the only time, to our knowledge, when the Germans were caught napping in this way ; we made the most of the occasion, however . . . our orderlies . . . took long poles and stirred up the filthy open drains which, running through the camp, represented the sewerage system. . . . The visitors were soon made aware through their noses of things which might have remained unnoticed to their eyes."

" About this time the text of the agreement . . . at the Hague was published " for the exchange and transfer to a neutral country of prisoners who had done over eighteen months in confinement. The author, with many others, was sent to a collecting " camp " at Holzminden, *en route*, so he was told, to Holland. This was early in September, 1917.

He says : " It may be stated at once that Holzminden proved to be the climax of our evil experiences. . . . Many weary months, however, were to elapse before the first departure on any large scale took place for Holland or Switzerland."

The Commandant of Holzminden (who figured, at last, on the Allies' Black List) is thus described : he " spoke fluent English with a marked accent, and was supposed, owing to his acquaintance with the Anglo-Saxon temperament, to be specially qualified for the task of brow-beating British Officers. . . . Life now became one long tussle for superiority between ourselves and this brute. On his side were all the physical and material advantages ; on ours justice and moral ascendancy. We left him a sadder and

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wiser man at the end of our story. He boasted that, whatever we might have done elsewhere, we could never escape out of his camp. Within a couple of days two of our number had gone; they were followed by three more, and then by a party of eight. It would be vain to describe the wrath of the Commandant. . . ."

Hostilities, growing steadily more bitter, lasted throughout the winter; in early spring of 1918 came deliverance. "Gradually all the victims of 1914, and later on those of more recent date, departed from the accursed soil of a hostile country which had been the prison of many for three and a half years."

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A DWELLING PLACE FOR DRAGONS

By " F.O."

THERE is something in verse somewhere about somebody being taken up by the Devil and shown Babylon from the air. I am sorry to be so vague about it. If I were nearer England I would get some industrious reader of the *Sunday Times* to look up the exact quotation for me. Anyway, not long ago I was taken up and shown Babylon from the air, as also was the Child, not by the Devil, it is true—one cannot have everything—but by our friend William.

Perhaps I ought to explain that William and the Child and I are no dabblers in the black arts, but that we wear the blue—when we aren't wearing the tropical khaki, that is—of the Air Force, and that we were flying on duty from Baghdad to Hillah at the time.

After landing, William asked :

" Well, did you see Babylon ? "

" No," I said.

" You poor prune ! I waved till I nearly fell out of the cockpit."

" I looked down," I replied, " but all I could see was a lot of sand lying about, and a piece of river, and some date palms. Oh, and there was something that looked like a large blue egg, rather Sinbad-the-Sailorish I thought, knowing my pantomimes. Was that Babylon ? "

" The dome of a mosque, you mean, more or less modern. Babylon is scattered round about it. But have another look on the way back. Do you know anything about Babylon ? "

" I've read about it," I said modestly.

" It's the sort of place they put a couple of constellations against in the guide books," he went on, " and well worth spending a day there, I'm told. I haven't been myself yet, though I've seen a good deal of the East in my time." We kicked him. " Perhaps we'll get a chance of going later on."

We were to get a chance that day. We found that we should be delayed at Hillah some hours. Thus began one of life's minor tragedies. We hired a native chariot in the shape of a tumble-down gharry, and with some doubts as to

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whether it would stay the course, we went bowling along to Babylon.

Perhaps it will be clear that we did not approach it feeling quite the same awe as the everyday tourist, though to be sure the Child had brought his camera with him and to a large extent looked the part. The Child's camera is of the type which suggests that special courses in higher optics, engineering, and physical training are necessary for anyone who wishes to take any such thing as a mere photograph with it. The shutter can be set at " Time " or " Instantaneous " in, I think, three languages.

" I once saw the fall of Babylon on the cinema," said William as we drew near to that great city, " but quite a lot more of it seems to have fallen since then."

On our arrival the entire Arab population, looking very fierce, made a determined rush at us. It appeared that it wished to offer us its combined services as guide. We decided that two Arabs as guide would be ample. An argument followed. William afterwards claimed that what had eventually secured peace had been his knowledge of the Arabic tongue. He had been saying " Imshi, imshi, imshi . . . . " with considerable fluency for some time, and they must, he said, have heard him by then.

Actually we compromised however to the extent of having three Arabs as guide, and proceeded to walk round the ruins to the accompaniment of a chorus of quite unintelligible patter.

There was certainly a fair amount to see. It was also certainly very hot and very dusty. The Child, undeterred however, rushed feverishly about, leaving behind him a trail of empty film boxes which would have done justice to a paper chase.

At last William and I, from a height near the Ishtar Gate, stood and surveyed the scene. All around were jagged piles of crumbling masonry, with here and there a decapitated pillar. Overhead coveys of sand-grouse made changing patterns in a cloudless sky. In the middle-distance, the Child was taking photographs of Nebuchadnezzar's Harem from north, south, east and west.

" Heaps," I murmured reflectively, " a dwelling-place for dragons, an astonishment and a hissing."

" Enough," said William curtly. " Talking about hissing, a glass of very iced lager at this moment would hiss very

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prettily as it impinged against the roof of the mouth. Let's go and have a look at the river, and then get back."

Accordingly we collected the unwilling, and by this time startlingly perspiring Child and made our way down to the banks of the Euphrates, where we stood and listened to the whine of the water hoists as they fed the irrigation ditches on the far side. A few veiled women carrying pitchers on their shoulders passed us in a graceful file, and Arab boys on donkeys jogged carelessly by. The Child's shutter still snapped at intervals.

"Indirectly," I was forced to admit rather crudely "the thing about this trip which has made the most real impression on me is the springing of our chariot."

William assumed a superior look. "As for me," he said, "I'm glad I saw the Babylonian Lion. It just shows the tremendous influence of Wembley. And I'm glad the Child used it as a background for a photograph of myself."

"He was so busy looking into the view-finder," I replied, "that he didn't of course realize that you had stepped into the picture."

It was then that the Child joined in.

"Do you know" he said ruefully, "I'm very much afraid that my perishing shutter has been set at 'Time' all day."

"That's all right," said William after realizing the significance of this announcement; "if you run all the way you'll have time to take all your photos over again."

"I've no more films," said the Child. His face was a picture of woe. William and I suppressed our mirth for a moment, and then, by the waters of Babylon, we sat down and wept.

It afterwards proved that the Child's fears had at any rate not been entirely justified. His shutter had evidently been correctly set at "Instantaneous" at the start, and amongst the three unspoilt negatives, which he obtained that day was happily one of William, much out of focus and with his head neatly cut off by the top of the picture, standing magnificently in front of the Babylonian Lion.

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THE ONE-MAN TANKS

By "AGA."

THIS is the Mechanical Age. No winter essay, no tactical examination is complete without copious references to mechanization. Military students spend their time thinking of tanks, tractors, dragons and other monsters, to the neglect of cavalry and infantry, both considered to be useless and moribund.

Certain enthusiasts look forward to the day when a mechanized infantry battalion will go forth to do battle, each man snugly ensconced in his own tank; a delightful prospect, which will doubtless be hailed with satisfaction by every right-thinking company commander in the Army to-day.

* * * * *

A cold and misty dawn. Time, Zero—10 minutes, "A" day in 1937. Lieutenant Brayne, commanding No. 14 Platoon of the (now mechanized) 2nd Royal Blankshires, is due to lead his command to the attack in ten minutes' time—twenty-five of the latest pattern (Mark VI) "Snippet" one-man tanks, one officers' "Snippet" (Mark V), and one of the old 1930's for carrying his reserve ammunition—surely a command to be proud of!

The platoon sergeant and ten men have arrived, each in his little chariot with improved-pattern Vickers thrusting a sinister muzzle through a horizontal aperture in the half-inch steel plate. Five minutes to go, and three more men arrive; the approach in the darkness has not been easy, and the assembly position is half a mile back.

No more men turn up, and the platoon "goes over" with fifty per cent of its effectiveness. Where are the others?

Private Anchor never left the assembly position; could not start his engine, and failed to locate the trouble.

Private Butt ("D" Company lunatic) inadvertently poured half a gallon of water into his petrol tank; he is still at the assembly position.

Lance-Corporal Shepherd remained behind to "bring on" Privates Anchor and Butt.

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Private Wanting forgot to fill up with petrol, left his spare tin in last night's billet, and is now stranded not far from the Regimental Aid Post.

Private Dangerfield collided with a 3-ton lorry, and has not yet recovered consciousness.

Private Keen took a short cut, and is still " ditched."

Private Abel followed Private Keen, and is still with him.

Private Fox followed his friend Private Abel, and is still in the same ditch.

Corporal Cunctator remained behind to " bring on " Privates Fox, Keen and Abel.

Private Dash lost his way in the darkness, and is now heading straight for the Corps Main Dressing Station.

Private O'Reilly lost his way in the darkness, found " B " Company, and intends to go over with them.

* * * * *

The attack is a success ; the enemy was caught napping, and the battalion reached the final objective along the whole front. Lieutenant Brayne, flushed with victory, descends from his tank and lights a cigarette ; the seven survivors of his platoon park their machines and follow his example. Sergeant Goodhead calls the roll and reports to his subaltern, giving the names of the survivors.

A " Snippet " carrying a runner from Company Headquarters appears with a message from the company commander. " Well done, No. 14 ! You will consolidate from P4547—P4597."

Seven Vickers guns, somewhat shaken after their cross-country adventures, are dragged from their tanks and are soon in action. The frontage is a very wide one, even for a platoon at full strength. One or two thoughtful men unstrap the despised " handgun " from its rack in rear of the tank. (It might come in useful, you never know.)

* * * * *

Three hours later—the foreign foeman, who has NOT turned all his infantry into mechanics, organizes a counter-attack. By skilful use of the ground his troops are led to the positions of assembly with few casualties. They watch with satisfaction a battalion of heavy tanks over-running the Blankshires' defences, which are held only by machine guns ; the tanks do their worst, and the expectant infantry follow

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soon, to complete the work of destruction. The survivors of the Blankshires fight gallantly—like their forbears of 1914—they know how to die game, but the counter-attack is well executed, by resolute men, and the end comes very soon.

* * * * *

Moral : " Le remplacement de l'infanterie par des ' ersatz ' n'est qu'une Utopie ! "

[" Aga " has taken, we think, a rather pessimistic view of the future, but his amusing article does reveal what has been called the impatience of the infantryman to know where on earth mechanization is tending as far as his branch of the Service is concerned.—ED.]

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

15.—THE EX-OFFICER IN BUSINESS.

By a Retired Naval Officer.

MAJOR J. H. PIPER'S article in the October, 1927 number of The Fighting Forces should be brought under the notice of every Regular officer prior to retirement, resignation or "axe-ing." If Kipling's "If" and "The Laws of the Navy" are good creeds to frame and hang on one's cabin wall, while in the Service Major Piper's would serve at least an equally useful purpose when one is out of it. I know; because I was one of the mugs who fell for all the specious tales of the "First Gentleman" and the "Second Gentleman." Those two persons actually crystallized in my case, and are alive and just as active now as they were shortly after the war. The only difference was that the Second Gentleman was actually a solicitor who had been honoured by His Majesty with a title, and was, and is, a pillar of the Church. So the precaution I was led into taking by the First Gentleman, and which is wisely recommended by Major Piper, namely, of letting a solicitor know what I was doing, proved useless. Not only has one to beware of specious "gentlemen" but of specious solicitors too.

I do not propose to traverse the whole of the process by which I was fleeced; it suffices to say that the Second Gentleman-cum-solicitor drew up my power of attorney in favour of the First Gentleman, who afterwards turned out to be an undischarged bankrupt, while I departed in high good humour to a congenial though temporary job. The rest was easy, and what I found on my return may be imagined. I had saved £100 from the job, and that was all I had left out of a tidy sum which I would to heaven I had now.

Major Piper, however, has left his all-too-common ex-Service man high and dry, as I was, and I propose to take up the tale from that point and endeavour to show how fallen fortunes can be retrieved.

The first thing I did was to set to work and try to straighten things out—there were others involved besides

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myself, and to whom I was responsible. The process took some considerable time, and, resuscitation of the venture proving impossible, the limited company that had been formed was obliged to go into liquidation. This period absorbed my small balance, but the machinery of liquidation gave me an insight into company matters and accountancy generally, that clearly indicated my future role in life. I would have preferred to take up law, but could not then finance the necessary course, and much the same argument applied to every other profession in these days of intense specialization. I could not for the same reason start farming, or chicken-raising, or vegetable-growing, or indeed do anything that demanded a penny of initial outlay—even if I had known a cow from a hen and either from a beetroot. I had at that time about £3, and owed, through my late attorney's actions, at least £1,500. "Up against it" hardly described my position; in fact, I was miles "behind it," and all I had to equip me for the City career to which I was financially committed was my experience in the liquidation referred to, and the superficial knowledge of accounts acquired in the business. The process of liquidation had involved going into the whole of the company's affairs from the original prospectus to the final crash, and, from observing how badly things had been done, I learnt how *not to do* them in future. This was a long step in the direction of learning how *to do* them. So I took a fairly bold step, engaged a room in a City office block, paid a week's rent in advance, and called myself a "Company Secretary." I had ascertained that that was the only profession one could legally practice without having passed examinations and taken a degree or its equivalent. The description was actually something of a misnomer, as I was not really secretary of anything; but on the other hand I did not wish to style myself a Company Promoter, the appellation being in most people's minds synonymous with "crook." That, however—Company Promoter, not crook—is what I intended to be, in the hope of "getting in on" some good proposition and eventually becoming its secretary.

I do not wish to convey the impression that I was playing an entirely lone hand at this time. I had made enemies, of course—the First and Second Gentlemen to wit, and some others whose supineness when they could have saved things by being active I had had cause to criticize—but I had also

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made friends, and I received no small amount of encouragement and advice from them as well as promises of " putting something in my way." Without this moral assistance my own courage would probably have failed, though nothing in the way of concrete business ever came my way except by chance, and my connection with the concern that eventually put me on my feet was the result of a casual conversation with a traveller who saw " Mr. Nonsuch, Company Secretary " on my door, and tried to sell me an American Business Man's Manual or something of the sort. This individual knew someone else who had conceived a proposition distantly connected with the sea, and, learning in conversation that I was a retired Naval officer, and thinking I was also a qualified secretary and accountant—no qualification being necessary—he thought I might be useful to his other acquaintance. He wanted me to go to see him, but I declined, and said he could come to see me, because I realized that there is a big difference in business between being the office " host " and the office " guest " and I wanted every advantage that was available. Accordingly our mutual acquaintance came to my office, and I soon found that his proposition was good, that he himself was transparently honest—I also had my own solicitor give him the " once over " which with many other things comprised his gratuitous contribution to the encouragement and advice already referred to—and that it was well within my newly-acquired capabilities to do what he required to further the project. This consisted of collecting data, writing a prospectus, and assisting to form a preliminary syndicate. I was to have the secretaryship and be allotted a portion of the Promoter's shares.

Everything went pretty much as planned, and eventually a bigger company was formed with a nominal capital of some £200,000 and with myself as secretary. The position carries a salary quite sufficient for the needs of a man with no " encumbrances," and the expert knowledge necessary to hold down a responsible and important position has been acquired little by little from simple text-books and with the legal assistance, now hardly any longer necessary, of the solicitor already mentioned.

All this the reader may say is very interesting to me, but hardly so to others. I have, however, written this brief history with the definite objects of (1) suggesting that the training of an ex-officer, Naval or Military, will stand him

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in very good stead in business, and (2) rebutting the widely-held and much-to-be-deplored belief that retired officers are quite useless in the business world and are very unlikely ever to be anything else.

To demonstrate these propositions, which are so closely allied as to be inseparable, we may tabulate as follows the governing factors in, say, the Navy and in a limited company :

(1) King's Regulations	...	Companies Act.
(2) Admiralty Orders and Fleet Orders	...	Memoranda and Articles of Association.
(3) Operation Orders	...	Special Agreements.
(4) Tactical Instructions	...	Board Instructions.

A limited company operates under the Companies Act, the understanding of which does not require the brain of a super-man, just as the Service "Bible" is the volume of King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions. Certain things under the Act must be done in certain ways ; that is about the long and the short of it. But no company and no fleet or ship can get along without subsidiary orders apart from general instructions. These correspond in the two cases to the second items in the above schedule, the Memorandum and Articles saying what the company can do and making regulations to meet its particular case. These correspond exactly to the periodical Admiralty Orders, but being naturally less varied they are very much simpler to understand and remember.

But inevitably a company which is engaged in trade, as all companies are, must have agreements and contracts with other companies or persons, such as suppliers of goods, building contractors, possibly, its own managers and salesmen, and, when in process of formation, with Underwriters and Brokers, and indeed with hosts of different people carrying out different functions. These are incorporated in written documents drawn up to suit the circumstances of each case and to be agreeable to both parties. The proper interpretation and observance of these agreements are frequently of vital importance, exactly as they are in the case of Operation Orders, the over-looking or forgetting or misinterpretation of any part of which may be attended with immediately disastrous results. Agreements and contracts and leases are in fact the Operation Orders of a limited company.

The finer points in both organizations—Naval and

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Business—are covered by the fourth items in the schedule, both Tactical and Manœuvring Orders and the instructions given by a Board of Directors conforming to the general principles of the other three items, and being designed almost entirely to supply the necessary details which can only be filled in as it were " on the spot."

To understand the real use of an officer's Service training it is necessary to remember that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a new Service order or instruction comes to him cut and dried without his having had any part in the drafting of it or in the discussions that led, or may have led, to its issue. He cannot ask questions about it, having merely to interpret it correctly and carry it out. He acquires therefore necessarily, and perhaps unconsciously, a very nice appreciation of the meaning of words, and has in his turn when himself issuing orders to make a careful selection of language and make sure that the recipient, who in his turn cannot ask questions—or should not need to—is left in no doubt as to what is expected of him.

In the case of a company's agreements, memoranda, articles, etc., it is more than likely that a manager or secretary has had a large part in the preliminary discussions ; but once a document is signed or " settled " its previous history dies and the written words only are those that matter. Everything that went before must be forgotten, and the agreement or contract must be carried out exactly as written and in no other way. Never mind that it was intended that so-and-so should have been included, or that such-and-such a clause was meant to mean something else. What is written and signed is what matters, and those who have to carry out these agreements, which are the foundation and framework of every company's business, must be able to put themselves in the position of the Naval officer who is handed a signal from the flagship and has to carry it out with a mind unobscured by the previous history of the message. The whole training of a Naval officer, and probably of an Army officer also, fits him peculiarly to attend competently to this very important aspect of business life, and, though such an argument may seem far-fetched, the writer has excellent reasons for knowing that it is anything but so, and he is therefore duly grateful for the benefits he had derived in this respect from his sea service.

The only subject on which I have not touched is that

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of Accountancy, but Naval and military officers going into business need not be in the least scared by the necessity for "keeping books." As with nearly everything else, once the method has been grasped the rest is comparatively easy, and the fact that professional Accountants—men who have been at the job all their lives and have passed examinations and so forth—make considerably too much mystery about book-keeping need not deter anyone with the average amount of intelligence. The high fees paid to Accountants and Auditors are justified in the same way that the eminent Professor of Engineering justified a bill for £10 10s. for starting a refractory Weir's pump by tapping the crosshead with a hammer. When the account was queried as being too high, the Professor withdrew it and rendered another, which read: "To starting Weir's Pump, 1s.; To knowing how, £10 9s. Total, £10 10s." Once one "knows how" the mysteries of account-keeping disappear into thin air.

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE ARMY AND THE 'DOLE.'"

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

SIR,

In the footnote to the above articles on page 68 of THE FIGHTING FORCES for April, I inadvertently referred to "the financial year ending on April 5th." The date should, of course, have been March 31st, and the only financial year, I believe, which ends on April 5th is for the purposes of the annual tragedy known as the Income Tax.

Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE.

June 10th, 1928.

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THE OVERSEAS LEAGUE

MIGRATION AND OVERSEAS SETTLEMENT BUREAU.

A NEW phase of Migration work is being developed by the Over-Seas League, the object being to assist men of moderate means, such as ex-officers of the Services, ex-Civil Servants and others, to settle in the Dominions. Anxious to make its contribution toward the building up of a strong United Empire, the League believes that it would be of mutual advantage, both to the Mother Country and to the Dominions, if the class of men referred to can be happily assimilated into the life overseas.

Many such men are looking for a wider and less conventional life than is possible in the Old Country and are desiring to transfer their homes to countries where their incomes will go further, where taxation is lighter, and where their children will have a better prospect of a prosperous and happy future. They are also looking for a place in which to settle where a good climate and a reasonable amount of social and sporting life are to be found.

The object of the League is to supplement the work of Governments and Migration Societies, confining its activities to the needs of a class of settler who is in danger of being overlooked in the field of migration work and to whom the League believes it can be of service. The organization is of an entirely free and voluntary character, the aim of the League being to make use of its wide-world organization to help the class of men described. Its sole objective is to meet a very real need by providing a practical plan by which many most desirable settlers may be helped to find their way into a community of congenial people, with benefit to themselves and pleasure to those among whom they settle.

The Central Committee of the Migration Bureau at the Headquarters of the League in London includes prominent business men and representatives of the Navy, Army and Air Force, Retired Naval Officers' Association, and Oversea Governments. It has the official approval of the Oversea Settlement Department of the British Government.

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The Bureau works through Advisory Committees set up in the oversea countries. These are composed of men of good repute on whose advice a newcomer can place implicit reliance. It has been strictly laid down that no one with any interest in the sale of land or the commercial side of the business of immigration is eligible for membership of any such Committee. Their work is of an entirely honorary nature. They furnish first-hand information regarding their districts, and extend a welcome to prospective settlers who are introduced to them by the London Committee.

Those desirous of taking advantage of the Overseas League Migration Scheme, will, on application to the Office, receive the following advantages :—

(1) They are shown comprehensive reports drafted by the committees overseas, covering all sides of life likely to interest the prospective settler ; also private letters from individual members of the committees describing their experience in those countries. This information contains a personal touch, which is of great value to the prospective settler. It covers such ground as housing conditions, cost of land, cost of living, facilities for augmenting income, educational facilities, servants and labour, games, shooting, fishing, and other forms of sport, social amenities, climate and accessibility to railways, shops, etc. By means of this information they are able to sum up the relative advantages of the various countries. The Central Committee is willing to advise all applicants how best to utilize their resources.

(2) If so desired, questionnaires from individual applicants are sent to the committees overseas, who answer all such particular inquiries, giving any additional information required. No cost to the applicant is involved.

(3) On the newcomers' arrival in the country to which they elect to go, they are met by a representative of the Committee. Suitable accommodation is found for them ; they are shown round the country ; given the benefit of expert advice ; passed on if they so desire to other committees ; and everything possible is done to ensure their satisfactory settlement.

All inquiries and other communications should be addressed to : The Hon. Secretary, Migration and Overseas Settlement Bureau, Overseas League, 4 and 5 Park Place, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

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A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR THE BETTER ORGANIZATION OF EXISTING ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE EMPLOYMENT OF REGULAR SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AND AIRMEN

VOCATIONAL Training Centres work under the ægis of their respective Ministries, yet we readily agree, as has been pointed out, that the training of men for civil occupation and finding employment for them is not really within the province of the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry. Provided some other organization could carry out this work efficiently, it would probably be better if the three Ministries were freed from direct operation of their respective Centres. There are, apart from the British Legion, a number of organizations at present existing whose aim and object is the care of the ex-serviceman. For the most part there is very great lack of co-ordination and co-operation between these various bodies. We suggest that the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen should be entrusted with this work of co-ordination, working in close co-operation with the British Legion, with whom it might in course of time perhaps become affiliated.

Further, that in future the functions of the Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry might be confined :—

(*a*) To seeing that the National Association does its work efficiently in accordance with the policy laid down by these three departments of state.

(*b*) To subsidizing it as hitherto.

This would entail certain changes as under :—

1. (*a*) Setting up a small committee composed of representatives of Admiralty, War Office, and Air Ministry.

(*b*) All members of these departments resigning from the General Committee of the National Association

(*c*) Placing the Vocational Training Centres under the National Association.

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2. The General Committee of the National Association would need to be reconstituted so as to include representatives of such bodies as :—

(*a*) British Legion.
(*b*) Regimental Associations.
(*c*) Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society and other similar organizations.
(*d*) Labour Exchanges.
(*e*) Business firms.

3. The country to be divided up into suitable areas, and a branch of the National Association allotted to each area. Each branch :—

(*a*) To be the connecting link between Headquarters and all voluntary and other organizations in its area.
(*b*) Clearing house for its area.

4. The Admiralty, War Office, and Air Force grants should be a definite percentage of the total sum raised by the National Association from other sources.

5. The number of men stated to have been found permanent employment should be vouched for by the Association's auditors. This would help to inspire greater confidence in the work of the Association.

This year's report states " that the Association is becoming more widely known throughout the Service," and this after forty-three years of existence ! If it was more widely known in the business world, the results would probably be greater.

We were not present at the recent Annual Meeting of the National Association, but we understand that only one member of the audience had a chance of expressing his views. It seems to us there is room for fresh ideas. In certain big centres, such as Portsmouth, the Association admittedly achieves valuable results, but, taking the country as a whole, we feel that very much more might be done.

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THE BOOKSHELF

HISTORY AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR.

NATIONAL POLICY AND NAVAL STRENGTH; AND OTHER ESSAYS. By VICE-ADMIRAL SIR H. W. RICHMOND, K.C.B. Longmans. 16s. net. Reviewed by Lieut.-Col. F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G.

Sir Herbert Richmond, who is now completing his tour of duty as Commandant of the College of Imperial Defence, has published, under the above title, a series of lectures delivered by him at Cambridge, the London University, the Royal United Service Institution, and elsewhere. They deal with matters of Naval policy, strategy, administration, and history. Inevitably, a volume which consists of a collection of lectures delivered at different times and to different audiences, suffers from a lack of continuity and, no less, from a certain amount of overlapping. Further, it is possible in several cases to discover statements which, if they do not actually contradict statements made elsewhere in the book, at any rate show that the subject should be looked at from different angles. The essays, as we may for convenience call them, are of immense importance, for, apart from their intrinsic merit, they may be taken as revealing to the outside world something of the doctrine inculcated at the College of Imperial Defence. Sir Herbert Richmond has read widely and thought profoundly; he is the master of a style clear, easy, lucid, and compelling; and he has produced a book of outstanding importance and interest.

The reviewer upon whom is laid the responsibility of examining such a book, by an author of such calibre, will be careful how he steers his bark of criticism past the perils which surround him. The Scylla upon which so many reviewers are wrecked is that cheap and ostentatious display of erudition gleaned from the very book they propose to dissect or dismember. The Charybdis in which the reviewer may be engulfed is the temptation to take himself too seriously, to mount the bench uninvited, and to deliver as judgments what are in reality opinions, and half-baked opinions at that. What reviewers would do well always to bear in mind is that the great majority of humanity is made up of quite ordinary men, and that the reviewer himself is quite as ordinary and commonplace as the rest. Inevitably, in the review of such a volume as this, the ordinary man will find himself confronted by difficulties from which the author, being an expert, has probably been immune. The best service, therefore, which the reviewer can do both author and reader is to point out some of the places where he himself has felt most in need of guidance.

The keynote of the whole of the book seems to us to be that chapter entitled "The Use of History." Here it may be as well to remind the reader that concerning this question there are to-day two distinct schools of thought, which for convenience we may differentiate as the Classical and the Modern. Common to both schools is the admission that whereas history is primarily the record of the experience of others it must *a priori* be of assistance and value

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to mankind. Where the tenets of the two schools sharply diverge is upon the question of the value of a knowledge of military history of the past towards the solution of military problems of the present and the future; using "military," of course, in such a wide signification as to include operations in all three elements. Of the classical sect, Clausewitz is the Pope, and his utterance "Examples from history make everything clear" is more than a dogma. It is a creed. A more popular slogan is the oft quoted expression of Napoleon, "Read and re-read the campaigns of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Turenne, Eugene, and Frederick. Take these as your models, for it is the only means of becoming a great leader and of mastering the secrets of the art of war."

The modern school retort to all this that not only is the statement of Clausewitz demonstrably false to-day, in that there is no "history" yet of war fought *à fond* in the conditions of mechanization, aircraft and gas, but that, quite apart from this, Clausewitz was no more than an impostor, seeing that he was absolutely ignorant of the effect and influence of sea-power. Here we may pause for a moment to express our regret that Sir Herbert Richmond has not given us an essay on the author of "Vom Kriege." The Napoleonic slogan is dealt with by the members of the modern school in various ways. The more flippant roundly assert that it was merely a Napoleonic ruse for getting rid of a bore. The more learned and thoughtful point out that so far from Napoleon himself having profited by such advice, the whole essence of his generalship was that he deliberately defied history and cut himself adrift from tradition. The people who batten on statistics and figures tell us with a cool malignity that the number of campaigns recommended amount to eighty-eight, and that the reading and re-reading of even a portion of the literature upon them is a life's work in itself. As for the exploits of war of the definitely remote past the modernists assert that their uselessness varies as the square of the number of centuries separating them from to-day. In this way the campaigns of the Jenghis Khans, not to mention those of the Hannibals and Alexanders, seem to the modernists as mere curious relics of antiquity, over which the imaginative soldier may muse, but which all practical men, if urged to adopt them as exemplars, will brush aside with impatience and contempt.

There is a good deal to be said for both sides, but we do not propose to say it. It is sufficient to mention that clearly Sir Herbert is a classicist, but a moderate one. He is moderate in that he does not lift the veil higher than is sufficient to reveal the closing years of the seventeenth century, and we are thus spared the exposure of those grisly relics, Aegospotami and Salamis, which in some naval circles have acquired an odour of sanctity similar to the fragrance which the Parthians waft to the nostrils of some military critics of to-day. Admiral Richmond states that "War consists of several elements and into all of these enter principles. These principles are permanent and those who study history find a wealth of instruction in the application of these principles." As to this "wealth of instruction," we would feel a little more assured could we be certain that some kind of Royal Commission was to assemble to lay down what these

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" principles of war " really are. Until the other day our Field Service Regulations used to contain the cryptic statement that " The principles of war are neither very numerous nor abstruse," and to leave it at that. If the reader will turn to the preface of Colonel Fuller's *magnum opus*, " The Foundations of the Science of War," he will see that as late as 1911 the principles of war were merely a nebular hypothesis and that the couple of lines of print, now defining them in the Army bible, so far from being the exposition of eternal truth are admittedly but the arbitrary conclusions formed by a regimental field officer in his leisure moments.

No one has a greater horror of catchwords than has Sir Herbert Richmond. *Clichés* set his teeth on edge. Fleet Street gives him the creeps. But until the " Principles of War " are clearly enunciated and defined; until they are boldly printed and circulated; until we are assured that they have the unqualified support not only of our three Services, but also of the representatives of military thought of the nations of the globe; until, in fine, they are invested with what a theologian might call " the note of catholicity," then the expression means, and can mean, little or nothing to the ordinary man.

Nor is it merely in the acceptance of this phrase as a thing generally grasped and understood that we think " The Use of History " loses much of its potential value. Elsewhere in that essay we feel that there is need for Sir Herbert Richmond to define his terms. We realize that it is perhaps hopeless to secure a definition precise and exact—*totus, teres atque rotundus*—of " strategy." Although the word is, comparatively speaking, a thing but of yesterday, the ordinary man will probably find himself more bewildered than enlightened if he compares the various meanings assigned to that long-suffering word by military writers. Nevertheless, although an exact definition would be of considerable assistance, it may be properly urged that there is a sufficient consensus of opinion as to what the term connotes. But when Sir Herbert wanders into sub-headings we must ride him on a tighter rein. We must ask him to tell us where " major " strategy ends and " minor " strategy begins. What is the difference between " major " and " grand " strategy? And what is the antithesis of the latter? For, if, *ex hypothesi*, there is a grand strategy there must be a " not grand " variety as well. Candidly we feel that if this synthetic forage is offered by the shepherd to his flock " The hungry sheep look up and are not fed, But swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw, Rot inwardly." If it is urged that these terms are sufficiently understood by the ordinary man such plea will leave us cold and unconvinced. Not very long ago it was our task to examine captains and lieutenants, for promotion, in military history. One of the questions concerned a General Reserve. Ninety per cent. of the candidates had no more knowledge of a General Reserve than an armadillo has of algebra.

In two cases, at least, the ordinary man is apt to find himself in a position of helplessness owing to omissions in the book now under review. The first omission concerns Ireland. The ordinary man feels somehow that the grant of self government to that country, and the erection of the Irish Free State, must in some way affect the Naval

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situation of Great Britain. He turns for information and guidance to these essays and particularly to that entitled "Naval Policy and Naval Strength." He will be disappointed in his search, and that feeling will certainly not be diminished on finding that there is no reference whatever to Ireland in the index. The difficulty which confronts the ordinary man is this. In the treaty now in force between Great Britain and the Irish Free State the first article expressly lays down that the latter shall have "the same constitutional status, in the community of nations known as the British Empire, as Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa." The constitution of this community of nations is admittedly vague. But there is a consensus of juridicial opinion to the effect that, for the dominions, commonwealth and union named above, continuance in such community is optional. Such is quite undoubtedly the fixed opinion of the inhabitants of those countries. With no less certainty it may be stated that any withdrawal could not and would not be prevented by force of arms used by this country. Is such withdrawal open to the Irish Free State? And, if not, is the exception in her case due to that propinquity of her coast line which renders the possibility of its employment as enemy submarine bases and aircraft depots an exceedingly serious matter for this country? The subject, we admit, is an exceedingly delicate one to handle, but nothing whatever is gained by Englishmen or Irishmen in refusing to look facts in the face. We should have welcomed a reference, even if a guarded one—that given on page 139 is a mere pious aphorism—to this very important matter from the pen of Admiral Richmond, and candidly we think that this subject is one more likely to prove of value to the ordinary man than such academic issues as the effect of sea-power in the War of the Austrian Succession.

A more remarkable, and we think a more inexcusable one, is the omission of the Battle of Jutland, or at least such a camouflaging of it as to bewilder the searcher. There is no reference in the index, and the long essay devoted to "Considerations of the (Great) War at Sea" merely refers to "the engagement of May 31st," even the year not being given. In fact, it is possible to identify the action only by the few lines of comment which follow and in which the author states that "The result of the fighting did not permit us to gather the real fruits of victory" with half a dozen more lines of similar commonplace remarks. The ordinary man in reading this essay does not want a long technical argument about the Battle of Jutland as a tactical effort, but he certainly does want something more than this sketchy allusion to what, after all, was the greatest Naval incident, not only of the Great War, but of all time.

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. By LIEUT.-COMDR. THE HON. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P., and GEORGE YOUNG, M.V.O. Hutchinson and Co., Ltd., 34-46 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Price, 18s.

This is a book written, as clearly set forth in the preface, with "a particular purpose," and although it is doubtful whether that purpose will make very much impression upon Service readers,

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the book itself is an extremely important contribution to the desire to put an end to the holocaust of war. The authors admit themselves to be pacifists, and with that in view much of the argument which is set out with great force and emphasis must be weighed very carefully by the Service reader. Primarily the various vital problems which are dissected and discussed so ably in this study of maritime war policy are of such grave importance that it were impossible in the brief space of a short review to deal adequately with them. For that matter, there are many occasions when one feels in the course of the book itself that certain essential points deserved a wider exposition than has been allocated. The opening chapters afford the student of sea warfare a brilliant commentary on the historical aspect of the age-old struggle between Command of the Seas and Freedom of the Seas in time of war. Out of the early confusion is clearly delineated the gradual growth of what we are to-day pleased to dub the Laws of Naval Warfare—the rights of visit and search, blockade and the rule of contraband. The gradual development of these primary rules are traced, and their equally gradual evolution into what is termed International Law is shown. From the theorising days before 1914 the authors proceed to the application of Naval policy during the Great War—the general trend of the argument being to show that neutral opinion is a factor which cannot be treated lightly and that although the Allies flouted it on occasion, Germany was a far greater offender, and that America, as trustee of neutral rights, entered the arena on the side of the lesser transgressor. Out of this the authors argue that if, in future wars, our enemies were too wise to offend neutral dignity all chance of Britain establishing her age-old policy of economic pressure by blockade would be swept aside. Added to this, moreover, they proceed deliberately to show that with modern air and gas development blockade would be almost impossible, and that in any case, the risk of alienating neutral sympathy would not permit its application. The authors are, however, apt to belittle the effects of economic pressure during the World War.

The general trend of argument arising out of an amazingly readable and well arrayed mass of fact is that in the war of the future we should never be able with ease to establish a complete command of the Sea and that as any renunciation of a privilege for which in past centuries we have gladly fought would presumably be abhorrent a solution is suggested—a new Freedom of the Seas—seas policed jointly by the British and American Fleets. The idea is as startling as it is novel, but it possesses the great merit of being pre-eminently constructive.

" Freedom of the Seas " is, frankly, a book which expresses views which are certain not to be acceptable in their entirety. On the other hand, it contains a solution, carefully argued and supported by much incontrovertible fact, to the danger of armament competition, and to that extent aims to prevent the calamity of another major war. In view of the present-day problems of " outlawing war " and disarmament, arbitration and conciliation—in fact, a recourse to Law instead of War—the authors are to be congratulated on their admirable summary of the salient points and in their presentation of a valuable commentary of future policy.

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VENTURES AND VOYAGES. By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4. Price, 10s. 6d.

In this charming volume, with its apposite illustrations, we have Mr. Chatterton again at his best. He seems to be possessed of that inestimable gift of delving into unplumbed historical depths, probing the files of long-forgotten records, reports and logs, and presenting them to the delighted reader in an atmosphere of colour and action. His ships sail through the pages and his characters speak, and, as we read, we almost live in the golden age of rising sea supremacy once again. We cross the then little-known Atlantic with Josselyn, watch from afar the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, visit Nootka with the unfortunate Jewitt, and read of the loss of the *Stirling Castle* on the Barrier Reef. From these adventures and voyages the author leads us abruptly to the escape of the German cruiser *Emden's* landing party in the *Ayesha*, and the adventures which befell them before they finally reached Germany, to the voyagings of that other raider *Seeadler* and to sundry escapes and ventures of Q-boats and U-boats. Nowhere in contemporary sea-literature do we find anything to equal this delightful result of the author's research and gifted pen, and a perusal of " Ventures and Voyages " serves but to whet the appetite for Mr. Chatterton's next incursion into a fruitful field.

POLITICIANS AND THE WAR. By THE RT. HON. LORD BEAVERBROOK. Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d.

Despite its title this book will have a very real interest for soldiers from the fact that Lord Kitchener himself became, to some extent, a politician during the period of his office as Secretary of State for War. The inclusion of a soldier in the Cabinet was an amazing anomaly, and Lord Beaverbrook's character sketch of the " First and Second Kitchener " is one of the best things in this most interesting and most important book, for it is of immense importance, if the right deductions are formed after its perusal. Lord Beaverbrook writes simply and clearly, and leaves no doubt in the reader's mind as to the accuracy of his statements and the extent of his knowledge. His description of the various politicians at the head of affairs during the first two years of the war, their intrigues, jealousies, likes and dislikes, are drawn with an acute and not too mordant pen. But it is pitiful to think that the nation was engaged in a life-and-death struggle all this time, and that the flower of its youth were being slaughtered in thousands.

The " Shell Scandal " is fully dealt with and makes incredible reading. Those who took part in the earlier stages of the war will remember the bitter resentment felt by our own troops at the utter inadequacy of our shell ammunition supply. This resentment naturally found expression at home and even in 1914 the Government were feeling a certain amount of anxiety on the subject. Yet despite public agitation, nothing much happened until there occurred " a somewhat mild and inconclusive debate in the House of Commons on April 21st

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on the subject of the organization of the munition supply. Professor Hewins, Bonar Law and Lloyd George all took part. It centred, however, chiefly round the questions of "Drink" and "Trade Union Rules." All the suggestions put forward by the Opposition were tentative in character and expressed in mild tones. It seems incredible that such a debate should have taken place after the dismal failure of Neuve Chapelle, though admittedly, as Lord Beaverbrook points out, Lord French represented that action as a triumphant victory. But the fact remains that neither politicians nor G.H.Q. were really stirred by our colossal losses; in fact, Lord Beaverbrook considers that the military authorities at the front were as much responsible for the shortage of shells as the War Office, or the Government.

This is a fascinating book and the lesson which stands out crystal clear, although it is not stated in so many words, is that a democratic Government such as ours is not really capable of bringing a war, on the scale of the last great war, to a swift and merciful conclusion. And since no other form of Government is tolerable to the British nation, surely here we have the most powerful argument of all in favour of the outlawry of such a futility as another big European War.

THE NEED FOR MECHANIZATION.

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH ARMY, THE PROBLEM OF ITS DUTIES, COST AND COMPOSITION. By BREVET MAJOR B. C. DENING, M.C., R.E. H. F. & G. Wetherby. 10s. 6d.

Readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES will be familiar with the writings of Major Dening, who is among the most constructive and the most practical of the many military writers of the present day who attempt to deal with the complicated problems which now face the British Army. Despite their bearing on the future safety of the British Empire, the public generally do not as a rule take a very great degree of interest in these problems, and there must be an immense number of parents who put their sons into the Army without any clear idea of what that Army is going to be. To such we can confidently recommend this book; it is written with vision and, for ourselves, we have little doubt that the lines of future development indicated by the author are those which will in the main be put into effect. The chapter on the "The Requirements in the British Army" is of very great interest and it is shown that in *all* the main possible theatres of war open to the British Army the use of cross-country mechanized forces is practicable and that in order to meet future conditions the Army must be mechanized and it must be small in size. Further, the writer fully subscribes to the point of view, which we have so often emphasized, that in the face of organized small-arms fire, to use infantry *unprotected* in attack is to set them a task which will result in losses absolutely disproportionate to the little that may be gained. Major Dening is, however, by no means a whole hogger and considers that to convert all British Army fighting formations into smaller totally mechanized units is to deprive the North-West Frontier of India, the Sudan and some of our other foreign stations (notably Gibraltar) of their present suitable

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defenders. His solution of the problem is the essentially British method of " compromise," and he gives sound, practical suggestions, supported by figures, as to how this compromise can be effected.

His suggestions, it will be noted with interest, would, if adopted, lead to substantial savings in the Army Estimates.

The author appears to us to be typical of the young Army Staff Officers of the present day, keenly enthusiastic about their profession and yet sufficiently broad-minded to take the larger view when necessary, possessed of plenty of *esprit de corps* without being a slave to regimental traditions, endowed with imagination and ideas and able to put those ideas into print clearly and forcibly. It seems that in the future the British Army will be in good and capable hands.

ON FUTURE WARFARE. By COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER, C.B.E., D.S.O. Sifton Praed. 12s. 6d.

This book is a collection of seventeen lectures and articles by the most imaginative and the most outspoken of our military writers. Colonel Fuller may be said to be the pioneer of mechanization, and from the outset he has never faltered in his self-imposed task of trying to persuade the Army that, to use his own words, it is wiser to fight behind armour than in woollen jackets. " Frankly," he says in his introduction, " the last war was a horrible affair, and had it not been for the heroism of the millions who took part in it, it would have been utterly bestial . . . . Yet all this can be changed by half an inch of steel." Or, better still, in our opinion, by making another Great European War an impossibility, which we do not altogether regard as a counsel of perfection. Moreover, Colonel Fuller himself admits that this type of war is a remote event. It is not possible to refer to all these lectures and articles in detail, two of which have already appeared in THE FIGHTING FORCES, but we can at least pay a tribute to the commonsense nature of his remarks in the chapter entitled " Problems of Mechanical Warfare." Here he deals with the small war and internal security problems, which are always with us, and which are unquestionably susceptible of improved treatment by modern machines and modern weapons. Is any Imperial benefit gained by shooting down several thousand Hindus in Amritsar ? " What could be more effective than the progress of a tank through a riotous crowd which emitted a laughing gas, or a lachrymatory gas, or a sneezing gas, or a colic-producing gas, or a simple and harmless anæsthetic ?" We have had some experience ourselves of dealing with riots in India and know how easy it is for our present-day infantry, whether they be British or Indian, to find themselves involved in some wretched incident which they can only deal with by shooting, with its incalculable consequences.

The chapter on " Tanks in India " is a sound practical commentary on what is admittedly a difficult problem, but not nearly so difficult as many people try to make out.

We rather wish Colonel Fuller had confined all his chapters to our own Imperial problems, that he had not indulged in speculations about

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future warfare and, indeed, that he had not entitled his book "On Future Warfare," which conjures up visions of vast numbers of tanks in conflict on some European battleground, and is apt to fog the ordinary reader. We have got to take things as they are, and it seems to us that speculations about what is going to happen in another European war might be allowed to go by the board for the moment, whilst we concentrate on our own immediate difficulties, of which the most important is getting our infantry out of the rut of uncertainty in which they now find themselves. However, we readily admit that such progress in this direction as has been made has been due more to Colonel Fuller's untiring advocacy of mechanization than to any other cause.

This is a valuable book which deserves to be widely read, and not only in Service circles.

CO-OPERATION OF INFANTRY AND ARTILLERY.

ARTILLERY: TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW. By COLONEL H. ROWAN-ROBINSON, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A. *p.s.c.* William Clowes and Son, Ltd. 5s.

This is a very human book; its title might lead to fears of a highly technical manual, but it is very far from being so; on the contrary, it could be read with interest by a man who was not a soldier at all, a factor which in our opinion enormously increases its value. The writer, in his preliminary remarks, shows that he believes wholly in mechanization as the best solution for all our problems, including the maintenance of internal security in India. We then come to a most interesting chapter which deals with the question of continuous support, and the author's views are those which most of us have thought at divisional conferences, etc., but have rarely had the hardihood to express. Here we get it straight from the shoulder. "There is no subject to which more verbal service is rendered than the co-operation of artillery with infantry. It appears in every manual; it is discussed at every conference. Yet, except in the use of close-support guns in the attack, we stand where we did in 1914. . . . The tendency is, and has been for years past, to say, and to say constantly, how important this continuous support is, but only to work it out at a few schemes conducted during practice camp, and to leave it alone, except vocally, for the remainder of the year. The result is that no improvement is taking place in this particularly important branch of our training. The infantry pay just as much lip-service to this particular goddess of make-believe as do the gunners and it is refreshing to read these outspoken comments.

Other chapters deal with the "Mechanization of Artillery," in the process of which the writer foresees the heavy metal of the Royal Tank Corps being absorbed by the artillery, "Air Control," and "The Attack of Aircraft by Artillery."

This book represents military modernism at its best and it should find a place in every Mess library.

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LETTERS TO HILARY. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. Ernest Benn, Ltd.

The gateway by which a child is introduced to the enchanted land of History may be a very deciding factor in his ability to appreciate what lies before him. Many of us remember our first introduction to the enthralling subject and we were, unconsciously perhaps, given to understand that History began with Cæsar's conquest of Britain. Lieut.-Commander King-Hall will not allow youth to be cheated in this way. He has written history in broad type and simple language, and it is no insular story punctuated with dates and genealogical tables, but a fascinating story of the world from the beginning of time. Reptiles oozing in the perennial slime, cave-men, nomads, peoples of ancient civilizations, Greeks, Romans, Chinese, pictures of each are shown, and how the rise and fall of nations has contributed to the sum of the world's knowledge. The letters are short and the language suitable to young children, and with the aid of a helper, such as the author visualizes, they provide an ingenious method of imparting knowledge. Yet this is not an essentially childish book. The subject is so skilfully arranged and the letters so cleverly knitted together that but few grown-ups would fail to feel its fascination and undoubtedly young officers would benefit by the "rub-up" of their historical knowledge which the perusal of this book would bestow. It is apparent that, fighting man though he be himself, the author has a greater admiration for the artist, than for the man-at-arms, and he carefully stresses the evils of war and the blessings of peace, but we think a child's mind will always respond more enthusiastically to deeds of valour rather than to beautiful works of art, and that Francis Drake is remembered and admired as a man of action, whereas Michael Angelo will, for many years, be merely a name which eludes him. Nevertheless, if the war has taught us anything, it is that we must learn to teach History in a new way and Lieut.-Commander King-Hall has put us on the right way to do so.

STALKY'S REMINISCENCES. By MAJOR-GENERAL L. C. DUNSTERVILLE. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

General Dunsterville writes with immense gusto and the reader, certainly the Service reader, will feel an equal sense of enjoyment in this account of a typical soldier's life. Similar incidents to those he recounts we remember so well. What a jolly life it was in those good old Victorian days, before high-pressure efficiency and the habit of taking soldiering so seriously had crept into fashion. We may not have been the last word in efficiency, but we had an amazingly good time. The author did a lot of regimental soldiering and it all makes good and most amusing reading. In January, 1908, he obtained command of the 20th Punjabis, with whom he served until January, 1914. The outbreak of war found him at home, on half-pay, and though the War Office hinted that Indian Colonels were not wanted, he managed to obtain the appointment of Train Conducting Officer in France, where he had some delightfully humorous experiences. But he was soon to return to India to take over command of the

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Jhelum Brigade. There is an excellent moral in what he says about General Inspections. "Having been inspected by various Generals for thirty-one years, I rather looked forward to my first inspection. I set out with no other idea in my mind than that of doing my best to test the general efficiency of battalions. I had no fads, and no desire to find out hidden secrets, but a malign fate seems to guide people like that to sore places. Very often I only asked a question to fill up time, but in nearly every case the reply, or the hesitation, put me on the trail of something really good. What has always astonished me is the absurd reluctance of men in all branches of life, in the Army or out of it, to make use of the simple phrase, 'I do not know.'" The book finishes with accounts of Persia and the Dunster Force.

WITHIN THE WALLS OF NANKING. By ALICE TISDALE HOBART. Jonathan Cape. 6s.

This is an extraordinarily arresting account of the recent disturbances in Nanking. Many may have forgottem what occurred in China during the early part of 1927, but we doubt whether Mrs. Hobart will ever forget the experiences she went through. The book conveys to a remarkable degree the atmosphere of panic, which reigned from January to March, 1927, amongst the Chinese populace. The Nationalist Army were making a steady advance down the Yangtse, towards Nanking, and the people "were fleeing before the hate which was systematically being roused against them. . . . Fleeing, fleeing, the doctors and teachers seeing a lifetime of work wiped out, fleeing by junk, sedan chair, by wheelbarrow or on foot." Yet there is no note of personal panic throughout the book, and every endeavour was made by the White residents to keep life at its normal level.

When Nanking falls, the possibility of their escape seems hopeless, they have only a small detachment of American soldiers with them, and their house is surrounded by excited soldiers who have just shot the British and Japanese Consuls. They all were saved at the eleventh hour by the shelling of the warships *Emerald* and *Noa*, and under cover of darkness they escape over the great Nanking Wall. It is not the story of China as told by the Nationalist propagandists, it is the story as Mrs. Hobart saw it, through the eyes of its merchants who lived in constant fear of looting soldiers, and through the eyes of the peasants who make up the Chinese millions. All will agree with Wang, her No. 1 boy, whose final summing up was "Kuomintang no good."

POLO PONY TRAINING WITH SOME HINTS ON THE GAME. By COLONEL-COMMANDANT F. W. RAMSAY, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Gale and Polden. 3s. 6d.

The trouble with polo is, of course, always finance, and here, at home, the game is out of court for most of us. Even in India the price of a "made" pony has increased enormously in recent years. Still, in India, the military training programme is not of that hectic,

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all-the-year-round nature we suffer from at home, and the young officer has plenty of time in which to make and train a pony. If he can do this polo becomes not only a possibility, but may even be a source of financial gain, such as many Indian cavalry officers find it to be. Brigadier Ramsay's book is written for the benefit of young infantry officers who are keen on the game—and, thank Heaven, there are still plenty of them—but cannot afford the price of a "made" pony. The training of a young pony is described in simple phrases, helped out by some excellent illustrations, and this little book is, in fact, quite the best thing of its kind which has come to our notice.

REMINISCENCE OF AN ENGINEER. R. E. CROMPTON. Reminiscences. Constable. 14s.

Colonel Crompton started life eighty-three years ago and has been going strong ever since. He joined the Rifle Brigade in 1864, and during his subaltern days in India actually invented a road engine, the "Blue Bell," was seconded to take up the appointment of "Superintendent of the Government Steam Train," returned home on leave where he got into touch with Mr. R. W. Thomson of Edinburgh, the inventor of rubber tyres. In 1875 he left the Army, started business in civil engineering, and had a good deal to do with the introduction of electric light. While helping to develop the electric light scenic effects at the Grand Opera at Vienna he was, on one occasion, informed that the light in the dressing rooms of the *corps de ballet* was not working properly. On entering the room he found thirty or forty of the girls dressing and undressing in various stages. Some imp switched off the light and the room was in utter darkness. He groped his way to the switch, switched on, and found himself surrounded by a ring of naked young women, who danced around him, singing ribald songs. There was nothing wrong with the light! He saw service during the South African War with the Electrical Engineers Volunteers, was, later on, largely instrumental in the development of mechanical transport for the Army, was one of the founder-members of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, and finally had considerable say in the development of the tanks. An amazingly interesting story of an adventurous life.

SLAVES OF THE WAR LORDS. By HENRY RUSSELL. Hutchinson. 5s.

This book, like "The Somme and Only This," is another of those human documents, written with absolute candour and sincerity, painting war on the grand scale in its real light, at any rate as seen from the point of view of an infantry private. "I was sick to death with the agony of the life. I was forced to lead. I wanted to get both legs out of the grave, to leave the horror behind and say never again. . . . To hell with war was my sentiment and to hell with the war lords. I was not alone in my sentiment. I knew the Tommies of the trenches better than did the gushing writers in some weekly

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periodicals." Unheroic, perhaps, but unquestionably true. A vivid book, which holds one's attention throughout.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, 1914-1918. By LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR JOHN ROSS-OF-BLADENSBURG, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. Oxford University Press, London. Humphrey Milford. Price 63s.

A note of pathos attaches to the publication of this, one of the most important of the Regimental Histories of the war, for the distinguished author died little more than a week after the preface was written. There is an immense advantage accruing to the History of a Guards Regiment, in that there is no necessity to deal with the activities of numerous battalions scattered all over the various fields of operations. All three battalions of the Coldstream Guards took part in the war from the very beginning, all three formed part of the Expeditionary Force and served in France during the whole period of the war. The 4th Battalion Coldstream Guards (Pioneers) was raised in 1915 and became the Pioneer Battalion of the newly formed Guards Division.

The magnificent achievements of the Coldstream during the war are an epic in themselves, and the author has told the story well. Possessing a mind richly stored with knowledge and gifted with acute reasoning powers, he has, however, given us much more than a regimental history; it is an outline of the war as a whole. While many will not agree with him in ascribing all our failures solely to the politicians, yet the narrative is strengthened by his criticisms of the conduct of affairs, and this history is far from being a mere record of events. It is issued in two volumes, together with an admirable maps volume.

EVERYBODY'S AVIATION GUIDE. By MAJOR VICTOR W. PAGE, U.S. Air Corps Reserve. Norman W. Henley Publishing Company, 2, West 45th Street, New York City. Price $2.00.

The reader of this book is told in simple language how an airplane or dirigible is made, is given diagrams and photographs showing the disposition and use of all the parts; is told what their relation to each other is and why certain arrangements are better than others. The differences in the construction of the various types of airplanes are pointed out with impartial but expert analysis of the various advantages and disadvantages. The book includes 600 questions and answers, and is divided into ten lessons which take the reader from the elementary conceptions of mechanical flight and primitive forms of aircraft to a more advanced consideration of aerodynamical principles, by gradual and easily assimilated stages. The book is well adapted for home or school use and is recommended to all who are beginning to study aviation or who wish to become well grounded in the fundamentals before taking up more advanced studies. The information is authentic, as the author was Chief Aeronautical Engineer at the A. E. F. Flying Instruction Centre at Issoudoun, Indre, France, the largest flying

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school in the world during the World War; with thousands of engines and over a thousand airplanes of seventeen different makes under his direct supervision.

LIST OF THE OFFICERS OF THE BENGAL ARMY, 1758-1834 (PART II, D—K). By MAJOR V. C. P. HODSON. Constable. 21s.

This valuable work, which will eventually consist of four volumes, gives in concise form genealogical and biographical particulars, so far as can be ascertained from records at the India Office and elsewhere of every officer of the H.E.I.C.S. borne on the Bengal establishment between June, 1758, and December, 1834.

It forms a most useful work of reference.

DEUTSCH—ENGLISCHES, ENGLISCH—DEUTSCHES MILITÄR—WÖRTENBUCH. By KURT HILMAR EITZEN. Verlag Offene Worte. Berlin. 8 Reichsmarks.

This dictionary of military terms and phrases, together with an appendix of current abbreviations and tables of weights, measures, etc., should prove very useful to those who are studying for the German interpretership examination, as also to those who may wish to read German accounts of the war in the original. The dictionary is astonishingly complete and comprises every military phrase that has ever been thought of. Thus, for example, we find rendered into German, "a certain liveliness," "usual channels," "stunt," "hot air," "Cuthbert," and "Byng Boys." The writer is an old Oxonian, and though he has been crippled by our shell-fire, seems to be full of friendliness for this country. The book is not only useful, but by the inclusion of so many slang words, is quite amusing as well. There is even the German for "attaboy."

THE "GALE AND POLDEN" BISLEY SCORE BOOK. By CAPT. E. H. ROBINSON, G.M. Gale & Polden. 3s. 6d.

This score book is a great advance on anything that we have seen hitherto in this line. The diagrams are simple and clear, and, moreover, an excellent method of holding the scoring page open and flat in a wind has been evolved. There are some introductory remarks on Targets, Diagrams and Shooting, on How to Use the Score Book, on Wins. Judgment, Open Sight Shooting, and some very useful general hints.

We can strongly recommend this book to all keen rifle shots.

BOOKS RECEIVED

WAR HISTORY OF THE 5TH BATTALION KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS. By E. F. SCOTT ELLIOT.

FROM COLONEL TO SUBALTERN. By LT.-COL. M. F. MCTAGGART.

GARRISON RHYMES AND OTHER VERSES.

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MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE MAGAZINE AND RECORD.

The Easter, 1928, Number of "The Royal Military College Magazine and Record" is a particularly good one. The opening article deals with the visit of the Rugger and Fencing teams to St. Cyr, and the story of their five days' hectic entertainment is most attractively told. The visit coincided with an inspection of St. Cyr by M. Doumergue, President of the French Republic. There is a well-balanced review of "Masters of War," by Neville D'Esterre, in which that writer's depreciatory generalizations of military leaders are effectively dealt with. Amongst other articles there is an account of the visit of King Amanullah. There are some quite good stories, and the illustrations are, as usual, admirable.

The following magazines have been received :—

The Cavalry Journal.
The Journal of the Royal Artillery.
The Royal Engineers Journal.
The Royal Tank Corps Journal.
The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly.
The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Gazette.
The Canadian Defence Quarterly.
Rivista Militaire Italiana.
The Tiger and Sphinx.
The Covenanter.
The Light Bob Gazette.
The Wasp.
The Essex Regimental Gazette.
The Bugle.

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VWA

A QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
for THE ROYAL NAVY
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Edited by
LIEUT.-COL. R. M. RAYNSFORD, D.S.O.

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PRUDENTIAL BONUS INCREASED

THE Directors of the Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd., have declared in respect of the year 1926 an increased Reversionary Bonus payable on all participating Policies in the Ordinary (Life) Branch of the Company.

The new rate of Bonus is

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. V OCTOBER, 1928 No. 3

EDITORIAL

The Peace Pact.

The signing of the Peace Pact was a good job well done. Nobody wants another European war, but it is not often realized that this is just as much the feeling of those in the Services as it is of everybody else. In our younger days we remember the glow of enthusiasm which the prospect of active service evoked; nowadays, when warfare between the great nations stands revealed as mere wholesale mechanical slaughter, such feelings are as dead as mutton—at any rate, as far as this type of conflict is concerned. Inspired by the United States, the land of youthful and vigorous ideals, the nations have entered into a solemn pact to do their utmost to avoid the whole, brutal, stupid business of war, and nobody but a rank materialist or a jaundiced cynic can fail to approve. Already there exists, to an extent far greater than has ever been the case before, a universal feeling that peace is the main probability for the future. It only remains to ensure that no serving sailor, soldier or airman should suffer by this new and happier attitude towards warfare. That there will be reductions in armaments is inevitable, but the Government should deal with the utmost generosity towards those who have made the profession of arms a life's business.

* * *

Yachting and "The Fighting Forces."

The fascination of Yachting is, of course, obvious, even to those who have only a bowing acquaintance with it. Early in the summer our Assistant-Editor, who is responsible for the Naval notes, left on a Yachting trip, around the south coast ports, in his yacht *Wild Swan*. We found it very difficult to get in touch with him. Eventually, at the beginning of September he was located at Cowes.

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From there he wrote a cheery letter; expected to be at Portsmouth towards the end of September, and promised to do useful propaganda on behalf of THE FIGHTING FORCES. But he made no mention of his Naval notes. We wrote him several frantic letters addressed to Yacht *Wild Swan*, Cowes. No reply; the time for going to press drew inexorably nearer. At length the time limit was reached, and we had to write the notes ourselves. We offer sincere apologies for their meagreness. On the other hand, we are glad of the opportunity of unloading some pent-up thoughts on the question of the Navy and THE FIGHTING FORCES. We feel our Assistant Editor should suffer nothing worse than a slight reprimand for his omission to produce the notes as usual. Writing on a small yacht during such a wonderful summer and early autumn as we have just passed through must have been inexpressibly distasteful; indeed, writing on board at any time is generally a weariness to the flesh. No doubt, this is one of the reasons we practically never receive any articles from serving officers of His Majesty's Navy. As a consequence, it is rather hard for our Editor, full of good intentions, to do full justice to the Navy. When it is brought to his notice that Naval officers say they have no use for THE FIGHTING FORCES because the Navy is insufficiently represented, he feels a sense of despair. For there is no doubt whatsoever in his own mind that the type of article which makes the strongest appeal in the Services, and which is unquestionably popular in the Army and Air Force, is one written by the officer who is still serving. Examples of such articles in the present number, which is quite a typical one, are as follows :—

"Infantry and Mechanization—a Reply." By Capt. H. R. B. Watkins, Royal Tank Corps.

"A Short Cut to Mobility." By Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Beauman, The York and Lancaster Regiment.

"With the Aircraft of the Shanghai Defence Force, 1927." By Wing-Commander C. E. Maude, R.A.F.

"Air Warfare." By Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, R.A.F.

All these officers are serving officers, and all four articles have, needless to say, been passed by the War Office and Air Ministry respectively.

We never under any circumstances get articles of this type from the Navy.

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Censorship.

The question of censorship is, no doubt, another reason why Naval officers are unwilling to commit themselves to print. In the comparatively recent past Naval officers did not dare to write serious articles on current professional subjects, as they did not feel safe against official action, and there unquestionably have been cases where promotion was blocked because the views of the individuals concerned, as expressed in articles in the service magazines, ran counter to the views of the Admiralty at the time. It may well be that apprehension on this point has not entirely died down. The congested state of the Lieutenant-Commanders' and Commanders' lists is such that no officer of these ranks, for example, feels inclined to take the slightest chance with regard to his promotion, competition for which is appallingly keen. Such a feeling is perfectly natural. However, we feel certain that such apprehensions are groundless; indeed, it is inconceivable that under a First Sea Lord such as Sir Charles Madden, the writing of serious, thoughtful, constructive articles on professional subjects could be regarded as blameworthy or detrimental to the best interests of the Service.

* * *

What is read in the Navy?

We gave our views, much as we have expressed them above, to a retired admiral. He said: "My dear fellow, you surely don't imagine that, whatever you may do, the Navy is going to read your Journal. Why, it is a high-class magazine and would bore them stiff. Give them a mixture of *Comic Cuts* and *La Vie Parisienne* and it will sell like hot cakes!"

We don't intend to follow the advice of our cynical Admiral friend, though as a matter of fact the forthcoming January number will be lighter in tone than any previous number of this Journal. Moreover, there will be at least two articles by serving Naval officers. And if our Assistant-Editor makes up for his literary lapse by intensive propaganda at the Naval ports, we may yet live to see THE FIGHTING FORCES as widely read in Naval circles as it is in those of the Army and Air Force.

* * *

It is interesting to note that the Navy has no equivalent

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term for " Field Officer." This is somewhat of a hardship for Lieutenant-Commanders, whose rank is, of course, equivalent to that of Major. The rank of Lieutenant-Commander was, if we remember right, constituted in 1912, as the result of some international incident in which foreign Naval officers claimed precedence over our representative because he was a Senior Lieutenant (two and a half stripes), and this was not a substantive rank. As a result the rank of Lieutenant-Commander was promulgated in haste, but with no difference whatsoever in the uniform. Here we touch on what is quite a legitimate grievance. It concerns the peak of the cap worn by Lieutenant-Commanders, which is not a " Brass Hat," *i.e.*, gold-edged or embroidered. We need hardly say that it is not a question of a little more or less gold lace here and there, but at present the Lieutenant-Commander is apt to appear, to the uninstructed eye, as something less than his Army or Air Force " opposite number " ; he is, in fact, placed at a disadvantage by the absence of a distinction common to the " Field Officers " of the other two services. There were occasions when those who served in the rank of Lieutenant-Commander during the war, and did duty alongside the Army, realized that the absence of this distinction did, in fact, make a considerable difference, especially when there were " Field Officers " of a foreign Government knocking about. It is a little difficult to suggest an acceptable corresponding Naval term for " Field Officer." Perhaps some of our readers may care to air their views on this subject in our " Correspondence " pages.

The Navy and Field Officers.

* * *

At a recent meeting of friends and comrades of the late Lieut.-General Sir Ronald Maxwell it was decided to erect a memorial to mark the admiration and respect for his character which was felt by all who knew him, and to commemorate the eminent services which he rendered, particularly when Quartermaster-General to the Forces in France during the Great War. A representative General Committee and a small Executive Committee were formed.

Proposed Memorial to the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Ronald Charles Maxwell.

The General Committee have decided, with the permission of the Dean and Chapter, to place the Memorial in

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Rochester Cathedral, close to where so much of Maxwell's home service was spent and where he was married. It is hoped to raise sufficient funds for a stained-glass window and tablet.

It is thought that the scheme will appeal to many of those who were associated with Sir Ronald Maxwell during his career, and that these may welcome the opportunity of contributing to the memorial.

Donations will be gladly received and acknowledged, but no statement of individual contributions will be published.

Lloyds Bank, Limited (Cox & King's Branch), No. 6, Pall Mall, S.W.1, have kindly consented to open an account called " Maxwell Memorial Fund," into which contributions should be paid direct.

* * *

Army Reconstruction.

It is becoming more apparent every day that there is urgent need for the reconstruction of the British Army as a whole, but it is also unfortunately true that the public generally takes very little interest in the question. Yet it can hardly be denied that the future of the Army, which now consists of over 200,000 officers and men and costs £41,000,000, is a very vital matter. Year after year the Cardwell system jogs along ; year after year India continues to lap up the cream of the British Army, to the exasperation of the unfortunate regimental officers at home who have the training of it in their hands. It was bad enough in the old days ; now, in view of the demands which modern training makes on all concerned, the present system of draft-finding for India is a maddening source of irritation. A curious factor is the apparent helplessness of the heads of departments at the War Office to find a working alternative to the Cardwell system, despite their absolute conviction as to the need for change. It is, of course, an enormously difficult proposition, but by no means insoluble. The Service Quarterlies, for example, are full of admirable articles on the subject, full of constructive suggestions. Unfortunately the Service Quarterlies do not cut very much ice in Government or Departmental circles, and we have come to the conclusion, somewhat regretfully, that until the daily Press interests itself in the question, especially now that a General Election is pending, reforms will only be carried out in the piecemeal fashion which has been the case since the war. India is the main stumbling

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block, and the sooner a strong commission is sent to India to deal with the question, the better. Nor can it be expected that the present regimental system can continue to exist without some drastic alteration.

* * *

1928—The Year of Stagnation.

At the end of 1927 most observers were agreed as to the unsuitable composition of the Experimental Mechanized Force. This defective condition was emphatically recognized in the address of the C.I.G.S. to the officers in September of that year, and was subsequently elaborated in the reports rendered to the War Office by those responsible for the experiment. In view of this, it has been somewhat discouraging to find no development in the construction or equipment of the force, since renamed the "Armoured Force" as a token, presumably, of a worthy aspiration. There are rumours that by 1929 an improvement will take place, and in particular that a larger number of Carden-Lloyd light tanks will be provided for reconnaissance. Even so, these will apparently be of the now obsolete early pattern, and not the greatly developed model that was shown to the Members of Parliament on July 12th. However understanding one may be of the difficulties, some unavoidable, some, perhaps, otherwise, this rate of progress hardly encourages the hope that the Army will be prepared and up to date should another emergency arise. The late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, among others, dwelt upon the cost to the nation of "unpreparedness for war" in 1914. Soldiers commonly lay the blame on the politician, and in part this is undeniable. But the politician can hardly be blamed for the fact that in 1914, forty years after the invention of the machine gun, we went to war with only two of these to each battalion. If the next British Expeditionary Force goes overseas with an inadequate proportion of tanks or armoured machine-gun carriers it will be impossible to shift the blame on to the conveniently broad shoulders of the politician.

For these reasons it is particularly depressing when even convinced believers in mechanization holding high place are said to assert in one breath that mechanization is progressing as fast as circumstances allow, and then, in the next, that they do not expect to see a true Armoured Force within their army "lifetime." In estimating the advance, or lack of

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advance, made in 1928, it may be said that a year is a short time, and that as we only saw the inception of the Experimental Armoured Force in 1927, it is unreasonable to expect a fresh bound forward within a year. In view of this argument, a comparison with the Army of the Manœuvres of 1925 serves a useful purpose, and affords a still more disquieting comparison. Four training seasons have passed since then, and the change is hardly perceptible. The two battalions of Vickers tanks are still with us, and three years older. So also is the mechanized brigade of field artillery, although the one self-propelled gun of 1925 has increased to a battery. The armoured cars are still the obsolescent Rolls-Royce four-wheeled cars. Beyond a small increase in cross-country mechanical transport, six-wheeled or half-track, the only change is the appearance of a weak company of light tanks of a primitive type. It is little enough to show for a three-year passage of time.

* * *

Company Training.

The Cardwell system means depleted home battalions, and one of the consequent disadvantages is that, during training, imagination has to make good the gaps in the sections and platoons which invariably exist. Now if you tell the British Tommy to use his imagination he simply regards it as a harmless idiosyncrasy on the part of his superiors, but his inward comments are unrepeatable. As a consequence company training at home is frequently a most astonishing business, and it needs a more vivid pen than ours to describe the exploits in the realms of imagination of some of the section commanders with their proud commands of three and sometimes four men.

" Infantry Training " apparently rejoices in the strain on the imagination which these skeleton sections necessitate. " Only," it says, with much unction, " if less than three other ranks are available for duty may it (the section) be attached temporarily to another section of its platoon." Later on, fairly getting into its stride, it enunciates the humorous dictum that " section scouts should work in pairs to inspire mutual confidence ! "

Seriously, though, the sanctity of the section organization in peace-time is overdone, and we are inclined to think that full sections and full platoons would give much better

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results, even if they were arrived at by a process of temporary amalgamation. By results we mean that the lessons learnt would be more firmly impressed on the minds of those who carried out the exercises.

* * *

Cavalry Brigades or Scout Units.

Many observers of the exercises on Salisbury Plain and in Sussex were impressed by the improvement in the work of the cavalry. The improvement is a tribute both to those in charge of their training and to the commonsense methods on which their handling is based. But when their work in the various exercises is analysed, it sheds a somewhat curious light on the value of cavalry—a light hardly encouraging to those who would acclaim this good work as a proof that more cavalry are needed. What did we see? On Salisbury Plain the cavalry brigade avoided the unrealism of trying to "fight" the Armoured Force. Instead, it was content with the rôle of reconnoitring, and, if possible, delaying it, though in practice the delaying action was little in evidence. The reconnaissance, however, was notably good, provided that the opposing force moved or lay up within the range of cavalry reconnaissance. And, very sensibly, it was carried out with a minimum of men, a few patrols, while the rest of the cavalry brigade stayed well back in security and at rest. Within the patrols the vital information was usually gained by sending ahead a pair of trained scouts, dismounted. Their work had the originality that is the hall-mark of skilful scouting. Sometimes they pressed it to limits that were more original than realistic—as when two of them were seen sitting beneath the hood of a civilian motor-car in a garage yard in the midst of the Armoured Force. There they had the advantage of keeping dry as well as of "keeping in touch," and their choice of an observation post was at least an unconscious tribute to the value of mechanization.

But when the method and the results of this reconnaissance are analysed, the question arises whether it is necessary to maintain whole cavalry brigades to obtain information which might be gained as effectively and less expensively by organizing a special troop composed of and trained as scouts.

* * *

To pass from the exercises on Salisbury Plain to those of the Aldershot Command in Sussex and of Eastern Command

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The Immobility of Cavalry.

in Essex was to be impressed, above all, with the difference of country. Many observers expressed a wish that the Armoured Force could be tried in country so utterly different to the bare expanses of the Plain. Less commonly noticed, but perhaps more significant, was the effect of this difference on the movement of the cavalry. Although they were not hampered, as were the tanks, by the artificial handicap of avoiding damage to property, their movement was, in practice, almost as much restricted. The high hedges, small fields and, in places, wire, made it well nigh impossible for them to move off the roads. If this restriction had been augmented by the enemy's use of barbed wire, an assured expedient in war, it is questionable whether in such country the horse would be any use at all, except as an inferior form of road transport. So far as their reconnaissance work was concerned, it is difficult to argue that they had any advantage over scouts in motor vehicles who could travel more quickly to within close range of the enemy and then carry out the last stage, similarly, on foot. In point of fact, much of the most useful information was gained by a few motor cyclists. In one exercise a reconnaissance squadron used one motor cycle combination for an essential reconnaissance of the River Rother before dark, and obtained reports on all the crossings, when mounted patrols could not possibly have reached the river in time even at one point. The lesson of the Sussex, as of the Salisbury plain exercises, was that, for reconnaissance, quality and mobility infinitely outweigh numbers. A troop of trained scouts appears to be just as good as a cavalry regiment, and proportionately cheaper. If each infantry division had a troop of trained scouts mounted on horses and another on the new " Baby " Austin reconnaissance cars, it would be better equipped with " eyes " at a fraction of the cost of a divisional cavalry regiment.

* * *

Army Headquarters in India.

There has been some trenchant criticism of Army Headquarters in India of late in the Indian press, and we notice that our own remarks on the lack of modern equipment, which appeared in the last issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES, have been extensively quoted. This adverse criticism appears to have caused rather a shock in Government circles

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and it is admittedly a new departure for military policy, or the lack of it, to be so roughly handled. A complacent acquiescence in the *status quo* is one of the besetting sins of Indian Government officials, and we do not think much harm has been done by the plain speaking that has been indulged in. The Indian Army especially cannot afford to be dealt with in the *laissez-faire* manner which has always been the hall-mark of Indian military policy. Modernization, decrease in size, but increase in efficiency, quality rather than quantity, these are the factors which would help to make the Indian Army a really attractive and interesting profession. So long as it fails to attract there is a vital flaw in the structure. The Army Secretary's statement to the Legislative Assembly last month seemed rather to miss this point, *i.e.*, that the Indian Army must be livened up by more rapid modernization. Still, he indicated that new developments may be expectcd, and the fact that the Commander-in-Chief has been able to persuade the Government of India to give him a " net budget " is certainly a step in the right direction. This means that any unexpended balance at the end of the financial year will remain in the Commander-in-Chief's hands and will not fall to the Central Government. This arrangement is to last five years, by which time it may be hoped that the Indian Army will have brought its equipment up to date and increased its efficiency. While on this subject, it is as well to point out that none except the regimental officer seems to realize that efficiency also entails, in these scientific days, a greater proportion of time spent on training and less on fatigues. The average soldier spends at least one day a week on Quartermaster's fatigues and other *chores*. This work could equally well be done by specially enlisted companies of reservists. The same applies to station guards and duties, guards on the general's bungalow, etc. A reservist on sentry duty outside the G.O.C's. residence or carrying files about the District Headquarters' office would look much more imposing than a young soldier who ought to be perfecting himself in his trade. In certain training establishments here at home, reservists are employed as fatigue men, mess servants and batmen. If there were one or more of these Reserve companies in each big station in India, another fifty days at least would be added on to the soldier's training year, which at present is about eighty days, of which some thirty are spent on the annual musketry course.

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Cavalry and Armoured Cars in India.

A correspondent in India writes :—" May I be permitted to disagree with certain statements made in the Editorial of the April Number on the subject of the superiority of armoured cars over cavalry for internal security duty in India ?

" A section of armoured cars moving slowly down the Chandni Chowk in Delhi has an undoubted effect in conjunction with that produced by infantry, cavalry and foot and mounted police, whom you will find elsewhere in the city. In the picture papers you always see the armoured car because it goes where nothing much is happening but press photography. Armoured cars alone may inspire terror in the evil-doer and confidence in the law-abiding, but only within their radius of action, unless they are to shoot and go on shooting until they ' teach India a lesson,' which we know to have been held to be a wrong view to take by soldiers when acting in aid of Civil Power.

" For the reasons you have stated the armoured car is ideal where your streets are broad, but there are whole quarters in every Indian city where 4-wheeled vehicles cannot go. It is into these places that you have got to send troops when the situation gets out of hand and individuals are caught singly and battered to death by bands of the opposing faction.

" Again, troops called out in aid of Civil Power must be prepared to go anywhere by day or night, often during the rains, where roads do not exist, to round up villages or sections of a city, to follow up mobs, to intercept crowds streaming in from outside to the scene of a disturbance, to arrest or escort individuals and last of all, if it be necessary to shoot, to fire a limited number of rounds preferably at selected individuals or at snipers. These tasks imply a degree of mobility and a cross-country performance not possessed by armoured cars ; they comprise multifarious duties for which a number of men as opposed to protected fire power is an essential. In arriving at a conclusion as to the arm best suited for the purpose under discussion we must be guided not by theory but by actual practice and there are some of us who have had a lot of practice. In the Punjab cities whenever trouble occurs the Civil Authorities waste no time in getting cavalry to the scene of action, sending them by rail where necessary and are by no means content to rely on armoured cars alone, which they can usually get to the scene of action before cavalry. Mechanization has come to

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stay, but the value of cavalry for dealing with crowds is as great as ever probably for the very same reason that you still have mounted police in London. They are, locally speaking, mobile—practically immune and, what is more important, the crowd can see a man on a horse, who happens to be possessed of the power of applying ' force ' in varying degrees of severity without recourse to opening fire, which always causes excitement in the press no matter how necessary it may have been. Machine-gun fire is just what the sensationalist wants and is very hard to justify, so why advocate the use of a unit with very decided limitations as regards the particular task to be done ?"

There is much sound commonsense in our correspondent's remarks and we are very glad to publish them. As in India, so at home during the recent manœuvres, it has been abundantly proved that the new arms of the Service are not going to dispossess the old ones in one fell swoop, though they are enabling the old ones to do their job much better than hitherto. But the gist of our remarks was that a *British* cavalry regiment was an exceedingly expensive unit to maintain in India, where it can only be used for internal security duties, moreover we are of opinion that an Indian cavalry regiment would do the unpleasant jobs our correspondent visualizes very much more efficiently than a British cavalry regiment. We are quite ready to concede that cavalry plus armoured cars during trouble in the Punjab is a better proposition than armoured cars alone, but it is hard on the British taxpayer to have to provide whole cavalry regiments for this purpose.

* * *

Financial Concessions in India.

When the Pay Revision Scheme, which was due on July 1st, 1927, was postponed " for financial reasons," everyone hoped that this meant something really good in 1928. It was argued that pay revision schemes are not postponed for financial reasons unless such revision involves an increase. Rumour had it that the postponed scheme included the following concessions, and there is reason to believe that " rumour had reason." However, in the intervening twelve months the rats have got at the original scheme rather badly.

The rumoured concessions were :—

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(i) 5½% pension cut to be abolished.
(ii) Colonel's pensions to be increased by £200 a year.
(iii) An educational allowance of Rs100 a month for officers' children between the ages of 8 and 18.
(iv) Indian rates of furlough pay whilst on leave *ex* India.

Sadly nibbled, almost beyond recognition, the scheme has entirely lost items (i) and (iii). Item (ii) has been whittled down to £5 *extra per year of service* for officers of and above the rank of full Colonel, subject to a maximum of £200 a year. This means that few officers under the rank of Major-General are likely to benefit by the " concession " while the only Indian Army officers at present eligible for the maximum are General Sir John Shea, G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command, and Major-General Sir H. Tytler.

The revised furlough rates of pay will make a considerable difference to officers on leave, especially to those who are married. This is a real concession and whilst no more than just, will be greatly appreciated.

Meanwhile we wish something could be done for the British Service officers. They get no free passages home ; they have to keep up, or at any rate have an interest in, several establishments in the hot weather ; and they have to buy their own chargers. Here is a typical case. Furniture stored in England ; a bungalow with chowkidar and mali in the plains ; share of upkeep of Mess in the plains ; share of upkeep of Mess in a hill detachment, wife and family at hill station during the hot weather. Yet India has so much to offer to those who are keen on sport that, if only a few concessions were made, there would be few grumbles.

* * *

Pioneer Battalions.

It has long been recognized that the Corps of Royal Engineers and its Indian counterpart, the Corps of Sappers and Miners, have outgrown their original functions, viz. : field fortifications and the improvement of communications.

With the increased requirements of modern armies, the Sapper has tended to become more of a technical specialist, a tradesman whose knowledge enables him to supervise and direct the efforts of unskilled or semi-skilled labour. During the recent great war it was no uncommon thing to see a Sapper

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subaltern directing the efforts of an entire battalion of perspiring and profane fighting men. Later in the war Pioneer battalions were raised to do this sort of work. Sometimes they worked under Sapper control; occasionally they carried out works such as roads, culverts, etc., with the aid of such technical knowledge as their own officers possessed and this was sometimes considerable. These Pioneer battalions were disbanded after the Armistice and await the next war for their re-birth. The Indian Army, on the other hand, has had Pioneer battalions for over twenty years, and these exist and function as such, in peace as well as in war. These battalions—there are twelve of them—mostly in the first place raised as infantry, are trained, not as *infra*-sappers, but as *super*-infantry. Their training, spirit, traditions and *esprit de corps* are such that they can be and frequently are, used indiscriminately on Pioneer and Infantry duties. The Corps of Indian Pioneers has, in recent times alone, produced a Field-Marshal, a Lieutenant-General, two Major-Generals, and several full Colonels. But modern training and armament are making it more and more apparent that the time is fast approaching, if indeed it has not already come, when these magnificent battalions can no longer fulfil their double rôle. They must either be Pioneers all the time or Infantry all the time. If the tactical training of a Pioneer battalion, on the one hand, is allowed to become a side line, as in the case of the Royal Engineers and Sappers and Miners, the Pioneers of the Indian Army will become auxiliary to the Sappers and Miners, and no self-respecting British officer would put his son into such a battalion; deliberately making him a subordinate when he could just as easily send him to Woolwich to become a Sapper. There has not been a frontier or overseas campaign in which the Indian Army has been employed where there has not also been a Pioneer battalion. Their principal function, when not carrying out infantry duty, or more frequently in addition thereto, has been, and is, to carry out such operations of field engineering as is likely to be required by a force on the march in mobile warfare, such as improvement of a ford, hacking out a track on a hillside, light bridging, putting guns and vehicles over an obstacle, etc. Work of a more technical and permanent nature has been left to the more skilled artificers of the Sappers and Miners.

The conclusion of the whole matter appears to be that

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(*a*) Pioneers, while necessary in war, are not so necessary in peace ; (*b*) the present Indian Pioneer battalions can no longer be expected to fulfil their hitherto double rôle ; (*c*) if their infantry functions are removed and they become subordinate Sappers their *esprit de corps* will disappear and they will have difficulty in recruitment, both in British and Indian personnel.

If it is accepted that Pioneers are mainly a war-time requirement, then the obvious solution seems to be to offer inducements to the principal Indian States to raise Pioneer battalions whose services can be made available to the Imperial Government in time of war. As is no doubt known to the readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES, the Indian State Forces are organized into three categories, the first of which are trained and organized on the same lines as the Indian Army, and are available for active service.

The present Indian Pioneer battalions, with their wonderful *esprit de corps* and traditions, can then be re-converted into infantry or being already organized on a three-company basis, are ready to hand for conversion into mechanized machine-gun battalions whenever the Government of India is able to make up its mind to the excrutiatingly painful operation of parting with the necessary funds.

* * *

Mahsuds.

Since the Third Afghan War recruitment of Mahsuds has been stopped for the Indian Army. A new experiment is now being tried, that of enlisting young Mahsuds as lorry drivers. These are being trained at frontier stations and from what one hears, they are a distinctly promising material, intelligent and keen. Neither do they seem to mind being in an unarmed corps such as the I.A.S.C. All this is very good as it opens up further possibilities towards the economic pacification of the Frontier. Employ the tribesmen to build roads in his own country and thus open it up to the influences of civilization, buy more lorries to run on the new roads and then employ the younger tribesmen to drive these lorries. The intention being so good, all that is needed is a properly educated Finance Committee of the Government of India to put up the money. It will obviously be money well spent, as tending to save millions on otherwise inevitable frontier expeditions.

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Air Raids and Gas.

The mimic air battles over London during August caused a momentary stir amongst the general public and the country's ability to repel and cope with air raids on a large scale was freely discussed. The discharge of poisonous gases from the air rather than bombs seemed to be the chief cause of apprehension and it was rumoured that a gas had been manufactured, not only infinitely more deadly in effect than phosgene, but also perfectly capable of being made in large quantities. Such a gas may exist, but our knowledge of the matter leads us to the view that it is extremely unlikely that it can be made in sufficient quantity, or that it could be sprayed effectively from the air or in the required concentration. Our climate being what it is, it is some satisfaction to realize that there are few days or nights on which gas attacks could be effectively undertaken. The gas bomb is comparatively limited in its effect and an enemy who decided to employ gas on a large scale would have to equip himself with a very considerable force of specially constructed aircraft. Such aircraft, if they were to carry a useful load of gas, would have to sacrifice most of their fighting qualities and carry little or nothing in the way of armament. They would be even more vulnerable to air attack than the bomber, while the gas container itself would be likely to fall an easy victim to machine-gun fire, with unpleasant consequences for the crew. Some slight consolation may be derived from these facts, but, of course, our only real defence against air raids of any nature is our ability " to do so and more also " to the enemy who decides to attack us in this fashion. At the same time it is unthinkable that our air strategy should be based on a principle of unrestricted air warfare any more than it would be for our Naval strategy to be based on unrestricted submarine warfare, and it is to be hoped that the Air manœuvres brought home to the civilian population the necessity for maintaining the good work inaugurated by the Peace Pact and of keeping the warfare of the future within the strictest limits. So long as Europe maintains her sanity as we have every belief she will, the chances of our Air Force having to indulge in orgies of destruction against the civilian populations of hostile countries are fortunately exceedingly small.

* * *

The R.A.F. Display has, from its inception, been an

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overwhelming success, and a very real source of pleasure to the thousands who, each year, flock to Hendon to witness what is unquestionably an attractive and spectacular pageant. This year the exploits of individual airmen and the formation flying of the various squadrons were as thrilling as ever and carried out with the finest skill and technique imaginable, yet many who had witnessed previous displays did not, somehow, feel the same glow of enthusiasm as they experienced before. Perhaps the majority of us expect too much, and do not sufficiently realize the difficulties that exist in the way of producing something new each year. Still, it seems to us that improvements in a number of directions can and must be effected if the display is not to lose its popularity. We hope that the following suggestions will assist those whose duty it is to frame the programme for next year's display and those responsible for the general arrangements which have to do with the comfort of spectators.

The R.A.F. Display.

(1) As regards the items in the display the most important from the spectators' point of view undoubtedly is the set piece. To say the least, this year's attack on the oil refineries was thoroughly unconvincing and a poor spectacle. In place of the stereotyped set piece is it not possible to stage a thrilling incident from the Great War? We imagine there are many incidents of this kind which could be reproduced and which would be not only of added interest to the spectators, but a far more practical way of demonstrating the work of an air force in war. Up to date the set pieces seem to have been designed more from the point of view of giving spectators their money's worth by a great display of pyrotechnics than for anything else. The intelligent spectators, and these we judge to be the vast majority who attend, demand something more than this; they require to be interested and this can best be ensured in the manner we have indicated. The "Official History of the War in the Air," of which Vol. II recently has been published, is full of incidents which provide excellent material for set pieces which, if staged, would unquestionably add to the prestige of the Royal Air Force. We hope this suggestion will commend itself to the authorities concerned.

(2) Now that the two University squadrons are well established, is it not possible to arrange, if not an actual inter-Varsity air race, some competition between these two

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antagonists? Such an event would be very popular and possibly an added attraction.

(3) Most people would welcome an opportunity of seeing the latest flying-boats, and if it is not considered practicable to arrange for one or more of these three-engined aircraft to be flown over the aerodrome during the course of the display, could it not be arranged to have one of these on show in the aircraft park?

(4) Many thousands of people will be deterred from again attending the display until improvements are made in getting traffic away after the display is over. This is a very general complaint and is fully warranted by the deplorable road traffic conditions and those at Colindale Station, the latter being nothing short of scandalous. Although this matter may be one principally for police and the railway authorities it is up to the Air Force authorities to do all they can to see that these conditions are improved. We quite realize that facilities for getting traffic away quickly do not exist, but where in our opinion the arrangements break down is the apparent laxity in controlling the traffic. There is no excuse for getting traffic hopelessly jammed or for the overcrowding in Colindale Avenue. In both cases it is only a matter of initiating better organization and stricter measures.

(5) We can see no reason why there should not be facilities for passenger flights in civil aircraft. Such flights could be undertaken during the morning up to 12 noon and again after the last event. There is little doubt that if Imperial Airways were permitted to carry out these flights there would be paying passengers enough to keep all their machines fully employed during those hours. The advantages are self-evident and incidentally this might help in some way to ease the traffic congestion, for quite a number of people would remain on after the show, irrespective of whether they intended going up or not.

(6) As a finale we suggest that it would create an impressive spectacle if all the squadrons taking part in the display were martialled in the air, during which time the R.A.F. band could play the R.A.F. March Past.

(7) We hope that one or both of the new airships will figure in next year's display and so give the taxpayer an opportunity of seeing how his money has been "Burneyd."

* * *

We hope we may be forgiven for again alluding to this

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type of aircraft and we do so only because we possess additional information of such importance as to warrant further reference to this most important branch of aviation. The production of a three-engined torpedo-carrying flying-boat (the Supermarine Solent) capable of carrying two 1,500 lb. torpedoes, is an event which is likely to lead to important developments in other directions, that is, if its true significance is appreciated by those concerned, and principally the Admiralty. This development has long been foreshadowed in these notes and we have pointed out that when it came it would be one more nail in the coffin of the aircraft carrier, for, in our view, no longer would there be need for the retention of the land-type torpedo-carrier aircraft operating from carriers. This means that we should be left with the single-seater fighter as the only type of land plane for work with a fleet. Why therefore go on sinking more millions in the construction and maintenance of aircraft carriers? With the signing of the new Peace Pact, war between the chief naval powers can be ruled out as altogether unlikely for many years to come, which means that we are free to devote our energies and expenditure upon future requirements rather than throw money overboard on things which we know quite well to be pure makeshifts. We observe from questions asked at the close of the last session of Parliament that there is a desire among members to see a cut in Naval expenditure as a direct result of the Peace Pact. Our opinion is that a considerable cut can be made in the way we indicate, and that it would not be unduly harmful to the Navy.

Flying Boats.

The official log of the Far East flight of the Royal Air Force contains many important features, principal among them being :—

(1) Frequent reference to the suitability of the route taken for flying-boats.

(2) Despite the fact that these boats had been in the water continuously from October to February mostly under tropical conditions, they were found on examination to be in excellent condition. At no time during the cruise were any serious mechanical troubles experienced.

(3) Weather conditions were encountered and successfully combated which to a land-type machine might very well have caused disaster.

If further practical proof were needed of the potentialities of this type of aircraft for military purposes and commercial

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Empire air routes then we think the above more than supplies it.

* * *

British Air Exhibition.

During a recent debate in the House of Commons Rear Admiral Sueter urged the Air Minister to organize a great Aviation Exhibition in London next year, and suggested further that an Imperial Air Conference should be held at the same time. We heartily endorse the first part of the suggestion (an Imperial Air Conference has already been agreed to, and in accordance with decisions arrived at during the Imperial Conference, 1926, is to be held in Canada next year). There are now no finer aircraft or aero engines in the world than those produced in this country, as may be gathered by the number of important orders which have been placed in this country from abroad and from the significant fact that foreign nations are, to an increasing extent, fitting British engines to their aircraft.

An exhibition of this nature would do much to procure further orders and stimulate interest generally in British aviation and the products of the British Aircraft Industry. For self-evident reasons we would suggest that the exhibition should be held to coincide as nearly as possible with the R.A.F. Display or the Schneider Trophy Race.

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A BID FOR A TRIDENT

By Rear-Admiral R. N. Bax, C.B.

"THE present Shipping Board will always encounter great difficulty, not to mention heavy loss, in an attempt to operate shipping." So Mr. Coolidge is reported to have said with regard to two lines of steamers running respectively between the United States and India and the United States and continental ports. His remarks seem justified from the fact that the low rates quoted for the new services would not cover the cost of loading and discharging the cargo and Suez Canal dues.

That money is no object where sea power is concerned, is evidently the view of a considerable body of public opinion in the United States.

On top of a naval building programme, estimated to cost $740,000,000, put forward by Mr. Wilbur and the Naval Affairs Committee, came the Mercantile Marine Bill of Senator Wesley Jones, demanding a replacement programme for merchant shipping amounting to $250,000,000.

All this at a time when we had already made reductions in our cruiser building programme, and when further reductions seemed possible, although the Board of Admiralty have given it as their considered opinion that the authorized programme is the minimum which can ensure the adequate protection of our trade routes.

Responsible opinion on both sides of the Atlantic, no doubt, differs widely from the candid pronouncements of Admiral Plunkett, yet the American bid for predominance at sea is a momentous event even if the full proposals are not carried out, and is a matter of serious concern to us.

If Mr. Wilbur's programme is carried out, and it is still possible it will be, then the American Navy will be definitely superior to ours, and for the first time for over 200 years we shall take second place as a sea power.

The sudden leap of the American Navy from third place and an approximate equality with that of France before the war to the first place and an approximate equality with that of England now is the most remarkable naval development of recent years.

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Mr. Wilbur gives defence as the main reason for his building programme, but it is not immediately clear against whom or what the United States require this large cruiser force to defend them.

No other American state has a navy of any considerable strength. Japan and Great Britain are the only two Powers with navies capable of offensive action against them.

Japan's battleship strength is limited to three-fifths of that of the United States. She is close on 5,000 miles away, and has no base of any sort in the vicinity of America. In face of the United States Navy, no attack on the American coast is feasible for her.

The Philippines are over 1,000 miles from Japan, and in face of the American fleet an attack on them would be a very hazardous undertaking, even if there were any object to be gained by it.

This great cruiser programme can hardly be dictated by any fear of Japan!

We are some 3,000 miles from America. Our battle-fleet at its best is only equal in strength to hers, and we have no base on the other side of the Atlantic capable of meeting its requirements in any way. Our fleet would, therefore, be at an enormous disadvantage if it tried to undertake offensive operations in those waters.

Certainly there is a very big coastal traffic up and down the Atlantic coast of America, in the Caribbean and the Gulf, which by their navigation laws is kept entirely for American shipping. Any serious interference with this would cause them great inconvenience, but the stream of traffic runs quite close to the coast, in American waters all the way, is easy to protect, and open to attack only by raiders and submarines.

Their recent proposal to abolish submarines may have been prompted by anxiety about their coastal traffic.

As in the case of Japan, so with us, it is not obvious at first sight why the United States should be in need of any additional protection. As Mr. Coolidge's remark shows, her oversea trade does not at the moment call for an overwhelming cruiser force to protect it, even if any Power showed signs of wishing to attack it; but it is instructive to try to see what is the real motive which prompts this agitation for a navy equal to ours.

People on this side are apt to forget that it is little more than 100 years since we were actually fighting America, and

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probably few could say what was the actual cause of that war. Admiral Mahan, a 100 per cent. American, put it down to an acute conflict of trading interests arising at a time of national bitterness and ill-feeling.

The national bitterness and ill-feeling left by the War of Independence was still strong when the Revolutionary War with France broke out in 1793, and it was aggravated by the American practice of enticing our seamen to desert to man their own shipping. Not only did this take place in American ports, but Lord St. Vincent relates that an Englishman could purchase American nationality for a dollar from the United States consul in any of the ports of France, Spain or Portugal.

Desertion attained such proportions that it became a serious danger to our fleet, and resulted in our searching American ships not only for contraband cargo but for deserters also.

This was highly resented by the American Government and led to many unfortunate incidents. It might well have caused war earlier, but for the good sense and moderation displayed by leading men in both Governments, and the indignation aroused in America by the high-handed actions of the French. Though peace was maintained between France and America, more than one action was fought between men-of-war of those countries, notably that between the frigates *Constellation* and *La Vengeance* in 1799.

On top of the trouble over recovering deserters from American ships came the blockade difficulties.

Napoleon realized that his scheme for the conquest of England had miscarried in July, 1805, when Villeneuve, returning from his voyage to the West Indies and back with Nelson close on his heels, took refuge in Vigo after being met and defeated by Calder. The Grand Army was ready, waiting at Boulogne, and Napoleon's plan had been for Villeneuve to pick up the Spanish fleet in Ferrol, slip through Cornwallis's blockade, and, in conjunction with the French squadrons from Brest and Rochefort, to gain command of the Channel for the four or five days necessary to enable Napoleon to throw the Grand Army across into England. The skilful disposition of Cornwallis's blockading fleet had checkmated him, so Napoleon immediately gave orders for the Grand Army to march into Austria and turned his attention to the conquest of Europe.

He hoped to bring us to our knees by closing the ports

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of the continent to our trade, in short, he proposed to conquer the sea from the land, and the Revolutionary War developed into a life and death struggle between the sea power of England and the land power of Europe under Napoleon.

So complete was Napoleon's domination of the continent by the year 1807 that the United States was by then the only neutral of any importance left, and her opportunities of acquiring wealth as a neutral trader would have been unbounded if the struggle had not developed into an almost entirely economic one. England was practically omnipotent at sea, but of little account on land, while Napoleon was at one time nearly omnipotent on land, but his ships hardly dared put to sea.

One of England's most valuable assets was her West Indian trade ; the sugar and coffee from those islands fetched very high prices on the continent ; and England, while developing the commerce of her own islands, strangled that of the French, Spanish and Dutch possessions.

America, then a neutral, was not slow to realize the profit to be derived from shipping the produce of these enemy isles to Europe. To call at an American port *en route* was all on the way, as the sailing ships of those days had in any case to come north to get the westerly winds to take them across the Atlantic. Nothing was simpler than to convert a cargo into American property by a purely paper transaction in an American port, thus rendering it immune from capture.

England, quickly realizing what was going on, refused to recognize the validity of the transaction in cases where, in the opinion of the Prize Court, duties had only nominally been paid. Much controversy ensued, and American feelings were still more ruffled when, in May, 1806, a British Order in Council declared a blockade of the coast of the continent from Brest to the Elbe. Not to bear too hardly on neutrals, this blockade was only enforced strictly between the mouth of the Seine and Ostend, neutral ships being allowed in and out of the ports on either side of this zone freely, but Napoleon and the Americans held, with some reason, that an effective blockade of the coast from Brest to the Elbe was impossible.

Austria and Prussia were now at Napoleon's feet. Spain, Holland, Italy and the smaller German states were completely under his control ; he had no doubt he could impose his will on the continent and force it to close every port to British trade. On November 21st, 1806, he issued the famous

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Berlin Decree, in which he declared a blockade of the British Isles, in spite of the fact that his fleets were sealed up in harbour by the British Navy.

In trying to exclude British trade from the territories under his sway, he also hit neutrals hard, including America, as their property, if of British origin, was declared liable to capture.

England replied with an Order in Council in January, 1807, forbidding neutrals to trade between French ports or those under French control. This stroke was aimed at Napoleon's coastal trade, which had lately been thrown open to neutrals, but again it hit the neutrals hard as well.

At this time Napoleon was engaged in the campaign against Russia which ended so disastrously for that country. By the Treaty of Tilsit in July, 1807, the Czar was forced, among other things, to unite his forces by land and sea with those of Napoleon and close his ports to British shipping.

Sweden, Denmark and Portugal were next summoned to join in against us, and another Order in Council of November 11th, 1807, was the result. In this order England declared a blockade of all " ports and places of France and her Allies, etc."

This blockade was comprehensive indeed, and quite impossible even for the British Navy to carry out strictly in accordance with the requirements of International Law; but while our battle fleets sealed every port in which a hostile squadron lay, our cruisers, swarming on every sea, rendered the blockade very effective in practice.

Napoleon, on the other hand, had the utmost difficulty in enforcing his decrees on a reluctant continent in urgent need of the goods which could only be supplied by Great Britain or with her permission.

Though neutrals were by our Order in Council prevented from trading directly with any port not open to our own shipping, we permitted them to trade with enemy ports provided they called at a British port before visiting or on leaving an enemy one. The provisions were vexatious and humiliating as well as contrary to International Law, but England was fighting for her life and they were only adopted as a measure of retaliation against Napoleon.

His answer was the Milan Decree of December 17th, 1807, declaring any ship " denationalized " which submitted to search by a British cruiser, and that all vessels going to or sailing from Great Britain were good prize.

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Each step taken by either party in this great economic struggle unfortunately hit the neutral as well as the foe at which it was aimed.

The British, realizing this, made various modifications in their Orders in Council to meet the protests of the American Government, and finally revoked them all on June 23rd, 1812. It was too late! War had already been declared by Congress and approved by the President on June 18th.

After an interval of almost exactly 100 years history repeated itself with curious fidelity.

Again Britain, the great sea Power, was engaged in a desperate life and death struggle with the Power of the land. Again we were forced to take measure after measure to prevent supplies going to our enemies, which interfered seriously with neutral trade, and which were not always strictly in accordance with the letter of International Law; but Germany's methods were not only in flagrant violation of it, but outraged all the traditions of civilized warfare and humanity.

At the beginning of the World War the eastern states of America were on the whole in favour of the Allies. The centre and west took little interest in it, and were certainly averse to being drawn in. As time went on the great trading interests were much incensed by the British blockade measures. Though large profits were being made by supplying the Allies with goods and munitions, the trade with the Central Powers became more and more difficult as the blockade was tightened; though large supplies at first went through neutral countries, Scandinavia, Denmark and Holland.

When we tried to stop America sending her goods to Germany through neutral countries, she was not slow to point out that we were doing it ourselves, and in fact it was true. Just as in 1807, when the French Army, engaged in the bloody campaign in Russia, was clad and shod with British goods imported by the French Minister in Hamburg in face of the Berlin Decree, so until America herself came into the late war British goods poured into Germany through neutral channels.

Whenever America protested to Germany about the loss of life of her citizens by the illegal methods of the submarine campaign, Germany replied that it was unneutral service to supply the Allies with munitions.

For the second time in history America found her

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interests as a neutral interfered with by both sides in a European war, though England, as before, did all she reasonably could to meet her.

In the " Intimate Papers of Colonel House " we are told : " But for the murderous and equally illegal maritime methods of Germany, it would have been next to impossible to avoid war with Great Britain " in the end of 1916.

It seems that America's two experiences as a neutral during a great European war are largely responsible for this demand for a big navy. Had her fleet been ready for war in 1914, she would probably have intervened on the side of the Allies after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and the war would have been brought to a speedy close. It is doubtful if Germany would have risked sinking neutrals and passenger ships at all.

It seems clear that America does not intend her commerce to be interfered with again by blockade measures of questionable legality in any future European war ; it is probable that if such a conflict occurs again she will proclaim what she calls the " Freedom of the Seas," and she undoubtedly intends to be in a position to enforce her views.

There is another point in Mr. Wilbur's statement which is not given much prominence, but we should do well to take it to heart. He says : " Showing the flag has a marked influence upon our merchants' endeavours, and their success is influenced in no small degree by the prestige which up-to-date and smart modern cruisers create and foster."

This is no new discovery of Mr. Wilbur's. It has been known for generations to all who travel outside their native country. It is a truism that trade follows the flag.

Our trade in South America, for example, dropped far behind in the race as compared with that of other countries when we withdrew our ships from the Pacific and South-East Coast of America, in order to concentrate our forces at home to meet the German menace.

Germany's great oversea trade before the war grew up side by side with the building of her navy. As her cruisers showed her flag in every part of the world, so her foreign trade increased by leaps and bounds.

This lesson has not been lost on America. She sees the value of the " up-to-date and smart modern cruiser in creating and fostering trade." She has the money to build cruisers

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and merchant ships to any extent, and all the evidence tends to show that she will do it.

There have been profound changes in the conditions of world commerce since the war.

America now owns half the monetary gold of the world, and we have it on the authority of Mr. McKenna that in consequence it is not the value of gold in America which now determines the value of the dollar, but the value of the dollar which determines the value of gold. The world, as a matter of fact, is now on a dollar standard.

Sir Edward Goschen points out that the American banks are making most strenuous efforts to divert to the United States, not only the financing of their own imports and exports, but much other business which was previously confined to British banks. For instance, a large amount of the financing of the purchase of the American cotton crop has been captured by them.

The rapid increase in the use of oil fuel for merchant shipping has, among other things, dealt a serious blow to our coal trade and again adversely affected our trade balance. Our coal is no longer in such demand in foreign countries as before the war. Formerly, the tramp steamer could carry coal out to pay for the cargo she picked up in a foreign port; now she probably has to go out in ballast, and the profit on the trip is correspondingly reduced. Also she herself is now hampered by difficulty in getting bunker coal in many ports.

As already pointed out, American steamship lines are quoting prices which cannot but entail heavy losses in order to capture trade; and in comparing British and continental freight rates, the lower port charges on the continent and the quicker despatch often given there, militate against us.

These are but a few of the points which may well cause anxiety as to the future of our commerce even without the determined bid that America is making to wrest our naval supremacy from us.

On the other hand, the conditions which forced us to look to the sea for our livelihood and enabled us to gain our supremacy are still with us.

Our unique geographical position at the focus of the sea routes of the world made London the business centre of the world. That geographical position cannot be taken from us, and London so far still maintains her business capacity. We have an accumulated knowledge and experience of shipping

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which it will take the United States a generation to acquire. Mr. Coolidge at least has no delusions on this point.

We still have a teeming population in a small island absolutely dependent on the sea for its daily bread. Our population must of necessity remain largely a seafaring one.

The Americans, on the other hand, are not a seafaring nation either from force of circumstances or tradition. They have always hitherto had difficulty in manning their ships, but now they can afford to pay wages which will attract crews for them.

If they like to pay the price they can have the ships, and no doubt they can get the men. They certainly realize that trade follows the flag.

We, who are absolutely dependent on our oversea trade for our existence, are now represented in American and African waters only by a few small and obsolete ships.

Though such a catastrophe as war between us and the United States is hardly to be contemplated, surely we shall have to pay dearly in commerce for the few millions saved by cutting down our cruiser building programme.

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INFANTRY AND MECHANIZATION

A REPLY

By CAPTAIN H. R. B. WATKINS, Royal Tank Corps.

IN view of the importance of this subject to the Army and to the nation, it seems essential that the article entitled "Infantry and Mechanization," by Colonel Sir Hereward Wake, which appeared in the April number of THE FIGHTING FORCES, should not be allowed to pass without reply. It is not denied that there has been a tendency in the Press towards exaggeration; unfortunately, with a conservative nation such as ours, it has long been recognized that some exaggeration of a subject of this nature is a necessary prelude to commanding attention. Perhaps the author of the counterblast in question has himself been influenced subconsciously by the same consideration.

The general charge of exaggeration, therefore, will not be defended. It is when we commence to examine his specific charges that there appears to be considerable ground for criticism. One expected to read, first and foremost, that proposals and claims tend to outstrip the progress of technical possibility; this would have to be admitted. But such an obvious line of attack is entirely neglected, and we find the "advanced advocates of mechanization" condemned for holding the following views:—

(*a*) That "it was proved in the last war that infantry on foot cannot advance against machine guns; that infantry on foot are therefore only sheep for the slaughter and should be considered obsolete; that it is waste of time training infantry as they exist at present."

(*b*) That "war against a Power with all the resources of civilization" [*sic*] at its command may come at short notice, and that unless our Army, particularly infantry, are fully mechanized—that is, equipped with armoured mechanized fighting vehicles—destruction and defeat await us; the public must therefore be educated so that they will sanction the necessary expense."

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That the above represents, as far as it goes, a fairly accurate summary of the views of the " advanced advocates of mechanization " cannot be denied also, but what does not appear to be appreciated is the extent to which these views are supported by the Army as a whole.

In elaborating his arguments against these views, Colonel Sir Hereward Wake adopts three sub-headings—

(*a*) Enemy Mechanization.
(*b*) The Next War.
(*c*) Are Infantry on Foot obsolete ?

For the sake of clarity, therefore, we will adopt the same procedure and examine his contentions in detail.

Enemy Mechanization.

This heading covers a series of statements, the gist of which is as follows :—

(*a*) That we need not be defeated by an enemy who is no more mechanized than ourselves.
(*b*) That safety does not demand that we should educate our public in advance of the education of any foreign people.
(*c*) If we take the lead, we only drive others along the same path, possibly to our own disadvantage—our development of the dreadnought and the submarine being quoted as examples.

Now, what do these statements imply ? As I understand them, they imply that in the organization of our Army and, presumably, of our fighting forces as a whole, we should be guided by the following principles :—

(1) That they shall be designed, primarily, to avoid defeat rather than to ensure victory.
(2) That any attempt to develop a more efficient instrument of war than is possessed by other Powers is foredoomed to failure ; further, that such action is to be deprecated, in any case, for fear of its regressive effect.

The possibility of such a doctrine of negation and *laissez-faire* receiving consideration raises the whole question of the future of the British Empire. It is time that we faced facts as they are and not as we would like them

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to be. We are a peaceful nation, but we can only retain our Empire, our freedom, and our influence in the world just so long as we are prepared to fight, and to fight with all our resources, when our vital interests are seriously threatened. The Army is part of our insurance against war as a first alternative, and against defeat as a second. To be an effective insurance against war an army must command respect by reason of the fighting qualities of its personnel and its high standard of armament; to be an effective insurance against defeat it must be designed for offensive action. The cost of such an army is the premium we have to pay for our security; we can either pay it in full or allow our policy of insurance to lapse.

With regard to competition in armament, it is true that any advantage gained by the exercise of imagination, invention and initiative can only be temporary, but on the possession of such an advantage at the outset may hang the issue of a whole campaign. Because, owing to the fact that the defensive was enjoying a period of ascendancy, we were able to stave off defeat in the opening stages of the last war, there is a marked tendency to take it for granted that we shall always be vouchsafed a breathing space, after the outbreak of hostilities, in which to remedy defects in armament and organization. Such an assumption is unjustified and exceedingly dangerous.

The Next War.

Here an attempt is made to show that a "first-class" war within the next twenty-five years is a practical impossibility, and that even a war "on a big scale" is unlikely to arise suddenly for many years to come.

The arguments in support of this contention are not very comprehensive; in fact, they are compressed into one short paragraph, and amount to conclusions rather than arguments. For example, the improbability of Italy going to war is based on the fact that Mussolini is not to be regarded as a fool. No mention is made of the obligations undertaken by Great Britain as a member of the League of Nations. The possibility of our having to implement the Treaty of Locarno is not even mentioned, and the fact that other first-class Powers are not so optimistic is disregarded.

Sir Hereward Wake's exclusion of a war with Russia from the highest classification seems difficult to justify. A "first-class" war is usually held to be one which would necessitate the

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mobilization of the whole resources of the Empire. With the example of the effort demanded by the South African War as a guide, can there be any doubt that a struggle with a Power the size of Russia would entail anything less than our utmost exertions to bring it to a successful conclusion? There is also the danger of a Near Eastern pact, involving Turkey, Afghanistan and Persia, to be taken into account. Any calculations based on the theory that war can be localized must, in future, be considered unsound.

It is difficult to understand why the undeveloped nature of a theatre of operations should limit the size of the forces that could be engaged. That such a condition would make operations more difficult is obvious, but armies no longer rely upon the resources of a country for maintenance, and no transport problems are now incapable of solution.

In view of the above considerations, it is submitted that the possibility of a first-class war cannot be ruled out of our calculations at any time, while the general state of unrest throughout the world to-day would appear to preclude such an idea as regards a war of a lower category. The best that can be said is that there are grounds for hope that, if we are strong enough to command respect, we may succeed in avoiding a conflict in the near future. The salient features of the situation are, however, that we are not entitled to gamble on our chances and that, in fact, to do so would of itself constitute the gravest danger to the peaceful conditions we desire.

Are Infantry on Foot obsolete?

This part of the discussion is also largely a collection of statements unsupported by argument. Some of these statements are definitely misleading or inaccurate.

In the first place, we are told that to say "that infantry on foot cannot compete with the machine guns of the defence" is not of itself a true statement, because it must be qualified by whatever conditions may happen to exist. Now this is merely a quibble. A statement of this nature obviously refers to average conditions since it is upon average conditions that all our calculations must, primarily, be based. Average conditions imply trained troops holding a properly co-ordinated defensive position, average weather conditions, and a daylight attack. Under such conditions, in the last war, the machine gun, as the framework of the defence, proved

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to be the controlling factor on the battle-field. Purely by virtue of the fact that infantry could not " compete," the war became static. What were they but " sheep for the slaughter " ? Since the war the proportion of machine guns in every army has been greatly increased.

Secondly, we have the statement that " there is a great deal of difference between saying that infantry will require the help of tanks and affirming that all infantry must be carried in tanks." But is there such a great difference, or, indeed, is not the affirmation a logical deduction from the first conclusion ? For, let us not deceive ourselves, to say " that infantry require the help of tanks " is equivalent to saying that " tanks must carry out the assault for them." This is very clearly accepted as a principle in Tank and Armoured Car Training, 1927, which, referring to an attack in which tanks have been launched, says : " Thereafter the tank becomes temporarily the main assaulting arm, and the timing of a combined tank and infantry attack must, therefore, be based, both as regards the infantry advance [*sic*] and the artillery covering fire, on the tank assault." The word " temporarily " is used advisedly, since the book was written for the conditions of the moment ; directly the need for tanks in every assault is frankly recognized, their position as the main assaulting arm automatically becomes permanent. As soon as this happens, the army must, necessarily, be remodelled with the tank as the basis around which suitable auxiliary arms are grouped. Perhaps the difficulty of visualizing infantry carried in tanks in future would largely disappear if the name " assault arm " be substituted.

Finally, it is said that " a tank is always an easy target at short ranges, however fast it may travel," and that " anti-tank development is a much cheaper line than tank development." The first statement is entirely refuted by the recorded results of recent experiments, in spite of the fact that under peace conditions the best possible results are to be expected. The second statement shows lack of appreciation of the essential requirements of the anti-tank gun ; it must be mobile, and since it must be prepared to work in the open, it must afford protection for its crew. In other words, the best answer to a tank is a tank, and therefore tank and anti-tank development are one and the same thing.

To pursue this matter a little further. There can be no doubt that much of the opposition to mechanization is based

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upon an exaggerated idea of the vulnerability of the armoured fighting vehicle to static anti-tank weapons. It can be traced to the fact that our war experience is limited to a slow-moving, elementary type of vehicle, manned by hastily trained personnel, and employed as an auxiliary to infantry on foot. The tactical handling of this vehicle was, necessarily, a compromise between its characteristics and its subordinate rôle in the army organization, and entailed frontal attacks, at infantry pace, against localities carefully prepared and strongly defended. Imagine tank units having the speed, manœuvreability and radius of action of the best machine we can produce to-day; imagine these vehicles occupying their logical position as the main assault arm, free to exploit their characteristics to the full and whole-heartedly supported by auxiliary arms especially designed for that purpose. Perhaps this picture will help towards a better appreciation of the true situation.

Conclusion.

Having attempted to show that to attempt to mechanize ahead of other Powers would be bad policy, that the efficiency of the Army is not a matter of urgency, and that infantry on foot can still carry out their traditional role, Sir Hereward Wake finally arrives at the extraordinary conclusion that "The Armoured Brigade, in which experiment and thought are focussed, is a step in the right direction." Such a deduction cannot be drawn from his arguments, nor can the public be expected to endorse it if they agree with his previous contentions. The object of this reply has, therefore, been to show that the policy of the military authorities towards mechanization is not illogical, as it has been made to appear, but is in fact based on correct principles, a proper appreciation of their responsibilities, and the lessons of the last war.

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AIR WARFARE

By Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, O.B.E., *q.s.*, R.A.F.

I

THE principal object of this article, and subsequent articles on the same subject, will be to apply the lessons of the past history of Air Warfare to present-day problems. Admittedly there is only an exceedingly short period available for our guidance, yet that period has been one of intense development, and it is not too much to say that the Great War period is never likely to be surpassed in value from the point of view of lessons to be learnt, not only in the art of waging war in the air, but as regards the whole question of the development of aircraft for war. It only remains for us to read the lessons aright, at the same time keeping clear in our minds Burke's famous dictum: "The danger of allowing the past to be a mere incubus upon one's mind is as great as the danger of disregarding it."

Development of Air Armaments in the Great War.

Air armaments unquestionably form the basis of future air power and may well be considered first. In the early days of the war, aircraft were either unarmed or the pilot merely carried a revolver, service rifle or Winchester repeater. Some German aircraft carried machine guns as early as August, 1914, thereby showing intuition with regard to what was later on to prove the dominant factor in air fighting. Characteristically, we did not follow suit until a month later. The first recorded combats in the air occurred in September, 1914, when, despite the rudimentary armament, a total of five machines was brought down. This seemed to prove two things; first, the vulnerability of aircraft and the ease with which they could be rendered *hors de combat;* secondly, the extent to which losses would attain as a result of any subsequent proficiency in weapon power without any corresponding increase in protection. The correctness of these tentative deductions was later on to be proved up to the hilt. It should also be borne in mind that, during these preliminary stages, there was from the outset an eagerness and determination on the part of the combatants to engage in air combat,

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and that they effected their object with comparative ease. It became obvious, as indeed had been foreshadowed long before the war, that *air fighting* and the defeat of the enemy's air forces in the air was of the first and greatest importance, and that even in the greatness of space afforded by the air, evasion could not be relied on to afford much hope of security against a well-equipped and vigilant enemy.

In the months of October and November, 1914, fighting in the air had become fairly frequent. The demand for efficient *fighting* aircraft followed and grew greater with each year of the war. This demand had an important bearing on the development of air armaments. The types of machine gun produced and developed were the Vickers and the Lewis. The Vickers was produced as a fixed gun to fire through the propeller, whilst the Lewis was primarily for use as a traversing gun for defence against air attack. The rate of fire of these guns was greatly increased subsequent to their introduction, in the case of the Vickers from a normal 550-600 rounds a minute to 1,000 (an increase of just on 100 per cent.), and in the case of the Lewis from 500 to 700 a minute (an increase of 40 per cent.) The percentage of increase in the rate of fire is important, for it shows that the attack held considerable advantage in fire power over the defence. The fitting of the Vickers gun to fire through the propeller was made possible by the invention of the synchronizing gear, which enabled the gun to be fired through the propeller at its full rate of fire. Improvements in gunnery were brought about concurrently with the introduction of better methods of fitting the guns, gun-mountings and sights, the substitution of metallic disintegrating links for the original webbing belts used with the Vickers gun, and minor improvements in other important directions. It is interesting to note the number of these guns in use in the Air Force at the termination of hostilities. These are officially given at 19,500 Vickers and 18,400 Lewis, a total of 37,900 guns. This compares with a total of 41,346 Vickers and Lewis guns available for use by the Army in France. The comparison is not without interest. In addition to machine guns, continuous experiments were carried out with guns of considerably larger calibre. By the end of the war, heavy armament was a definite factor in aircraft equipment, and a certain number of aircraft in France and elsewhere were fitted with a 37 mm. gun firing a one-and-a-half pound shell. Of the ammunition

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used little need here be said, but it is important to observe that the development of guns and air fighting called for the development of special ammunition, and a number of types of incendiary, tracer and armour-piercing bullets were produced and supplied in addition to the standard bullet. The possibilities presented by this new field in armaments are tremendous. Progress in this direction will not only affect air tactics and be instrumental in evolving more formidable fighting aircraft, but will revolutionize, in addition, the whole conduct of air operations. By this is meant that *War in the air—air fighting*—will assume greater proportions. On the results attained in this fighting will largely, and in time wholly, depend the ultimate issue of a war. Apart from expansion in the number of fighting squadrons that was taking place in the last year of war, there was an additional demand for newer types of fighting aircraft to carry upwards of four guns. Development programmes had in view the building of gun machines of short and long endurance. These machines were to have been fitted with quick-firing guns (2 to 3-pounders) and possibly a number of lighter guns (machine guns). We also know that in Germany similar development programmes were in being, and included in these was a new type of fighting aircraft known as the " destroyer " class. This type, fitted with three guns, had been built for the special purpose of attacking formations of bombers and other similar types. It was thought that this type would be particularly suited for employment against formations by virtue of its heavier armament and the extra protection afforded by fitting a certain amount of armour to the vitals of the machine. The idea underlying this new type was to employ it in co-operation with the existing fighters. Its role would have been to carry out a swift and " close in " attack on enemy formations with the object of breaking up the formation and thus present more favourable opportunities to the other fighters for attacking individual aircraft. There was a good deal to be said in favour of this idea ; in any case, it was one which had very definite possibilities.

So much for the Great War. Since the war, and particularly during the past few years, many reports testify to increasing attention being devoted to the development of air weapons and the evolution of new and more formidable fighting aircraft. As an instance of this, one report has stated that a particular country has developed a machine

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armed with a 77 mm. gun. This is well within present-day possibilities, and is not inconsistent with the development that was taking place at the close of the last war. That a good deal of progress has been made in this direction in the last ten years goes without saying. These ideas and reports at least serve the purpose of giving some indication of the extent to which air armaments will be further developed and the probable effect of such developments on air warfare of the future.

Armour.

It is not possible within the compass of this article to go into any technicalities on the pros and cons of fitting armour to aircraft. All that is here possible is to show briefly how the development of armour has come about and what the probabilities are in this direction. More will be said on this subject when we come to consider the various types of aircraft.

Sir Frederick Sykes informs us that " armour was first fitted as a result of a pilot finding a bullet lodged in the seat of his leather suit." As a result of this it was decided to replace the wicker work seats by thin sheets of steel. This primitive protection developed into the armoured machine which was about to make its appearance at the Armistice in 1918. The machine was the Sopwith Salamander, equipped with two guns, a speed of 125 miles per hour, and fitted with 650 pounds of armoured plating. The general improvement in design and performance of aircraft, together with more powerful engines having a much lower weight per given horse power, and the fact that metal construction is not only lighter but stronger, make it still more feasible to fit armour to aircraft and for such aircraft to have a much better all-round performance than that of the Salamander. Had the war continued, there is little doubt that progress in fitting armour to aircraft would have been forced upon the combatants. In his book " La Maitrise de l'Air " (reviewed in the May number of the *R.U.S.I. Journal*), General Niessel foreshadows the coming of the true " battleplane," an aircraft fitted with protective armour for the crew and vital parts. Armour in aircraft is, in fact, certain to find its place as a necessary adjunct to fighting efficiency in order to offset to some extent the ever increasing power of air weapons. It is significant that, at the recent Aircraft Exhibition in Paris,

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some of the aircraft shown were fitted with armour. Air armaments, as we have seen, were considerably developed during the last war, and in the intervening years since the war there have been further important developments which call for every careful study.

But I would ask this question—are we not falling into the peace-time error of thinking far too much of how, other than by fighting, we are going to win our wars? And are we not inclined to think only of how we might achieve rapid results by other far more congenial ways? In consequence we neglect to consider what the next war has in store in the matter of fighting. Are we not losing sight of the old time proverb—"Armament begets Armament"? Has the day not arrived when we must, so to speak, utilize part of our tonnage in fitting protective armour in place of the equivalent weight of weapon power, and thereby give added security in which to deliver our blows? The age-long controversy of armour versus armaments will become more and more a matter of importance to the air as it has in the past manifested itself at sea and has now begun to manifest itself on land.

Air Fighting.

The war proved to us, that as a result of the increasing intensity of air fighting and the number of aircraft employed, formations took the place of single machines, and in the latter part of 1916 single encounters began to develop into battles of whole formations in the air. In 1918, the last year of the war, these battles were being fought on an increasing scale and with a severity that left the air fighting in previous years far behind. The rapidity with which developments took place afforded us no opportunity of making our preparations in time to meet them. There is no denying the fact that the offensive qualities of aircraft, throughout the war, exceeded the defensive qualities, and that our airmen often had to make good the deficit at an immense sacrifice of their lives. No breathing space came till towards the end of the war, and it was not till then that there was time to consider the question.

The only really effective answer to all threats of attack from aircraft lies in the provision of fighting aircraft whose sole business it is to destroy all enemy aircraft. A composite fleet of such fighting aircraft may well form the essential basis of all air forces of the future. Everything points to that one end.

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The general result of air operations in the last war gives no encouragement to the view that the bomber, reconnaissance or other similar types of aircraft, designed not as fighters but primarily for some other function, will be enabled successfully to carry out their missions. On the contrary, the war proved that their fighting qualities and armament were becoming more and more the essential factors in their design and equipment. If the war had lasted even one more year, everything points to the probable evolution of more and still larger fighting aircraft, far more heavily armed and carrying guns of greater calibre. This is the essence of what General von Bulow wrote with regard to the air fighting during the Battle of the Somme, in a memorandum dated January, 1917: "The main object of fighting in the air is to enable the more important air work (photography, artillery, observation, etc.) for the army to be carried out and at the same time to prevent that of the enemy. We must exchange defence for offence. So long as the execution of the main task is not insured, all available forces must be employed for this purpose." That is to say, an offensive waged with fighters and bombers against the enemy's air forces in the air and on the ground. What was our immediate reply to this? The reply of the Royal Flying Corps, G.H.Q., is to be found in a memorandum which they prepared containing the following significant sentence:—"If we are to fight the Germans successfully in the air during the coming operations we must have double the number of our fighting machines, otherwise we shall be necessarily reduced to a defensive policy. What we need to defeat the enemy's designs is a sufficient quantity of efficient weapons; that is to say, a sufficient quantity of fast fighting machines." The pace in developing air armaments for air fighting was being forced upon each belligerent with the growing power, efficiency and structural strength of the machines, which in their turn increased their fighting qualities by virtue of the increased number of guns they were enabled to carry. Confirmation of this is to be found in the following extract taken from the same memorandum above quoted, "Fighting in the air will, therefore, be on a *larger and more deadly scale* than it has ever been before." This is a truism which will remain with us for all time, the importance of which becomes greater as the development of aircraft proceeds and aircraft become more heavily armed, and—what is not improbable—armoured.

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If we take the lessons of the war to heart and base our plans, experiments and preparations on these lessons, we shall not be found inferior in the equipment and organization of our air forces should the necessity again arise for employing them in the defence of this country and our Empire.

CONCLUSIONS.

(1) Air weapons and fighting aircraft are the principal factors in the creation of air power.

(2) Good guns and good gunnery will determine success in the air. Success will, other things being equal, go to that side that has made greater strides in the development of air weapons and of fighting aircraft.

(3) Mere numbers of aircraft, bombing power and the like are of little consequence unless backed by an equality in air armaments and fighting aircraft. No superiority in numbers can compensate for an inferiority in fighting power.

(4) The lessons and experience of the late war afford an invaluable guide as to what should be our policy in regard to the building up of Air Power. They give us, moreover, a good insight into the future trend of developments in the waging of war in the air.

(5) Weapons govern tactics. If we lose our air combats, the remainder of our air operations are brought to naught. Weapons, then, demand our unceasing study. Our aim must be to be better armed than our adversary. The next war in the air will bring with it many surprises in air fighting, both in regard to the weapons used and air tactics. We must at least ensure that we ourselves are not surprised.

(6) These developments in air armaments alongside the further development of aircraft will bring about a homogeneous air fighting fleet. Upon the issues of the battles fought between the opposing air fleets will hang the final issue of the war. It is clear that the results of these conflicts may well determine the issue of the war both on land and sea.

(7) Our fighting strength *in the air* is, therefore, the dominant factor. Constant thought must be directed to this all-important question and steps taken that ensure our being armed with the most formidable fighting aircraft it is possible to devise.

(*To be continued.*)

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A THOUSAND A YEAR

A Phantasy of Long Ago.

By E. R. PALMER.

FROM the time that he entered the Army—in the days when the Snider rifle was the chief weapon of offence and defence in the hands of the Indian infantryman—Colonel Cantilever, of the 345th Bombay Bukhstiks, had always been a bolshevik. Not a socialist, or a communist, or any other sort of -ist, but an habitual disturber of official peace, a chronic kicker against the kicks of babuism.

Of course in those days the word " bolshevik " had not been heard of, and perhaps it is, in its now universally accepted sense, too harsh a word to use of a man who was really ahead of his age, an ardent disciple of reform, intolerant and impatient, but powerless to act against the overwhelming forces of age-old custom and official lethargy. All through his service he had longed to bring home to the authorities the utter futility and absurdity of many of those moth-eaten anachronisms known as " Regulations for the Army (India)." Framed in an earlier age when conditions of life in India were far easier and less Westernized, the majority of these " regulations " had long since become obsolete and unnecessary. Many indeed brought actual injustice in their train, and often inflicted hardship on the officers and others whose lives and actions they were supposed to " regulate."

Many a memorandum—official, demi-official, and sometimes almost insubordinate—had the gallant and far-seeing Colonel penned to " higher authority "—that mysterious arbiter of official destinies—in a loyal endeavour to get wrongs righted and matters generally brought up-to-date and more in keeping with the requirements of the day ; but each and all had been turned down, either by a soft answer (" the matter is receiving attention ") or, after a protracted interchange of acrimonious letters, by that official rap on the knuckles, " this correspondence will now cease."

" If only I had a thousand a year ! " he used to say. " I'd show 'em ! I'd show up their damned antiquated methods, and bring 'em to heel, the scoundrels ! " The method he proposed, he went on to explain, would partake of

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some absurd behaviour on his part, some ridiculous interpretation of the "regulations," an interpretation which, while obviously stretching those poor absurd rulings almost to breaking point, would still, however, be admissible, and therefore not liable to disciplinary action. At the same time he calculated his action would cause the little tin gods to frown, to think, and possibly to listen to the bleating of the common herd. But it would require careful management; and in case he over-stepped the mark, and was removed from the service for insubordinate conduct, possibly without a pension, it was essential to have something to fall back on. With a private income behind him, he could go to any limits; without it, he must stick to the usual—and often useless—channels.

Years of faithful and gallant service under these soul-destroying conditions had tempered the Colonel's youthful ardour and enthusiasm for reform; and, bowing to the inevitable, he was finishing his last years of regimental command in the old cantonment of Rumbletumble in Northern India. The Rumbletumble Brigade was commanded by one of those dear old Generals whose chief claim to fame lay in the fact that they provided unlimited "copy" for the facile pens of the more frivolous poets, and served as models for the cruel satires perpetrated on the army officer in the early days of the volunteer movement. Red-faced and rotund, with a fierce grey moustache, he puffed and blew about the station on a wheezy old horse, swore at his servants and occasionally cantered pompously about the *maidan* amongst his sweating troops, covering them with dust and making bombastic and futile comments on the training of the Army of the day. The evenings generally found him playing golf with a subaltern's wife, or taking the station beauty for a ride; after which he would adjourn to the club, play whist with the more ambitious members of his brigade, and then retire to his quarters to dine in solitary state.

And if ever there was a stickler for "regulations" it was the officer commanding the Rumbletumble Brigade! The bulky volumes containing them were a veritable Bible to him, and it was whispered that they reposed under his pillow at night. Colonel Cantilever of course regarded him with unmitigated displeasure. The smouldering fires of reform, burnt low after years of fruitless endeavour, were frequently fanned to flame in his breast when dealing with

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" this prehistoric old poopstick " (to use the Colonel's own words). But alas ! there was no thousand a year to back his schemes, even if he had the desire to carry them out ; and after all it was perhaps better, he thought, to conserve such energies as had not been sapped by the pestilential East for the enjoyment of his declining years in the pleasant and evergreen West. Nevertheless, tucked away somewhere at the back of his mind lay a desire for revenge, a sense of failure, a feeling that some sacred duty had not been performed. Coupled with these there reposed a bevy of fantastic plans by means of which he had always hoped—given the necessary financial backing—to reform those cursed " regulations."

* * * *

The Rumbletumble Club was gay with coloured lights and bunting. The ballroom was crowded, and not the least energetic among the many dancers was the wicked old General himself. This was long before the days of two-steps and fox trots, and it was to the strains of a popular waltz refrain that the couples glided sedately round the room. It was the occasion of the Bachelors Ball, an annual affair which the whole station attended. Colonel Cantilever stood in the doorway of the ballroom, watching the dancers. He was a non-dancer himself, and never attended these functions except on special occasions like the present. They bored him, and he was now only waiting his chance to slip off to bed. The English mail was due in that night, and, though no delivery would normally be made till the following morning, those who sent a servant down to the post-office could get their mail by means of a " window delivery." This he had done, and his letters should be waiting in his bungalow now. But he could hardly leave yet ; it was too early, and the conventions must be respected. Tired of watching the dancers, he drifted to the bar. There he took unto himself a whisky and soda, a large cigar, and the *Field*, and seating himself in the most comfortable chair he could find, he prepared to pass a pleasant hour or so before he said good-night to his genial hosts.

Various people visited the bar at intervals, nodded or spoke to the Colonel, and went their respective ways. At length, his drink finished and his cigar half consumed, he rose, and having found his senior host bade him good-night and walked back to his bungalow. Ah ! the mail had come ;

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Good, a letter from his wife, one from his son at school, a couple of catalogues, and a long uninteresting-looking envelope. He read his home letters through twice, put the catalogues unopened into the fire, and was just going to do the same to the long envelope when something prompted him to open it. He drew from it a neatly folded piece of paper, bearing a London address and headed "Messrs. Barker, Barker and Barker, Solicitors." This surprised him, but as he read through Messrs. Barkers' epistle, he grew more and more astonished.

Briefly, it was to inform him that the said Messrs. Barker had, on behalf of their late client, Mr. John Cantilever, of Perth, Australia, made exhaustive and searching inquiries and had satisfied themselves that he, Colonel Cantilever, was the nearest living male relative of their late client, and as such, became their late client's sole heir, "provided he is in some respectable employ, and bears the same surname as I do, namely, Cantilever"—a quotation, evidently, from the dead man's will. After several more sentences couched in abstruse legal phraseology, Messrs. Barker had much pleasure in informing Colonel Basil Fetherstone Cantilever that, though no accurate survey of their late client's affairs had yet been possible, still they were able to assure the aforesaid Colonel Cantilever that, provided his identity was established to their satisfaction, he was undoubtedly the possessor of an income of at least a thousand pounds *per annum*; and they rounded off this pompous legal document by congratulating him on his good fortune.

Fifteen—even ten—years ago this communication would have sent the Colonel cavorting down the Mall in his pyjamas or in whatever garments he had happened to have on at the time. Even now it sent a thrill down his spine and made him sit bolt upright in his chair. The shock and surprise, which would have driven a younger man to give vent to his feelings in some physical manner, had the contrary effect on him, and served only to rouse his mental activity. The cells of his brain wherein reposed those long-discarded plans were galvanized into action, but from his staid and unhurried movements no one would have suspected that the grey-headed old Colonel was under the influence of an over-mastering passion, hitherto dormant, but now roused and stimulated by the receipt of the solicitor's letter.

He locked the letter away in his writing table drawer,

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poured himself out a whisky and soda, and, draining it to his reflection in the mirror, went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

Being naturally a secretive man, he told no one next morning of his good fortune. After all it was his own affair, and he was long past the age when such events send the blood coursing through the veins, in the manner beloved of lady novelists. Besides, he had good reasons of his own for keeping quiet.

After tiffin he told his servant to take a roll of bedding, camp kit, and a small bivouac tent and to pitch the latter near the ninth hole on the Rumbletumble golf links. His servant, used though he was to a good deal of strange behaviour on his master's part, stared at him spell-bound and was severely rebuked for his pains. The spell being thus broken, he hurried away to get the various things ready.

Behold our hero then, at four o'clock in the afternoon, clad in striped pyjamas and lying on his valise inside a tiny bivouac shelter, pitched as he had ordered, near the ninth hole. Outside stood his servant, gazing towards the ninth tee. Suddenly the servant bent down and mumbled something to the prone figure in the tent. The Colonel threw down the book he was reading and rose into as much of a sitting position as the height of the tent would allow. He then deliberately took off his pyjama coat and waited. Presently his ear caught the sounds he was listening for, the gruff tones of the brigade commander and the high-pitched treble of little Mrs. Blatherskayte, the newly-married wife of a subaltern. The general was evidently annoyed about something, judging by the tone of his voice. (No wonder ! thought the Colonel, but you wait a minute !) When the pair were about ten yards away, the Colonel crawled from his shelter, rose to his feet like some huge animal (he was as hairy as a bear), and, after a good stretch and a yawn, plunged his face into a canvas basin standing near and began to wash vigorously. For one brief minute the General and his fair partner stared in amazement. Then Mrs. Blatherskayte giggled feebly and turned away, blushing ; and the General, swallowing his anger with a terrific effort, hurried her away to the club.

The Colonel, having dried, donned an overcoat over his pyjamas, told his servant to pack the things up, and returned to his bungalow.

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The story was round the station within an hour, and many were the speculations as to what action the General would take. The Colonel was known to be eccentric, but surely he must have gone quite potty to behave like that! No one had any explanation; for the rising generation had forgotten, if they ever knew, about the Colonel's wild-cat schemes of many years ago; and Mrs. Blatherskayte, temporarily exalted to the position of station heroine, quite lost her head and added details every time she repeated the story. The General maintained a stolid silence, and, being unable to find anything in his beloved "regulations" which prevented an officer camping out if he wished to (the spot was just outside the cantonment boundary, curse the fellow!), he was rather at a loss as to what action he should take.

Next day, while in his regimental office, the Colonel received a peremptory note from the brigade major, demanding "his reasons in writing, for the information of the brigade commander, to account for yesterday's occurrence, which the brigade commander could not believe was either fortuitous or unpremeditated." The General liked using long words: he thought they added dignity to his communications.

Colonel Cantilever of course was expecting something of the sort, and had his reply ready in his mind. His actions, however, after reading the letter, were strange. Taking the envelope in which it had been forwarded, he slit it round the edges and opened it out flat into a sort of irregular polygon. He then took a blunt stub of pencil, and wrote a reply on the mutilated envelope. The reasons he gave for his behaviour were briefly that, as the regulations demanding that commanding officers should submit a quarterly return of tentage on regimental charge, including officers' tents, stating whether such tentage was in serviceable condition or otherwise, he had ordered his officers to test their own tents preparatory to the submission of the next return, due very shortly. He was doing so himself when the General saw him yesterday; he was, moreover, extremely sorry if he had interrupted the General's game of golf, but he was unaware that there was anybody on the links at the time.

On receiving this explanation the General fumed. Ringing a small bell on his table, he sent for Brewster, his brigade-major.

"Has that damned lunatic Cantilever gone completely off his chump?" he demanded, when Brewster appeared.

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" I don't know, sir. Why ? " said Brewster.

" Look at that ! " thundered the General, thrusting the Colonel's strangely-shaped missive into his hand.

Brewster read it, and his brow wrinkled. He had been vastly amused by the story of yesterday's episode, and, truth to tell, he liked old Cantilever very much. But this was a bit too thick ! It certainly looked as if the General's surmise as to madness was not far wrong.

" What d'you make of it, eh ? " asked the General, as Brewster handed back the letter.

" I really don't know, sir. It's difficult to say."

" Difficult ! I should just think it was difficult ! Damned nearly impossible, I should say ! " roared the General. " Anyhow, I can't be bothered with his lunatic excuses. Just ask him why he can't use decent paper instead of this muck," and he gave the letter a vicious flip.

The receipt of the General's second letter was just what Cantilever had been waiting for. Searching about in the waste-paper basket under his table he extracted a torn and crumpled circular—a bright pink shade—announcing a stock-taking sale of some Calcutta drapery establishment. It was printed on one side only ; and, smoothing it out on his blotting-pad, he wrote on the back as follows :—

" *To the Brigade-Major,*
Rumbletumble Bde.,

" With reference to your memorandum of to-day's date, requesting me to furnish my reasons for using this and similar paper for official correspondence.

" I would point out that, since the Government supply of memorandum forms, as laid down in regulations, is quite inadequate for the requirements of my office, and since I have already used up, in the first half of the year, my total annual allowance of the same, and all requests for a further supply have been refused, I am therefore obliged by circumstances over which I have no control to use such paper, etc., as I can obtain free of charge to enable me to carry on.

B. F. CANTILEVER, *Colonel.*"

When this letter (which caused Brewster huge joy) was handed to the General, he was at first inclined to go off the deep end. He was prevented from doing so, however, by a sudden inspiration. " Tell this half-witted sea-lawyer," he said, " that if he's been so damned careless as to use up

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his annual supply of stationery in six months, he can damn well pay—pay, d'you hear?—out of his own crazy pocket, if necessary, for his office stationery till the next annual allowance is due. I won't be treated like a damned waste-paper basket, and you can tell him so if you like!"

To this ultimatum the Colonel replied (on the back, I regret to state, of a whisky firm's advertisement calendar) that he would exercise more care in the future, and would endeavour to make his annual supply of stationery last the allotted period. Meanwhile he was taking suitable steps to supply the deficiency, and in future his official correspondence would, he hoped, meet with the General's approval.

Nothing happened for two or three days. The General and Brewster were away for the week-end after duck, and this gave the Colonel the breather he wanted. It was noticed, however, that both he and his adjutant paid an unusual number of visits to the Rumbletumble bazaar.

"Hope that lunatic won't give any more trouble," said the General when they arrived back from their shoot. "Damned lucky he's going away, or I'd have to do something about it. When are they off, Brewster?"

"Next week; the 12th I think it is, sir."

"Oh, as soon as that is it? And a damn good riddance too!"

Totally unexpected was the next development in this little comedy. Brewster, on opening the *dak* next day, found all the letters from the 345th Bukhstiks beautifully *printed* on expensive paper, and enclosed in envelopes more suited for a lady's writing-desk than a regimental office. He hardly dared take the letters in to the General, and when he eventually did so, the old man thumped the table so hard that the pens and pencils danced in the air, and a huge blot of ink leapt from the ink-pot and landed "plonk" on his open spectacle case. "Dammit, Brewster," he shouted, "what the hell's the matter with the feller? If he wasn't going away I'd dam well put the doctors on to him!"

He flipped through the handful of printed letters (Brewster had wisely burnt the scented envelopes) and then suddenly something seemed to please him; for he leant back in his chair, and looking up at Brewster, said with a chuckle, "Well, anyhow, this is costing the darned feller something! If he likes to answer letters like this, well, let 'im, that's all I've got to say! And I wish his new brigadier joy of him!"

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Knowing that it could only last a few days longer, owing to the impending departure of the Bukhstiks for another station, the General was inclined to take a lenient view of the case and to overlook its seriousness. He fondly imagined he had won, and had brought this recalcitrant battalion commander to heel. At any rate he was making him spend some money on all that printing. Damn the feller, though! He was sailing jolly close to the wind, but, search the regulations as he would, he was damned if he could find any that prevented anyone printing official correspondence if they wanted to!

At last the day dawned which marked the departure of the Bukhstiks. All Rumbletumble turned out in its best to bid them good-bye, for they were a popular regiment, and everyone—except perhaps the General—genuinely regretted their departure.

But, as their brigade commander, he had of course to see them off officially. He and his staff therefore cantered out that morning to a milestone which they calculated the Bukhstiks would pass at about 8.30 a.m. In the distance they could already hear the blare of the band and could see the dust rising above the trees that hid the marching troops. When the column was about a quarter of a mile away, a sweating orderly ran up to Brewster and handed him a note.

It was a big envelope, with the Bukhstiks' crest on the back of it. Brewster couldn't imagine what could be inside and tore it open eagerly. What he withdrew from it made him gasp with surprise. It was a beautiful bit of notepaper, called commercially "Vellum Wove" or some such fancy appellation. Thick as cardboard almost, its glossy surface reflected the rays of the early morning sun sufficiently to make Brewster screw up his eyes as he read. In the top left-hand corner was an embossed and coloured crest, consisting of a lemon tree, whose branches bore several superb specimens of luscious, yellow fruit. On the paper was printed the following letter:—

"Dear Brewster,

"In case the General should ask any questions, I would like to point out that, as the transport allowed by regulations is quite insufficient, several of us, myself included, have been forced to hire extra transport locally, or make other arrangements for the carriage of such of our moderate and perfectly

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reasonable amount of personal kit for which room cannot be found on the meagre transport allowed.

"Wishing you and the General the best of luck, and please tell him how sorry I am to be leaving.

"Yours sincerely,

"B. F. CANTILEVER."

Brewster read through this epistle, folded it and put it in his pocket. He daren't let the General see it; not yet, at any rate.

Meantime the head of the Bukhstiks was approaching, and was indeed only a few hundred yards away. A bend in the road hid them from sight, but the noise of the band was plainly audible above the cheers of the spectators.

"Damn funny noise the band's making, isn't it?" said the General.

Brewster was no musician, and seldom knew if a band was playing well or not. He was, however, just about to make some banal comment, when the head of the column swung round the bend, and into full view of the General and his staff.

And what they saw made their jaws drop, and they stared open-mouthed at the apparition.

For, in front of the band, half of which was incapacitated by hysterics, while the other half gallantly but unmusically stuck to its job, marched Colonel Cantilever. On his head he wore his uniform helmet, surmounted by a disreputable Cawnpore *topi*. Round his neck was slung a pair of boots; and in front of him he pushed a dilapidated perambulator, full of a miscellaneous assortment of boots, shoes, ties, collars, tennis rackets and polo sticks. On one of the latter was perched, inverted and insecure, an article of domestic utility to which is not usually accorded the honour of marching at the head of a battalion of infantry.

As the column approached, Brewster, who had recovered from his first shock and was now verging on hysterics, turned to see the effect on the General.

That gallant old warrior was standing in his stirrups, and his eye-balls looked as if they might drop out of his head any minute. His face turned from pink to puce, and from puce to purple; then, without a word, he turned his horse and galloped away in a cloud of dust, leaving his staff to watch the last act in the comedy and to see Colonel Cantilever march out with all the honours of war.

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SOLDIERS AND SAILORS TOO

By Lieut.-Colonel H. Oldfield, late R.M.A.

ALTHOUGH much has been written and recorded both in the past and of recent years of the activities and gallant deeds of the Royal Marines in the capacity of soldiers, except in official histories little has ever been said of their performing seamen's work, so I propose to give a few incidents gathered from recent histories and old chronicles of their performing the work of sailors.

Owing to the Marines being continuous service men, years before the Royal Navy was properly constituted, they were usually the only men available to commence the fitting and rigging of ships, "laid up in ordinary," brought forward for service, the seamen having to be collected by the press gang or other methods for the commission, at the end of which they were discharged to the shore, while the Marines returned to barracks.

Even before the Marines were definitely established as such, and soldiers were embarked on board, a distinction was drawn between sea-soldiers and fresh-water soldiers. From a State Paper issued by the Commissioners of the Admiralty in 1619, the qualification to be considered a sea-soldier appears to be non-liability to sea-sickness. At one time there was a scheme put forward to recruit from the Marines a corps of continuous service seamen, who, when the Grand Fleet was laid up, would be always available to fit out extra ships as required, but this plan was not found practicable—at all events it never materialized, although there always seems to have been great difficulty in getting seamen in sufficient numbers to man the ships, as is evident from the following extract from the Naval Chronicle of 1803 :

> "The propriety of embarking Royal Marines thus early in fitting out men-of-war is perfectly obvious, as they are from long habit in the late wars good seamen and very fit for rigging and getting ready for sea ships put out of commission."

The Marines seem to have been very popular with Captains of newly commissioned ships, the crews of which

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do not seem to have been satisfactory, for in 1665 Sir W. Coventry, of the *Royal Charles*, reported that "The old soldiers which have been attached to the Fleet have done wonderful good service toward manning them, the Commanders being desirous to change those who go under the name of sailors for these soldiers."

At a later date another Admiral reported :—

"Three merchant ships have come in poorly manned, but the old soldiers supply the defect of men. From the newly raised ones (viz : seamen) the Commanders pray to be delivered."

As the "newly raised ones" were landsmen and no sailors and frequently the sweepings from the streets and jail birds, this is not to be wondered at.

The following Admiralty orders indicate the part taken by officers and men when embarked, and that their duties on board ship required a knowledge of seamanship :—

(1) "Every officer commanding a detachment on board ship should understand so much seamanship that by hearing the Captain give his orders concerning the working of the ship in time of action he can readily conceive the position in which he intends to put her and be ready with his detachment to throw in his fire as circumstances may require, by which means he will save his Captain the trouble of giving him frequent orders, as a favourable opportunity if not immediately embraced, may be lost. The officer must keep a strict eye on the enemy and his ships."

(2) "Soldiers and Marines when embarked were expected to make themselves useful in the ordinary work of the ship, and were considered in every way part of the ship's crew, subject to the orders of the ship's officers."

It would appear from various accounts that Marines could not be ordered aloft, but that they frequently did go as volunteers there is no doubt ; in fact, there is one instance recorded of a Marine officer losing his life by going aloft in severe weather when the seamen of the transport in which he was taking passage, refused to do so. Also in the history of the "Life and Adventures of Hannah Snell," the woman who served as a Marine, it is definitely stated that she frequently went aloft and established a record for courage, skill, and intrepidity.

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Another woman who entered on board the privateer *Resolution* under the name of Arthur Douglas, went aloft with the rest of the Marines to furl sails when called upon, until her sex was discovered by a messmate.

This, of course, is ancient history, and it is certain that no Marine Officer or man now serving has ever been aloft to furl sails, although there may be some retired who have joined in the after evening quarters game of racing over the mast head.

Still, Marines do go aloft in modern ships, to the spotting stations, the height of which is approximately the same as a mast head, as one can see by comparing the *Victory* with the *Lord Nelson* when the latter is in Portsmouth.

As regards Marine officers taking command of ships, there are very few incidents recorded, the most notable of which are the following :—

In 1695 Captain James Killigrew of the 1st Marines, then in command of the *Plymouth* (60 guns) defeated the French ships *Content* and the *Trident* (52 guns).

In 1745 Lieutenant Walter Graham of the Marines was mentioned for his conspicuous gallantry in command of his ship the *Lion* (58 guns), in the action with the *Elizabeth*, a French 64 acting as escort to the Young Pretender on his way to Scotland ; and as lately as 1820, in the memoirs of Major N. Cole, it is stated that he was frequently in charge of the ship when all the officers were away in prizes. On the other hand, it would appear to have been quite usual for the Marine officers to take charge of prizes, possibly as a temporary measure.

After the Battle of the Nile Major Thomas Oldfield was sent on board the *Tourant* to take charge of the ship and prisoners, and Captain Atcherley, R.M., was in charge of the party sent on board the *Bucentaure*, flagship of the Commander-in-Chief of the allied French and Spanish fleets, to accept her surrender at the Battle of Trafalgar, as was Lieutenant Owen of the *Belle Isle* to another ship that had struck her colours.

Lieutenant J. Fernyhough, R.M., was drowned when endeavouring to preserve the lives of the crew of a Spanish three-decker taken at Trafalgar on board of which he had been sent in charge. She went ashore owing to her cables parting during a gale. Fernyhough volunteered to go ashore in an open boat to get help, but close in shore the boat was capsized

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by a heavy squall and twenty-two out of the twenty-five men with him were drowned.

But the number of occasions in which Marine officers have been in charge of small boats for cutting out expeditions and other minor actions is innumerable, extending from early times to the present day.

In 1799 boats commanded by Lieutenants Facey and Stacpole of the Royal Marines captured the Spanish *Polacre* of 20 guns and 45 men. In 1800 Lieutenant MacCullum, with 24 picked men in the 10-oared galley and 6-oared cutter, boarded a long lugger under a heavy fire and towed her out. The gallantry of the twenty-four men and the determined way in which Lieutenant MacCullum led the boat was mentioned in despatches.

In 1801 the *Trent* frigate chased an English vessel captured by the French into Havre. Volunteers were called for to cut her out, and Lieutenant Tait of the Royal Marines was selected. He succeeded in his enterprise and was the only man wounded, losing his leg. The crews of the boats requested that all the prize money should be given to him as a mark of their respect for his courage, but the Captain refused, giving himself Lieutenant Tait 100 guineas and a sword of honour. Lieutenant Tait was also granted a pension of £40 a year, later increased to £50.

In 1803, while Lieutenant Langston, R.M., was in charge of a small boat, he met a large brig, the *Rachael* of Liverpool, a French prize. He at once attacked and recaptured her, receiving a bullet wound in his shoulder, from the effects of which he afterwards died.

Fighting Nichols, the hero of over one hundred fights, and the recipient of many wounds, during the years 1803-06, commanded many boat expeditions. On one occasion he captured two French vessels in the convoy of an 18-gun brig, and shortly afterwards the armed cutter *Albion*, under the cover of darkness, the attack on her with three boats in daylight having been beaten off. In each case his boat's crew consisted of only twelve men.

In 1805, Lieutenant Bland, R.M., was mentioned in despatches, when in command of the barge, he captured a Spanish schooner of 2 long 6-pdr. guns and 10 men with many passengers who assisted in the defence.

This was the second very gallant dash of Mr. Bland, as in a short cruise he captured a felucca of 2 long 4-pdr.

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guns and 14 men, after an action of three-quarters of an hour. The enemy had five men wounded, and the barge no casualties.

In 1806 Lieutenant H. Barnet Gascoigne of the *Melpomene*, stationed in the Mediterranean chasing French small craft, came up with a large boat armed with a 6-pdr. gun and 12 heavy muskets on swivels, the first discharge of which reduced the attacking force to Mr. Gascoigne, himself wounded, a mate, a sergeant and three marines. These six ran alongside, boarded and took the boat, although defended by a crew of eighteen men.

In 1809 the boat commanded by Lieutenant J. Rawling Coryton, R.M., reached the *St. Joseph*, a French felucca of 7 guns and a crew of 62 men, fifteen minutes before the other boats of the expedition arrived.

Followed by the sixteen men in his boat, Coryton succeeded in gaining the deck, in doing which he was twice wounded, but he succeeded in keeping his footing on board until the arrival of the other boats, when he was found with his back against the main-shrouds, engaged single-handed fighting with nine of the enemy in spite of his having received seven wounds.

With the improvement of artillery which resulted in fighting at long range instead of broadside to broadside, trained men and officers having a knowledge of science and calculation became necessary. These were first borrowed from the Army, but soon, in order to avoid friction, the Admiralty trained their own gunners, and in this capacity officers of the R.M.A., were frequently in charge of bomb vessels armed with mortars capable of throwing a heavy projectile 4,000 yards.

In 1810, at the Siege of Cadiz, three R.M.A. officers were killed while directing howitzers in a gunboat attack on the enemy's flotilla.

As time went on these bomb vessels were built larger in order to carry a more powerful armament.

At the taking of Algiers in 1816, Lieutenant J. Harvey Stephens was put on board a boat armed with a 68-pdr. gun and employed firing incendiary shells at the dismantled vessels inside the mole blocking the entrance to the harbour, while four bomb vessels under Marine officers, threw their bombs into the batteries engaging the fleet.

As lately as 1854, from the records of the Baltic Expedition, we find history repeating itself. The Fleet, although

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well armed, was ineffective, owing to the poor material as crews. For some time previously the Navy had been neglected, and there was in consequence, a shortage of trained men. To man the ships men, who were sailors in name only, were embarked, collected at the last moment. In fact, but for the Marines and the coastguard the Fleet would never have got to sea, the fitting out being done by the Marines, assisted by a few seaman gunners from the *Excellent* and some boys. The crews would not join until the hard work was finished. It was in this expedition that Lieutenant Dowell, R.M.A., won his Victoria Cross in the following circumstances :—" At the abortive attack on Viborg with a volunteer crew of three, himself pulling stroke, he salved a cutter badly damaged by shell fire and towed her out of danger under a very heavy fire."

At the bombardment of Sveaborg a large number of mortar boats were employed at between 3,000 and 4,000 yards range, manned by the R.M.A. For their excellent work they were specially thanked by Admiral Dundas.

A long time now elapses before there is any further account of Marines acting as sailors, although a certain amount of boat work, even in time of peace, doubtless was performed by them.

The next record is in 1896, when the author, with nine N.C.Os., R.M.A., took part in the advance on Dongola, and at the Battle of Hafir he was in command of the gunboat *Metammeh* and subsequently navigated steamboats for a period of two years in various parts of the Nile including running many cataracts. The N.C.Os. (numbers increased next year) when not employed in training Egyptian artillery men for sea service gunnery, served in gunboats as second-in-command, frequently in sole charge, and it says a good deal for the training, both ashore and afloat, that there is no single instance in which a boat commanded by an officer or N.C.O., R.M.A., was lost, although on several occasions they assisted in salving boats wrecked by others. On foreign stations that Marine officers were employed away in boats cruising is testified to by this extract from a speech given by a distinguished Admiral at the United Service Institute :—" When in command of the *Conquest*, East Indies Station, Lawlor was my Marine officer. He always went away in command of a boat cruising, and spent many a month in that way. He was one of the best officers I had for that duty."

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The traditions of the past of Marines working as mariners were well maintained in the last war. Marine officers kept war watch by nights in the main top while patrolling in the North Sea, and from the number of mentions in despatches and rewards granted, it is evident that the Marines did good work in the patrol cruisers engaged in the dangerous work of boarding and forming armed guards on suspected ships.

During the river operations in Siberia on the Kama, detachments from the *Kent* and *Suffolk* formed the gun's crews of river tugs fitted up as gunboats, Captain Jameson, R.M., having command of one which was named the *Kent*. In the various engagements with the Red Russians she gave a good account of herself, being handled in a very seamanlike manner on one occasion when the flagship, running into an ambush, was badly knocked about. The *Kent* formed a smoke screen, and with her shrapnel fire fought a rearguard action, enabling the disabled ship to withdraw in safety.

Although the navigation was difficult and dangerous, owing to the river falling rapidly, the Marine commanded gunboats cruised up and down frequently under heavy fire without mishaps.

As regards the more peaceful occupation of racing, the Marine detachments can usually produce a boat's crew of no mean capacity, and many officers can hold their own at boat sailing.

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THE FUTURE OF THE INDIAN ARMY

By "NOMAD."

THE majority of those—at all events in England—who devote any thought to the future of the Indian Army under the Reforms appear to restrict their consideration almost entirely to the "Indianization" of that force, which has already begun on a small scale. That is, of course, the most obvious feature of the military part of the problem, but it would appear that, by itself, it is too narrow a view to take, and that other aspects of the question of some form of Indian Home Rule have a bearing upon the future of the Indian Army which is too little appreciated and seldom discussed. The ultimate outcome of the Reforms usually takes one of three shapes :—

(1) Complete and independent Home Rule.
(2) Dominion status.
(3) Provincial autonomy.

It is important to remember that these different views are primarily those of Indian politicians, because, as a class, the latter may almost be said to represent no one but themselves, while they and their families are conspicuous by their virtually complete absence from all ranks of the Indian Army. Those among the politicians who belong to fighting races are, with few exceptions, engaged in politics to support the British *Raj* and to protect their communities from a permanent Brahman-controlled autocracy of the higher Hindu castes. When the Simon Commission was appointed last year, the Secretary for India, Lord Birkenhead, speaking during the debate on the subject in the House of Lords, was reported to have used the following words : "We must remember that the population of India is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 300,000,000 people. Of that number, some 70,000,000 belong to the Native States . . . I suppose that of the 230,000,000 who remain, about 220,000,000 have never heard of the Commission at all, and that 200,000,000 are even unaware that they are living under the benefits of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. In these matters we must have some contact with realities. We must remember how infinitesimal is the number of those who vote at elections. Parliament

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has the responsibility not for the loudly articulate India, but for the real India as a whole, consisting of 300,000,000 of people." These outspoken words deserve to be widely quoted, and it is a reason for thankfulness that their truth should be appreciated by the members of the Simon Commission which, as this number of THE FIGHTING FORCES appears, is about to begin the second and most important part of its investigations, because, whatever the result and whichever of the three broadly-defined alternatives stated above may eventually emerge, the responsibility described by Lord Birkenhead must always remain. And to shoulder that responsibility, whether it be borne by British or Indians, an Army is an unavoidable necessity. The Indian Army has always been for defensive purposes, and on the comparatively few occasions when its units have been called upon to serve outside India it has been with a view to destroying hostile bases, such as Java in 1811, and Bourbon and Mauritius a year earlier. Service in China and Africa has usually been due to proximity and preparedness, while the circumstances of the Great War were, of course, unique.

The Indian Army had its origin in the purely defensive organization of armed *peons* maintained for the safety of the East India Company's property in its various Madras settlements. These were later organized into independent companies of *sepoys*, followed in time by the raising of battalions from which, at a still later date, the nucleus was provided for the Company's forces in Bengal and Bombay. It may be assumed, therefore, that whatever Government we may see in the India of the future will adhere to the time-honoured policy of " defence, not defiance," and seek only to maintain order within and prevent aggression from without its borders. For both purposes and under whatever degree of independence the question immediately arises as to the strength of the Army and its method of recruitment and maintenance. Since 1914 the Indian Army and the British Army in India have each been reduced by about 20,000 men, the totals to-day being approximately 138,000 and 57,000 respectively. Any form of political independence amounting to Dominion status must result in the withdrawal of the British Army. In no part of the Empire has political independence been accompanied by the retention of a British garrison, nor could such a situation logically exist.

Political independence means political responsibility,

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and the latter must, of necessity, involve the protection of the people and country represented by the politicians.* Will any British Government suggest that, in the event of a wholly or practically independent India, a force of something like 60,000 British troops is to be kept there under the control of whatever Government may result from the experiment? Yet if you succeed in the difficult task of pinning down an Indian politician of the extremist type to hard facts, this is precisely what he suggests. The British soldier is to "keep the ring" so that the Indian politician may wield his newly-acquired powers in safety.

Apart from the moral and financial aspects of such a proposal, to carry it out would be to revive in a different form the system of the East India Company which, from 1746 to 1758, maintained its position in Madras by means of mercenaries drawn from many different European nations. But the British soldier is not a mercenary, and it seems at least possible that even the British public would shy at using him to bolster up a Government containing at best a negligible British element and—judging from present conditions—possibly a strong anti-British majority. This brings us, therefore, to the question of whether the 60,000 British troops would have to be replaced, on withdrawal, by at least the same number of new Indian troops, and to the general problem of how the Indian Army in general is to be recruited and maintained. At present the Indian Army is small, and constitutes a long-term profession. It is recruited, in the main, from races having martial traditions and history, and in the various reorganizations of the Indian Army under British rule such races have repeatedly been utilized to "stiffen" regiments recruited from less warlike peoples. So long ago as the year 1766 the *Military Regulations* of the East India Company recognized this principle and laid it down that recruits should, so far as possible, be obtained from certain specified sources.† It seems reasonable, therefore, to suppose that in its arrangements for maintaining an Indian Army at, say, its present strength, plus some 50,000 or 60,000 new troops to replace the British formations, whatever Indian Government may exist under the new *régime* will adhere to

* "A country cannot govern itself if it cannot defend itself . . ," —*Life of General Lord Rawlinson of Trent*, pp. 328-9 (London, Cassell & Co., 1928).

† Wilson's *History of the Madras Army*, Vol. I, p. 227.

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the system of recruiting which has stood the test of nearly two centuries. But, as previously pointed out, the political class of Indian includes virtually none of the fighting races, and it is, therefore, at least an open question how far the latter would be prepared to place themselves at the military disposal of men of notoriously unwarlike character from whom, in many cases, they differ profoundly in their religious beliefs.

In short, would the numerically small fighting races be prepared indefinitely to bear the heat and burden of the day in order that the politician and the numerically superior non-fighting races (for both of whom the hereditary soldier has a profound contempt) might live and grow fat under their self-sacrificing protection? Assuming that "the answer is in the negative," and that the necessity for an Army is accepted, the only apparent alternative is conscription. But conscription is expensive if properly carried out, and causes well-grounded dissatisfaction when it is applied in the hesitating half-hearted manner experienced in England during the Great War. In India, with its population of over 300,000,000, the problem would be well-nigh insoluble and widespread balloting would be necessary among such numbers to reduce the recruiting to the proportion required. When, in England, individuals, and even whole classes, escaped service by every sort of "ramp," political and otherwise, what would be likely to happen in a country where bribery and corruption are all in the day's work?

Assuming that all such difficulties were overcome and conscription instituted in such a way as to cause all districts to contribute their quota to the Army, the result would include a very large amount of material which, even when trained, would be quite useless for military purposes, so that, at long last, the burden would still fall upon the small fighting races. It is also to be remembered that the Gurkha battalions of the Indian Army are recruited only by permission of the ruler of Nepal, which might not be forthcoming under the changed conditions. Having acquired an Army under the new *régime*, its uses must be considered. These are two in number:—

(1) To protect its frontiers from invasion.
(2) To maintain internal order.

Trouble on the frontier might mean tribal risings on perhaps a larger scale than has hitherto been experienced,

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but the obvious and far more certain danger is to be apprehended from the activities of Soviet Russia. It is unlikely that the Red Army would itself take the field in great force, but no Government has ever developed the cult of propaganda to such an extent as have the Bolsheviks, and given the simple and excitable peoples of Central Asia and the Indian frontier, it is a system which can produce considerable forces requiring only instruction and " stiffening " by a small number of such Bolshevik troops as can be relied upon. Numberless instances could be given of agents—both renegade Indians and others—who have reached India and Afghanistan from Moscow and from the propaganda school at Tashkend, while it is notorious that the Soviet Legation at Cabul is a centre of anti-British activities. On the Russian side of the River Oxus three small Soviet republics have been established—Turkmanistan, Usbegstan and Tajikstan—whose inhabitants of Tartar and Persian stock never cease to preach the gospel of that anything but blessed word " self-determination " to their fellow-countrymen on the Afghan side of the river. It has long been the Bolshevik policy to unite these peoples under the Soviet flag—an achievement which could only result in war in Afghanistan of which the Indian Government could not keep clear, as a Bolshevik victory would establish Soviet Russia on India's very threshold, with Peshawar within easy bombing range.

It would also remain to be seen whether the existing treaty relations with the border States of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan would or could be maintained by a purely Indian Government, or whether the peculiar form of control obtaining in British Baluchistan and the much larger non-British portion of that province would stand the strain which would undoubtedly be imposed upon it. It is clear, therefore, without going into further details, that there is ample material along the Indian frontier to keep an Army busy should the Government behind it ever appear to others to have become weaker than its predecessors.

The other duty of the Indian Army is to carry out its training and the usual peace-time routine, and to maintain order in the country in the event of the Civil Power requiring its support. And here we are brought at once into close contact with the question of " Indianization." To carry out training and the usual peace-time routine, it is essential to have not only experienced senior regimental officers, but

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also an experienced and highly-trained staff. In the eight regiments now in process of " Indianization " by the appointment of Indians with a King's Commission to the ranks hitherto filled entirely by British officers, there is, at present, no one above the rank of lieutenant. The Indian, generally speaking, is impatient of delay in advancement, and the recurring examinations for promotion are likely to make service still more irksome from his point of view, while the impression so widely existing that each step upwards means less work and responsibility will be found in practice to be entirely erroneous. Innumerable cases could, of course, be quoted in which the existing Indian officer, holding a Viceroy's Commission, has carried on in war with gallantry and success in the absence of British officers, but although such men have been right through the mill from *sepoy* or *sowar* to officer, and know every detail of their duty, they frankly admit that they could not indefinitely maintain discipline or organization without British support. If this be the case with men who, for practical soldiering, are worth at least two of most of the young Indians now being given King's Commissions, what is the future for the latter? Among them, as in all classes, there are outstanding exceptions who are born leaders, but these are far from sufficient to fill the places of all British officers. The complete " Indianization " of one unit takes fifteen years, and not less than 2,000 officers will be required to carry out the process throughout the Indian Army.

The total elimination of the British officer is not desired among the young Indians seeking King's Commissions, while among their parents it would have the effect of destroying the very object for which they have, in many cases, denied themselves so much on their sons' behalf. For the parents admit quite openly that they have gone to the expense of sending their sons to Sandhurst, or in some other way preparing them for a King's Commission, in order that they may associate with the British officer on an equal footing and when, at the end of it all, they have been posted to one of the regiments already in process of " Indianization," their parents have seen their hopes blighted and have, on occasions, raised the strongest objections. But even when this has not occurred the number of young Indian officers who fail to " stay the course " must be disquieting to the " all-Indian " theorists. With the few outstanding exceptions, too many young Indians find that the first glamour and enthusiasm of regimental life

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easily wears off and can be succeeded by a spirit of *laissez-faire* and the observance only of outward form. Proof of this is to be found in the number of failures among cadets and the large number of premature resignations from the Army.* If this can be the case with the guidance and support of British officers, what is likely to happen when they disappear? So much for the regimental aspect of the problem. What of the Staff, the Commands and the Schools of Instruction? At present, except for a few honorary appointments, there are no Indian Staff officers. These can only be drawn from regiments, and regimental conditions have already been discussed. The same problems confront the Commands and Schools of Instruction—to say nothing of the Staff College. Regiments can be held together, at all events for a time, by the strength of regimental traditions, but no such bond exists elsewhere in an Army.† Where are the officers coming from? It has been the work of generations to build up the British organization of the Indian Army from men of only one race and religion, working with similar aspirations and outlook, and unaffected by the hundred and one matters which mean so much to the Indian peoples. Can that machinery ever be replaced and, if so, in what space of time?‡ The answer to this question is of vital importance, because the future of the Indian Army must depend to a great extent upon the future of the Reforms and the recommendations of the Simon Commission. The "Indianization" of the Army is the outcome of a purely political demand, and it is an unfortunate fact that political demands frequently omit to consider such questions as time or distance. The Indian politician overcomes insuperable difficulties by ignoring their existence or blaming the British, but the Simon Commission has, so far, shown distinct signs of being willing to face facts, and as the object of the Reforms is, in the late Mr. Montagu's words,

* A suggestion has already been made that part of the Dehra Dun Military School should be devoted to educating young Indians for civil careers.

† During the Indian Mutiny only three Brigades continued to exist as such after the loss of their British officers, and although many regiments carried on for a time after mutinying, practically none continued in being until the end of hostilities.

‡ "I told the Viceroy (Lord Reading) that it will take at least two, and probably three, generations to produce Indian officers of the right kind and in sufficient numbers, and he agreed."—*Lord Rawlinson of Trent*, p. 296.

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" the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government," it is difficult to see how its report can avoid all reference to the future of the Indian Army upon which the achievement described above must always ultimately depend.

On this point, what can such a report say? The indefinite postponement of some form of Indian Home Rule would enable the British Army to remain in India and the " Indianization " of the Indian Army to continue, but it would arouse considerable political opposition both in India and England. The view that the Reforms in anything like their original shape and the rapid and complete " Indianization " of the Army are alike impossible may be ruled out as being too unpalatable. Political and military progress towards complete " Indianization " cannot be separated, but while the former, in some shape, may conceivably be achieved in a comparatively short time, equally rapid development in the latter can never be possible. Herein lies the crux of the whole problem. Military " Indianization " if possible at all, can never keep pace with the development of political independence. Any attempt to force the military pace will undoubtedly result in the supply of British officers for India drying up long before Indians are ready or available to take their place.* Yet the only alternative appears to be the maintenance of a British garrison under a non-British Government, a system at variance with logic, precedent and history. The most probable solution, therefore, seems to be something in the nature of one of those compromises so dear to the political heart. And here we have the double political advantage of a precedent and yet another blessed word, " condominium." When the Egyptian Government was overthrown by Arabi Pasha, in 1882, the British Army restored order and has remained in Egypt ever since. To avoid such an uncompromising phrase as " military occupation," the happy alternative of " condominium " was invented, meaning, in practice, the maintenance of a British garrison and an Egyptian Government subject to necessary reservations. The heaven-sent chance of annexation offered during

* The official programme of the Labour Party, published in July, included as one of its chief items the grant of at least Dominion status to India. Should circumstances combine to allow of the Labour Party carrying out this part of its programme in anything like the near future, this very crisis will immediately be precipitated.

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the Great War was missed, and the subsequent establishment of an Egyptian kingdom has not made easier the continuance of a " condominium." The two institutions are, in fact, incompatible. The situation would be very similar in an autonomous India containing a British garrison. And here we come back to the second of the Indian Army's peace-time duties—the maintenance of internal order.

At present, when troops are required in aid of the Civil Power, British regiments are utilized. In nine cases out of ten the disturbances are due to the religious warfare between Hindu and Mahommedan, in which the British soldier takes no interest, with the result that his sole object is to end a most boring and unpleasant duty quickly and impartially—which, to his credit, he invariably does. In the event of a British withdrawal, will the Civil Power itself be entirely neutral or be able to count upon the same disinterested attitude in the " Indianized " Indian Army in which not only every man, but also every officer, will have religious sympathies with one side or the other? You cannot appreciate such things from a Western point of view. To an Oriental, authority is useless if it does not render favours possible, and the man who gains from power neither social, political nor financial advantages is written down a fool. Even now, it is by no means uncommon for an Indian officer to ask some favour for a relation, irrespective of his professional qualifications, and knowing from the experience of generations that it is quite futile to make such a request to a British officer. No harm is meant. It is simply the Oriental way. Favouritism and politics must always be the undoing of an Army. We have seen it in Egypt. It was the foundation upon which the White Flag Society hoped to build in the Soudan a few years ago. We have seen it in Russia, and it is before our eyes in China now. And amid no surroundings could these fatal growths flourish more than in an " Indianized " Indian Army. In course of time disaffection would follow. To suppress such outbreaks with Indian troops of other religions and races would be simply to intensify existing religious differences, but in the absence of a British garrison, it would be the only way of stopping a debacle involving the whole Indian Army. If, on the other hand, the British Army of a " condominium " were available, we might see the events of 1857 over again. In the history of another force* is told

* *The Silent Force*, p. 85 (London, Philip Allen & Co., Ltd., 1928).

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the story of the pacification of Western Canada by the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and the Indian outlook in Canada of 1877 seems to provide a quotation which may aptly be applied to the Indian of the East moving blindly forward to-day on the wave of political ambition: "Life, it seemed, liked to move from the simple to the complex, until an explosion came and started the cycle at the primitive again."

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WITH THE AIRCRAFT OF THE SHANGHAI DEFENCE FORCE, 1927

By WING-COMDR. C. E. MAUDE, R.A.F.

(*Continued from page* 207, *July*, 1928, *number*.)

THE next problem was to get the machines ashore to their new home. The simplest course would have been, having converted them back from seaplanes to landplanes, to fly them off the flying deck of *Argus* ; but against this was the fact that the ship was berthed alongside a wharf in the river, and to fly the machines off with safety involved having a wind of at least fifteen to twenty miles an hour blowing true down the river from ahead of the ship. Observations carried out during the few days while preparations for landing were going forward showed that these conditions could not be relied on, and it was reluctantly decided that the aircraft must be landed by lighter and transported to the flying ground. In order to avoid dismantling the machines, with the consequent delay of erecting them again the other end, the aeroplanes were landed fully rigged, with their wings folded (all aircraft for ship use are built with folding wings, to reduce stowage space on board), and then wheeled through the town from the landing stage to the race-course on their own undercarriages. This, as may be imagined, was a slow and laborious business. The streets of Shanghai are narrow, and intensely congested with traffic during all daylight hours ; and as the authorities were not prepared to clear the streets specially for the passage of the aeroplanes, it was necessary to carry out the operation by night, after the streets had been cleared. At this time the " Curfew " order (which was lifted later) was still in force from 10 p.m., after which time no one was allowed in the streets without a pass.

The aeroplanes were therefore landed during the course of the afternoon, and were parked on the Bund under a strong military guard until Curfew hour, when their final trek to the aerodrome was begun. All went well until the very end, when a serious hitch occurred ; the whole operation had been successfully organized and carried through, except that one important fact had unfortunately been overlooked—

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the gates at the entrance to the race-course were too narrow for the aeroplanes to get through! To come up against this obstacle late at night—or rather, in the early hours of the morning—after a long and tiring day's work was rather hard to bear. As the gates were flanked by substantial brick columns, they could not be removed, and therefore a way round had to be found. This involved the removal of a part of an adjoining fence and the temporary bridging of a wide and deep dyke which surrounded the race-course. With the willing assistance of the Army, this task was at length accomplished, and about 4 a.m. the aeroplanes were at last housed in the temporary "mat-shed" hangars which had been erected to receive them.

These mat sheds consist of a skeleton frame-work of bamboo poles covered over with straw matting; they are very light and strong, and can be erected by the Chinese labourers in an incredibly short space of time. Three complete hangars, each about sixty feet by seventy feet and fifteen feet high, were built in less than a week. I watched their construction, and they seemed to spring up like magic. On Monday the sites were just being pegged out, and on the following Wednesday, when I next visited the ground, the bamboo frameworks were complete and ready to receive their covering of matting.

All arrangements for the flight in connection with works and buildings, guards, transport, etc., were carried out by the Army, who also provided their food and accommodation.

The day after the flight had landed all machines were successfully tested and flown, these first flights causing intense excitement amongst the Chinese population. With the exception of one or two visitors engaged on far-eastern or round-the-world flights, no flying had ever taken place in Shanghai before, and most of the Chinese had never seen an aeroplane before. The race-course, being a public recreation ground, was normally open to all and sundry; and on the first day's flying crowds of people flocked in and swarmed all over the ground. This was an eventuality which had not been foreseen, and several possible accidents from spectators being struck by aeroplanes taking off or landing were narrowly avoided. Steps were taken to avoid this in future, and the ground was barred to the public during the hours of flying. But even then the crowds which swarmed in the roads surrounding the ground were so great that the traffic was seriously

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impeded, and eventually a high fence had to be built to baffle the idle sightseers.

In addition to the race-course, the recreation ground included also a miniature golf-course, tennis courts, a polo ground, and cricket and football pitches, and was in fact almost the only spot where the majority of the foreign inhabitants could obtain exercise or recreation. It was therefore decided to confine flying to the mornings only, and in the afternoons the ground was thrown open to the public to enjoy their usual recreation. That part of the ground where the hangars were situated was, of course, fenced off and guarded by sentries ; and naturally the military reserved the right to close the ground at any time should flying be necessary. This arrangement was typical of the whole conditions prevailing in Shanghai at that time, where the constant endeavour of the Defence Force was to effect such a compromise as would reconcile military necessity with as little possible interference with the ordinary amenities of the civil population, whether business or pleasure. So it was that one saw the teeming thousands of the populace carrying on their ceaseless activities amidst all the accoutrements of war, barbed wire entanglements, sand-bag defences and machine-gun posts, armed sentries at street corners complete with steel helmets and war equipment.

The flight soon settled down in their new quarters ashore, and flying was carried out every morning on reconnaissance or other work according to Army requirements.

When they first came ashore the flight were temporarily accommodated in some buildings on the race-course ; but the Army had taken over a Chinese building in the vicinity, and the personnel moved into this as soon as it was ready to receive them. This building had been a sort of miniature Chinese " fun-fair " and pleasure garden, but had been derelict for some time. Never shall I forget the state of filth that it was in when we first took it over. It seemed to be hours before I could get the stench of the place out of my nostrils. However, a week or two of hard work wrought marvels, and eventually it made quite a good and comfortable billet for the men.

The first few weeks of April, after our arrival in Shanghai, was a time of marked tension, and considerable uncertainty existed as to whether active operations might not break out in one form or another. Although all was quiet within the

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Settlement, there was a noticeable feeling of strain, and it was felt by some that this state of tension could not last indefinitely and that the present period of quiet might well be only the lull before the storm. The advance of the Cantonese northwards was being successfully continued, and although most of the troops around Shanghai were gradually withdrawn to join in the general advance, it was feared by some that the Nationalist leaders, emboldened by success and egged on by their Bolshevik advisers or masters in Moscow (and possibly also misunderstanding our apparently passive attitude), might yet by some act of extreme provocation, either at Shanghai or elsewhere, force us into retaliatory action. Nanking had already fallen, with its accompanying outrages against foreign persons and property, and the Northerners were apparently in full and disorganized retreat. In some quarters it was felt and openly expressed that only the most prompt and drastic punishment of those responsible for the Nanking outrages would bring the Nationalist leaders to their senses; and there was a demand that immediate action on these lines should be taken by the British forces. I have no intention of discussing the political aspects of the matter; but it must be remembered that Britain was not alone concerned, international interests were involved, and it was essential that any action taken should be previously agreed between all the interested Powers. Any sign of disagreement or disunity between the Powers could do nothing but harm to all foreign interests in China. With so many countries involved—Great Britain, United States, France and Japan, to name only the chief—with so many different interests and sentiments, it was inevitable that a certain amount of delay should occur in reaching agreement on a common policy; and meantime the state of tension continued, while the local "fire-eaters" on the spot continued to breathe out threats and menaces and to deplore the supineness of their respective home governments.

Eventually, in the middle of April, a suitable "Note" was drafted and presented to the Nationalist Government, in which certain demands were made by all the Powers for reparation for the outrages at Nanking.

This was replied to a few days later by a Chinese note of the usual evasive character; the charges were either refuted or denied, counter charges were made, and the demand for reparations was not directly answered at all. As appears

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only too usual with diplomatic notes of this nature, the way seemed open for interminable further correspondence, unless indeed the Powers should decide to choose the alternative of " deeds, not words," as was demanded from many quarters.

But a few days later still, before any further action could be decided on, a dramatic change occurred in the Chinese situation. Chiang-Kai-Shek, the Southern Generalissimo, suddenly broke with the Nationalist Government at Hankow, and set up his own " government " at Nanking. As he still held control of his armies, and through them of all the trade of the Yangtse Valley and of Shanghai, and hence of the money accruing therefrom, he appeared to be in a very strong position; whereas the Hankow Government was " left in the air," cut off from both power and money. In view of this, it was decided finally by the Powers concerned to take no further action at present with regard to the Nanking incident. It was announced that the Hankow Government's Note would not be replied to, but the liability for making good the damage or destruction at Nanking on the part of those responsible would not be overlooked when the time arrived for a final settlement.*

Meantime, Chiang-Kai-Shek's first act was to denounce all Communists, and to determine to rid himself of their influence ; and this determination he proceeded to translate into formidable action by inaugurating a ruthless campaign against the Communists, labour agitators, and " gun-men " of Shanghai, which he caused to be rounded up and executed in numbers. The result of this was immediately apparent ; the tension was relaxed, and conditions improved so much from day to day that within a short time the atmosphere within the Settlement was very nearly normal.

The Curfew order was lifted, leave restrictions were relaxed, and the social life of Shanghai began to resume its normal sway.

Nothing could exceed the hospitality of the residents of Shanghai towards the members of the Defence Force. Tennis and tea parties, dinners, dances, and theatres became the order of the day ; while the ladies of Shanghai worked indefatigably in the setting up of canteens and recreation centres for the men. " We came to fight and we stayed to dance," might well be the motto of the Shanghai Defence Force.

* The " Nanking Incident " was finally settled by an exchange of Notes in August, 1928.

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Daily flights were continued as a matter of routine by the party on the race-course, and meantime the seaplane flight which had remained in *Argus* carried out a considerable amount of flying from the river. This flying was not unattended by a certain amount of difficulty, for, as explained earlier, conditions were very far from ideal for seaplane work owing to the congested state of traffic on the river. Nevertheless, a useful amount of flying was carried out ; and although flying at Shanghai had by now become more or less commonplace, whether from land or water, yet it never seemed to lose its interest for the Chinese. Indeed, judging by the many independent expressions of opinion that I heard from civilian residents, there seems little doubt that Chinese opinion was more impressed by our work in the air than by all the rest of the various arms and branches of our Defence Force. Soldiers and sailors were to be seen everywhere, but they were never in action ; whereas the aeroplanes were always in action, and every flight served as a powerful reminder of their latent possibilities. This is not to belittle the work of the Army or Navy in comparison with the Air Force ; far from it, for no air force can exist without the support of one or other of the land or sea services. It is merely that the work of the Air Force happens to be more spectacular and therefore to appeal more to public imagination.

One amusing incident in connection with our seaplane flying deserves to be recorded. About the middle of May, the Northerners were reported to have made a partial recovery and to be counter-attacking against the Southerners across the Yangtse, with a view to a possible movement to retake Shanghai. A few days later an army of 20,000 men was said to be actually advancing on Shanghai, but as no definite news could be obtained as to the whereabouts of this reported " army," daily air reconnaissances were ordered so that our Headquarters could be kept in touch with the situation.

On one of these reconnaissance flights round the mouth of the Yangtse, two or three small cruisers were sighted coming down from the Northward, and were eventually identified as our old friend the Northern cruiser, *Hai-chi*, accompanied by two of her consorts, come down for one of her periodical raiding trips. Fortunately or unfortunately for her, none of the " enemy " were to be found on this occasion ; and after exchanging a few harmless rounds with the fort at Woosung at the entrance to the river, she proceeded to

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" broadcast " the following pathetic message to her former colleagues. The signal was made by wireless in plain English, addressed to all the ships of the Southern naval forces. It was intercepted by *Argus* and one or two other ships in harbour and is given here exactly as received :—

" We are sorry to relate that since we first fight you at Woosung on March 27th, we have arrived here for three times without seeing any one of your ships. It is not a good plan for you to hide inside the upper and narrow part of your river. We just destroyed your Woosung fort, but that is not our job. Now we are waiting at the mouth of the river in hopes you come to there soon and then try a sea battle with us for the unity of the Navy."

This touching appeal, unfortunately, led to no response, the Southern ships evidently deciding that discretion was the better part of valour. So after waiting around for two or three hours the Northern cruisers steamed disconsolately away. Our air reconnaissance showed that practically no damage had been done to the Woosung Fort, a few shells having fallen harmlessly into the parade ground at the back of the fort.

Incidentally, our seaplanes incurred great displeasure from both the opposing sides on this occasion, the commander of the fort complaining that we were assisting the attacking cruisers, while they on their part declared that we were acting on behalf of the Southerners. The cruisers actually went so far as to open fire on the seaplanes, fortunately without effect. This was only one of many occasions when official protests were lodged by the Chinese " Commissioner for Foreign Affairs " at Shanghai against the violation of international conventions by our aircraft flying over Chinese territory.

The reported counter-thrust of the Northerners did not progress, the mythical army for the capture of Shanghai failed to materialize, and the city settled down once more to its normal avocations.

On June 3rd the King's Birthday was celebrated with fitting and impressive ceremony. A grand parade of all arms of the Services was held on the race-course, and opportunity was taken of the presence of a battalion of the Coldstream Guards to carry out the time-honoured ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour.

To the best of my belief, this is the first time this ceremony

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has ever taken place outside the British Empire. Contingents drawn from every unit of the Defence Force, from the Navy, Marines, and Air Force, and from the Shanghai Volunteer Corps and Shanghai Indian Police, lined the parade ground during the Trooping of the Colour by the Guards; and afterwards all contingents marched past the saluting base, where the salute was taken by Sir Miles Lampson, British Minister at Peking, who was visiting Shanghai at the time. The bearing of the troops was magnificent, their drill and marching was perfect, and the whole ceremony was extraordinarily impressive—a wonderful tribute to the might and majesty of the British Empire. It raised the greatest enthusiasm amongst the foreign population of Shanghai. What the Chinese thought of it, I don't know; but if it did not make them love us any more, they can hardly have avoided being impressed, and it probably increased their respect.

In the evening of that day and the next, the Army staged a Searchlight Tattoo which, in its way, was even more wonderful than the parade. Although, of course on a smaller scale, it was well up to the standard of the Aldershot Tattoo, and considering that it was got up at short notice by what was practically an expeditionary force sent out under war conditions, the results were really marvellous.

Altogether, taking the King's Birthday Parade and the Tattoo as a whole, Shanghai was presented with such a spectacle as it had probably never before witnessed, nor is likely to see again (unless the Defence Force should still be there in June, 1928), and all sections of the community were loud in their praise.

At the beginning of June, No. 2 (Army Co-operation) Squadron of the Royal Air Force arrived out from home, and took over flying duties in connection with the Defence Force. Our flight from *Argus* was therefore re-embarked (amidst general regrets), and at the end of June the ship left Shanghai for the summer base of the fleet at Wei-hai-wei and afterwards for Hong-Kong. It was found, however, that the race-course was not really big enough to accommodate a whole squadron, nor were flying conditions good enough to allow of normal training being carried out, so that it was difficult to keep all pilots in flying practice. Moreover, towards the end of the summer, the reduction of the Defence Force by the withdrawal of certain battalions was approved, and in these circumstances it was decided to withdraw also

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No. 2 Squadron and to replace them by the flight that had been originally landed from *Argus*.

At the beginning of September, therefore, *Argus* returned to Shanghai and the flight once more took up their quarters on the race-course.

It is curious that the return of *Argus* to Shanghai at this time should have coincided once again with yet another visit from the Northern cruiser *Hai-chi*. Once again she bombarded the Woosung forts, and once again she found no enemy to fight; but on this occasion she brought with her a seaplane which flew up the river and attempted to bomb the Chinese arsenal just outside Shanghai. True, the machine only dropped three bombs, one of which fell harmlessly in the river and one failed to explode, while the third did no material damage; but at least the operation showed considerable initiative. Where the seaplane was procured from, or how it was hoisted in or out, no one knows; but it was certainly one more feather in the cap of the *Hai-chi*. Although in her various activities she may not have achieved much in the way of material results, yet by her initiative, persistence, and even her courage, she placed herself well above the plane of normal Chinese warfare, and I think she deserves her own little niche in the temple of fame.

One incident which occurred with No. 2 Squadron deserves to be recorded—an incident which very nearly led to serious consequences, although, fortunately, in the end it passed off without trouble.

A machine developed engine trouble while flying one day, and being unable to regain the aerodrome, the pilot made a forced landing on the Kiangwan golf-course, some miles beyond the boundary of the Settlement.

Now this golf-course, although outside the Settlement, is frequently visited by foreigners, no objection being raised by the Chinese. Therefore, when the pilot reported the facts by telephone to his Squadron, the Squadron proceeded as a matter of routine to send out a breakdown party by lorry to the golf-course. The breakdown party dismantled the aeroplane and brought in the fuselage and engine in the lorry, leaving the wings for a second trip.

Meantime, however, the Chinese authorities, who happened to have a military post in the vicinity of the golf-course, had got busy with their own headquarters; and when the lorry appeared for the second load, our men found that

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the wings had been " confiscated " by a military guard who refused to deliver them up. As there was obviously no means of obtaining possession of the wings (unless by force, which the Air Force party was neither authorized nor in any position to offer), the party returned to Shanghai and reported the facts to Headquarters. The Chinese evidently hoped to use the occasion of this chance forced landing to bring to a head the vexed question of the flying of British aeroplanes over Chinese territory. Their idea apparently was to hold the wings as a sort of " hostage " in the hopes that they might thereby force the hand of the British authorities to prohibit such flying in the future. This was a position which obviously could not be accepted by us ; and General Duncan, in command of the Defence Force, determined on strong and immediate action. He gave notice to the Chinese authorities that if the wings were not returned by a certain hour the following day he would " take such action as he deemed appropriate." The Chinese, wisely or unwisely, decided to bluff it out, and by the hour mentioned no wings were forthcoming. General Duncan proceeded immediately to put his threat into action. A strong party of the Defence Force was thrown out beyond the limits of the Settlement, and took possession of a section of the Shanghai—Nanking railway just before it enters Shanghai. Here they proceeded neatly to remove about fifty yards of the permanent way, thereby entirely cutting off Shanghai from all railway communication with the north.

This was too much for the Chinese ; they saw that their bluff had been called, and they were powerless to resist. Various " face-saving " negotiations (so dearly loved by the Chinese) were immediately put in train ; and by the following day the wings had been returned, the railway line replaced, the troops withdrawn, and the incident was closed. It is hoped, however, that the Chinese have learned their lesson. The patience and forbearance of the British throughout the long-drawn-out Chinese civil wars have been beyond praise, but it is possible that the Chinese may have been led by this forbearance to believe mistakenly that they may go to any lengths with impunity. They found their mistake on this occasion, and it is hoped they will not need another reminder.

The British action in cutting the railway line on this occasion was particularly unfortunate for the Chinese, for at that moment the Nationalist armies were in full retreat,

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and it appeared that at any moment Shanghai itself might be threatened and even recaptured by the Northerners. This was brought about by yet another kaleidoscopic change which had occurred at the end of July and beginning of August. The advance of the Nationalists northwards had spent itself, while the Northerners had reorganized their armies and themselves assumed an offensive which at first appeared likely to be as successful as the previous Nationalist advance had been before them.

Chiang-Kai-Shek, the Southern Generalissimo and head of the "Nanking" Government, at this juncture resigned his command and departed for his home.

Whether he was tired of his interminable squabbles with his erstwhile friends of Hankow, or whether he was doubtful of the loyalty of his troops, or whether it was simply that he had amassed sufficient fortune and decided to retire with his spoils—"to get out while the going was good"—is not at present known. In any event his departure threw the whole affair into even worse confusion, and for a time it seemed as though the Northerners, if only they were able to keep up the pressure, would easily recapture Nanking and Shanghai and sweep everything before them. But once again the affair fizzled out; the Northerners were brought to a halt and thrown back across the Yangtse; and by the middle of September a position of "stalemate" appeared again to have supervened. In China the distances are so great, the communications so bad, the armies so poorly equipped, and, above all, the allegiance of the different factions and generals so doubtful, that it appears impossible for either side to bring a campaign to a final and successful conclusion.

How long the opposing armies will continue to battle with each other backwards and forwards across the Yangtse, who can tell?

I am no prophet, and even if I were, I should hate to attempt a prophecy on such a matter. Meantime, the Defence Force, with its attendant aircraft, continues to sit patiently at Shanghai; and though it has been, and may be still further, reduced from its original strength, it is difficult to see how it can ever be entirely withdrawn as long as the present chaotic conditions in China continue interminably in being.

It is dull work for the troops, but necessary; for what

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might have happened in Shanghai without their presence hardly bears contemplation.

If indeed their present garrison duties are somewhat monotonous and spiced with little excitement, yet I am sure that in the years to come all who served there will look back on their months in Shanghai with many happy and pleasant recollections.

Of the value of the Defence Force in their midst no one has a greater sense than the Shanghailanders themselves; and their gratitude has always been, and continues to be, expressed by their great kindness and most boundless hospitality to all our men.

In so far as it has been necessary for the purposes of my narrative to mention or discuss the local Chinese situation as it existed from time to time, I have confined myself to the very broadest outline, and have not attempted to go into details regarding the different factions and their various moves. In particular, I have as far as possible avoided mentioning the names of any of the Chinese generals and marshals (so confusing and so similar), or of the many towns and places which figure so prominently (and often so transiently) in our daily news from China. From my own experiences, I know how impossible it is when reading news or articles about China to keep pace with all these names, and therefore I have desired to avoid wearying my readers in this way. For the broad purposes of my narrative, I have deemed it sufficient to talk simply of "Northerners" and "Southerners," and to refer only in the most vague terms to places or dates in the varying phases of the Chinese "war." The careful historian will therefore search in vain for any reliable data or information as to the position of affairs in China during the year 1927.

After Note.

Since the above article was written, just a year ago, many changes have occurred in the Chinese situation. The Southerners have at last achieved their ambition and have taken Peking; the Northerners have retired into Manchuria. Chiang-Kai-Shek has resumed his position as Southern generalissimo, and Chang-Tso-Lin, the Northern leader, has been bombed and killed on his retreat. Nominally, at least, the Nationalists now reign supreme over all China from Peking in the north to Canton in the south; but for how

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long this nominal authority will hold or how far it will extend time alone will show. A critical examination of the political situation is outside my province, but all the world knows that the Nationalist party is rent with many internal dissensions ; and it seems probable that a strong, stable and united China is still far from realization.

To quote from a recent despatch from *The Times* correspondent at Peking :—" It cannot be too earnestly affirmed that the supposed unification of China is yet only superficial. Deep rifts exist within the Kuomintang which threaten to split it throughout. The dissatisfaction of business men with Nanking is profound. The proclamations poured out, ranging from gigantic schemes of disbandment and public works to dress reform and the abolition of earrings, deceive nobody while nothing whatever has been done to alleviate public distress."

Meantime a reduced, but still formidable Defence Force still remains in Shanghai, though all aircraft have now been withdrawn.

September, 1928.

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NAVAL CO-OPERATION

By Captain P. A. Chubb, Royal Signals.

LIEUTENANT William Willoughby Warburton was at once the pride and the despair of his battery—the pride, because he knew more about cocktail-shaking than any other five subalterns put together, and the despair, because—well, you shall hear for yourselves and judge accordingly.

In days gone by, when the Army was essentially a military unit, William, together with many of his superiors and confrères, was wont to spend much time and good ammunition in defacing the beautiful tors of Dartmoor through the agency of noisy cannon. The moors were far from the maddening crowd, and nobody who was of any local importance either knew or cared what William and his friends did so long as the spouts of their cannon faced Princetown and not Okehampton.

One fine day, however, a Very Important Person Indeed issued an edict which caused no small stir.

"General Officers Commanding-in-Chief Commands," directed the V.I.P.I., "will take steps to secure closer co-operation between the units under their command and local units of the Royal Navy and of the Royal Air Force."

The decree continued in the same strain to enumerate some of the methods by which such co-operation might be effected, and finally, with that delightful humility which is the prerogative of only the Very Great, the V.I.P.I. had the honour to remain their "obedient servant."

To cut a long story short, the local authorities, galvanized into action, plunged their rusted nibs into the Ink, S.O., Black, and the Ink, S.O., Red, and repeated the V.I.P.I's. orders in slightly different language for the information and necessary action of lower formations. And, behold, it was so!

Very shortly afterwards William disappeared from the playground of pieces of ordnance and was not seen for a month or more. At least, Gunner White, the battery chiropodist, swore that when coming out of the "Dog and Duck" he

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had seen William in a yachting-cap, but general opinion decided that the evidence was doubtful in view of the number of red entries in this witness's conduct sheet.

Suddenly William reappeared early one morning and confessed between his second and third helping of eggs and bacon that he had been serving his apprenticeship on the high seas with His Majesty's Navy, and, when told that he ought to send a message to the Adjutant announcing his return, he loftily replied that he would " make a signal."

Unfortunately, this was not the only ill effect of his studies of life on the ocean wave, although it afterwards transpired that he had never sailed beyond the breakwater in Plymouth Sound. He proceeded from bad to worse. He stood outside the mess and blew a bo'sun's whistle to " pipe his batman on deck," as he explained to his indignant brother officers. He then sauntered leisurely over to the Orderly Room and entered the Adjutant's office. A moment later the Assistant-Adjutant staggered out, pallid and stricken, and announced with bated breath to the awaiting crowd of officers that William had saluted in nautical fashion, and had reported his arrival with the words " Come aboard, sir ! " and, when told to go to the deuce, had replied " Aye, aye, sir ! "

By this time feeling was running high, and William only just saved himself from a sticky ending at the hands of his comrades by retiring to the Mess and concocting the best and most potent cocktail that the members had ever tasted. After two of them William's battery commander retired to his quarters for the rest of the day, and by mutual consent a Captain of Marines, who was temporarily attached to the camp, was appointed interpreter between William and the other officers.

Thanks to the cocktails, all went well until the afternoon, when William's light was suddenly and completely extinguished.

The brigade was drawn up on the parade ground in readiness for an inspection by no less a personage than the Director of Artillery himself. The officers took up their allotted positions, and William, in the absence of the battery commander (*q.v. supra*), sat proudly astride his horse at the head of his battery.

The Great One arrived (one hour late) and was received with the customary General Salute. It then pleased him to ride round the brigade and inspect the general turn-out.

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He expressed satisfaction. He then turned to the brigade commander and intimated that it was his will and pleasure to see a battery trot past—*and the brigade commander detailed William's battery for the honour !*

From that moment William's doom was sealed. He lost his head completely. Not only did he acknowledge the order with " Aye, aye, sir ! " but turning to face his battery he gave the order loud and clear : " Let go fore and aft ! Trot ! "

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"SCIENCE AND WAR: SOME COMMENTS

By VICTOR WALLACE GERMAINS.

FROM Algeciras to Serajevo Europe rang with the note of sharpening swords. Every Chancellory was bent on seeking new alliances and upon creating a favourable political basis for the struggle men felt to be inevitable; every War Office was furbishing up its harness and girding up its loins for the fray. It was a period of repeated crises such as the "annexation" of 1908, Agadir of 1911, and the Balkan War; of impassioned propaganda for National Defence. Germany passed repeated Naval and Military "Laws" swelling her armed forces, France reintroduced the Three Years' Military Service, England met the menace of the German Fleet by intensified naval construction, and our "conversations" with France led to the "speeding up" of our mobilization, and the reorganization of our land forces. There was never a period in which the keenest intellects in Europe were more active in research for new methods of destruction; in which Governments and people took keener interest in military problems or were better disposed to make sacrifices to secure military efficiency. The struggle waged openly in Press and Parliament took at times crude and melodramatic forms where intelligence officers battled behind the scenes to secure information as to the enemy's secret plans. What episode is, for instance, more reminiscent of the cinema than that of the Austrian Colonel Redl, "the man whose genius was everywhere recognized, and who might soon have been in command of the Austrian Army," and who for ten years had been selling Austria's most intimate military secrets to Russia? What a grim commentary upon "mathematical" theories of war to reflect that it was sheer blind chance which led to Redl's discovery, and that but for this the Russians would probably have marched to Vienna in the opening months of the war!

Here, then, we have an atmosphere surcharged with the threat of war; are we to see in the soldiers of that time mere routine-encrusted pedants, or men who, in general, saw as far as it was humanly possible for them to see, but who

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in their thoughts and theories reached a blank wall beyond which imagination faltered and the issue of fighting had to be left in the hand of God ?

It is the tragedy of the soldier as compared with the civilian that he seldom or never gets the chance to test his theories by practice. Science puts into his hand new and improved weapons, but peace training for war has no actual bullets or shells ; the expense of mobilizing large bodies of troops is so great that no Government can afford to mobilize for manœuvres anything but the merest fraction of the forces which the soldier is called upon to command in war, and such manœuvres are handicapped by cramped training areas and the necessity of avoiding damage to property or crops. Compare the last manœuvres held by our Army before the war—a couple of divisions at peace-strength moving amid artificial conditions over restricted areas—with the dire and awful reality which awaited us ; armies made up of scores of divisions, battle areas stretching from sea to sea ; a free hand to use any method you like to bring confusion or destruction upon the enemy, practically unlimited funds available for military purposes ; and then take this utterance by Colonel Fuller :—" . . . the soldier must study war as a chemist studies chemistry, or a mathematician studies mathematics. . . . He must accept nothing unless it can be proved." Even the mathematician must *do* the sum to prove it. How are we to *prove* our theories in time of peace with weapons continually changing in variety, scope and power, and with never any definite certainty as to *whom* we are to fight or *where* we are to fight ? How can any process of fighting under such conditions be anything but experimental, with the chance that we shall make mistakes and the one consoling thought that the enemy, in all probability, will be in the same boat ? The chemist when engaged in experimental work is not called a fool because some experiments go wrong, and he finds himself obliged to try and try again. But the soldier makes his experiments in an atmosphere of frenzied passion, and if his experiments mishap and heavy losses are incurred he has to meet criticism from all sides. When at last he finds the way to victory, there are many who exclaim that it was only the soldier's obtuseness which hindered him from solving his problem successfully first go off !

War is not a science but an Art which deals with human passions keyed to their highest limit, and human weaknesses

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at times reduced to the lowest level of folly and despair; it is an Art dependent upon inspiration and experience, and which introduces incalculable elements as to the enemy's exact whereabouts, strength and intentions, and which is further complicated by weather-conditions and *terrain*. War is an Art which has its own specialized technique, and much confusion is caused by writers such as Colonel Fuller who perpetually mix up the technique of war, which exists, and which at times expresses itself in mechanical weapons such as machine guns, tanks, aeroplanes, etc., as well as mechanical transport means, such as railroads, steamships, cross-country carriers, with a so-called Science of War which does *not* exist and which *cannot* exist. If it be possible to win battles by mathematical formulæ *why fight at all?* Why throw away men's lives by attempting tasks which our mathematics "prove" to be impossible? What enemy will engage in battle when his mathematical *formulæ* "prove" that he is certain to get beaten? It is one thing to produce a weapon, quite a different one to *use* this weapon when produced. You can use mathematics profitably enough in estimating, for instance, the elements of weakness introduced by rivet holes in an armour-plate; but to reduce a naval battle to mathematical formulæ is an obvious impossibility and the attempt to do so is absurd.

War has a technique which comprises (1) Theory, (2) Mechanics. The Theory is mainly a matter of military history and the study of campaigns from which we deduce certain principles of strategy and, in broad outline, of tactics. These principles are more or less immutable, and apply to all operations of war whether by sea or land or in the air. But the Mechanics of war comprise factors such as weapons, transport means, methods of fortification, etc., etc., and these are always changing. It has been well said that tactical theories need drastic revision every ten years.

In the elements as thus stated there is nothing in which it is possible for the soldier to get Absolute Truth in the fashion in which the scientist can get Absolute Truth.* Historical analogies are apt to be very dangerous, even such recent and well authenticated events as the Battles of the Marne and of Jutland are matters of vehement controversy! Military

* And even scientists are enmeshed in controversy. At the present time, for instance, astronomers are divided into those who see "canals" on Mars and those who don't!

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history is not Truth—in the scientific sense—but merely an approximation to Truth, which becomes more and more unreliable the further we go back and which moreover, is apt to be tremendously distorted by writers in favour of their own pet fads or heroes.

As regards weapons in the next war we shall be just as much in the dark as to their actual power as we were in 1914, and all the " scientific " thinking in the world will not help us. It is not the truth that there was " lack of thinking " before the last war. We had in the British Army a generation of soldiers trained largely by men of the intellectual calibre of Lord Wolseley, Colonel Henderson, etc., men who took their profession very seriously and who thought deeply. The German Army under inspiration of Von Schlieffen and kindred leaders was also thinking very hard, and people who talk wisely about marching to fight Sedans and Sadowas would do well to reflect how narrowly the issue weighed in the balance at the Marne. Had Germany been able to throw into the crisis of that battle twelve additional army corps the probabilities are that she would have *won* a greater Sedan. Had *we* been able to put into the field at that particular time a similar additional number of trained and equipped troops the Marne would have been for us an overwhelming and decisive victory. The deadlock which ensued was not due to lack of " science," but to lack of *resources*. Both sides had reached the end of their tether. Reinforcements dribbled into action later on, kept the balance even, and such superiority as the Allies later attained was largely whittled away by divided councils, inevitable in an alliance of equal states pitted against a confederacy dominated by a single Power, by lack of munitions, and, in the case of the British Army, by lack of time, which was necessary for our hastily improvised armies, led by men who had scarcely even seen a " big " division at full war strength, to settle down and acquire the high standard of staff-work and training needed in fighting a regular army under capable leaders battling upon its own chosen ground. When finally the German Armies went to pieces, lack of resources played as great a part as " scientific " methods of combat. Germany was just as " scientific " as we were. Only military myopia can hide the fact that in 1918 *without* tanks she was no less successful in surprising and defeating British and French armies than the Allies were successful in surprising and defeating German armies *with* tanks !

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Germany could not exploit the gains made and render them decisive because she was at the end of her tether in man-power and industrial power. She could not fill up the gaps in her ranks, she could not replace *matériel* lost in the field. The Allies, even in the worst crises of 1918, could always do this, and under protection of a supreme fleet they could pour into France masses of men and stores from America and across the seas. When, as at Chateau Thierry and Amiens, they won successes they could follow them up against a foe who was continually growing weaker and weaker, whose last hopes of victory had been dashed aside, and who saw in the American troops outward and visible evidence of new great armies forming against him. Even in the British and French armies after Cambrai and the Nivelle offensive there entered a certain spirit of *dry-rot*. Fortunately for us the enemy was too much exhausted to exploit it. The collapse of the German armies in September and October, 1918, was the same thing on a far greater scale. Tactical " lessons " from this period need to be taken with reserve.

After every war there is a tendency to run to " legends." The American Civil War produced the " monitor " legend. All navies set to building them. After many millions had been wasted, it was discovered that the monitor was only of value under special circumstances. The Battle of Lissa introduced the cult of the ram. For generations battleships were burdened with a clumsy useless ram, much more dangerous to their own friends than to their potential enemies. After several disasters the ram was discarded. After the Falklands naval men swore by the high speed heavily gunned, lightly armoured battle-cruiser. Two of the battleships building were converted to this type. Before they were completed came the Battle of Jutland, turning this " lesson " upside down, and they were pronounced by Jellicoe " unfit to lie in the line ! " After the Boer War the Army swore by mounted infantry, after the Russo-Japanese War by the machine gun. Now we have Colonel Fuller swearing by the tank ! How long will it be before we are swearing by something different ? Nothing is more dangerous than to dogmatize from any particular battle. Every arm has its strong points and its weak ones. No arm can stand alone ; its value will always be dependent not only upon *terrain* but upon the character and resources of the enemy. Moreover, it seldom happens that a commander in the field is free to choose his

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own weapons and to do exactly what *he* thinks best. Usually it is a case of cutting one's coat to suit one's cloth, and of making the best possible show with the weapons and resources available. No " scientific " methods of preparation can foresee *every* contingency.

However " scientific " we may be, there will always be an x to the equation, and although we may surmise that x equals so and so, there is always the chance that in practice it will be found that x is equal to something quite different ! There is as much profit in mathematical formulæ to win battles as in mathematical " systems " to break the bank at Monte Carlo !

War is at best a brutal business. It is our job to kill or maim a sufficiently large number of men to break the enemy's will for fighting. Coo we never so dulcetly, " Ducky, ducky, ducky, come and be killed," no enemy is likely to listen to our siren-like pipings. On the contrary, he is going to do his level best to kill us instead. We have to cope with the " independent will-power of the enemy," and to do this we must attack him at some point which he can't afford to lose—and *hammer* him. It is not a case of " move, guard, hit," it is a case of hit—hit *hard*—keep on hitting ! Underlying every theory of surprise and manœuvre is the basal principle of *hitting*. The value of surprise depends upon hitting-power and all the manœuvres in the world will never win a battle. I have seen innumerable schemes by which Lord Haig could have won the war cheaply and dramatically. The trouble with such schemes is that they presuppose that if Haig had done Something Else, the enemy would either have gone to sleep or have continued to do the Same Thing ! Ludendorff and Hindenburg were among the ablest soldiers of their time. If Haig had done Something Else, they would have done Something Else also. Whether from patriotism or partisanship such writers will never give the enemy his due.

In summing up, no amount of " science " can prevent mistakes in war or provide an infallible recipe for victory. The next war will find us just as much in the dark as we were in 1914. We must strive to think deeply, and to see clearly and to cultivate an attitude of mental elasticity which will enable us to rise superior to our own mistakes, and to profit by those of the enemy. We must above all things strive to make the best use of our limited opportunities in peace-training and avoid the vicious system under which it was

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possible—and I am afraid is still—for officers on leaving the Staff College to fill a succession of Staff appointments and then be pitch-forked into a high command with no genuine practical experience behind them. Staff College training has its limitations. No instructor can teach more than he knows himself, and there is no system of education which will truly teach a man to *think*. A man is born a genius, a mediocrity or a fool. If he is a genius he will teach himself, if he is a mediocrity he will ape genius, if he is a fool—he will remain a fool. Education can *develop* the power of thought, but if the instructor be ill-chosen it is just as possible to develop in the *wrong* direction as in the right one. The late Duke of Cambridge—to whom the Army owes a big debt in setting his face against cadet-schools—was led to oppose the Staff College largely because he thought that if the institution got into wrong hands it might become a centre for infecting the whole Army with loud-sounding nonsense. Even the most gifted instructor cannot do much more than teach a man the anatomy of his subject and how *not* to think. Judged by this simple standard, Camberley, if it has done some magnificent work, has also had many failures.

Under our present system our higher command seem fated to spend most of their time instructing and supervising their juniors: opportunities for reading and reflection are scarce; but during the limited time that is at their disposal for study, for Heaven's sake let them be spared the necessity for pondering over an alleged science of war.

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PRIZE MONEY

By E. C. M. TREHERN.

Barrister-at-law, late an Assistant to H.M. Procurator-General in Prize.

PART II.

IN a previous article we discussed some of the historical aspects of prize money. The present article deals with a few of the varied sources from which the sum of over £15,000,000, distributed to the naval and marine forces, was derived.

The principal source was not, as might be supposed, the proceeds of enemy ships or of neutral ships condemned for the carriage of contraband. Condemned vessels, enemy or neutral, contributed but a small part of the sum total. Most of the German merchant ships seized as prize—and there were not many of any great value or size, for they had received ample warning that hostilities were imminent—were those found in British ports on the outbreak of war, and made the subject of detention orders. In the leading case of *The Blonde*, decided in 1922, the Privy Council held that such vessels could not be condemned, but following a decision of the Prize Court in 1920 to the contrary, the Crown very fortunately had already obtained decrees condemning the bulk of them. The circumstances under which they were seized, however, rendered the proceeds droits of Admiralty and not droits of the Crown (see previous article), and accordingly the prize fund did not benefit. A few neutral vessels were condemned for the carriage of contraband, but not very many, as, unless the contraband goods formed a substantial part of the whole cargo and knowledge of the nature of the cargo on the part of the owners (or possibly the charterers) could be inferred, the Prize Court would not order condemnation.

Also, there were singularly few cases of neutral vessels condemned for rendering unneutral service. Probably the most flagrant example was that of the steamship *Bangor*, owned by a Norwegian company and flying the Norwegian flag. She was fitted and manned from New York to render services to German warships. On March 14th, 1915, she

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was captured by H.M.S. *Bristol* in the Straits of Magellan. Before the prize crew boarded her those on board destroyed the record of wireless messages, the record of messages received and other papers, and, in the words of the judgment condemning her, " circumstances of aggression of almost every kind attended her conduct and management." Prize proceedings against her were first commenced in the Supreme Court of the Falkland Islands, but the action was transferred to the Prize Court in London.

The major portion of the Navy's prize money was derived from the seizure of cargoes of a contraband nature bound to neutral ports and condemned as having an ultimate enemy destination; and by far the largest single commodity was coffee, which was shipped in enormous quantities from South American ports. The point was early taken that coffee was not food, and therefore not covered by the word " foodstuffs " in the contraband proclamations. Sir Samuel Evans, however, had no difficulty in brushing aside this contention, and pointed out that coffee formed part of the regular rations of the German and Austrian armies. The term " foodstuffs " was construed very widely. It was held to cover sausage casings and even baking powder, but the Court drew the line when it was seriously argued that borax was a foodstuff as it was used as a preservative for food.

In the early days of the war the Chicago meat packers did a most lucrative business—ostensibly with Danish consignees, but actually with Germany—in hog produce, and particularly in those parts of the animal known to the trade under the edifying names of " fat backs " and " clear bellies." The bulk of these consignments, however, came under a comprehensive settlement arranged in April, 1916, between the Procurator-General and the " Big Five " Chicago firm. In the previous September, in a group of cases which will go down to posterity as the " Kim cases," and which incidentally settled the law as regards the doctrine of continuous voyage as applied to conditional contraband, Sir Samuel Evans had condemned hog products seized from four vessels alone amounting in all to over twenty-three million lb. Similar consignments on forty-four other vessels had been seized, and the cases were awaiting trial. The desirability on the one hand of placating the United States, and on the other of putting a stop to the contraband trade of the packers, led the British Government to agree to a settlement whereby

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the consignments were formally condemned, but a large proportion of the estimated proceeds was released to the American claimants, who on their part undertook to ship no more produce directly or indirectly to enemies of this country. In this case it was argued before the Naval Prize Tribunal by counsel for the Fleet that as by the decree of the Prize Court all the goods, the subject of the settlement, were declared to be condemned, the whole proceeds should be credited to the naval prize fund, but it seemed to the Tribunal that as by the same decree the proportion claimed was released, this formal point was devoid of merit.

A case which aroused considerable interest, and by which the prize fund benefited, was that of the German hospital ship *Ophelia*, seized off the Dutch coast on suspicion that she was signalling for military purposes. It was admitted that she had sent wireless messages in a secret code, and she had on board 1,220 Véry lights; whereas the evidence was that a British auxiliary ship of similar kind would only carry some three dozen. Both the Prize Court and, on appeal, the Privy Council came to the conclusion without hesitation that the ship was not adapted and used for the sole purpose of affording aid to the wounded and sick, but was adapted and used as a signalling ship for belligerent purposes, and that she was subject, therefore, to condemnation.

The president of a well-known Scandinavian American concern was of a secretive disposition and distrusted strong rooms. On his passage to Europe he hid a large sum in gold eagles in one of the first-class lavatories, where, unfortunately for him, it was discovered, and his plea that the gold was to cover travelling expenses and the balance to be deposited to his credit in a Stockholm bank, availed him not. The Court inferred that its real destination, and that of a quantity of rubber goods—gloves and nipples—concealed between layers of clothing in his trunks, was Germany, and the prize fund accordingly gained some two or three thousand pounds.

Even the letter and parcel mails enriched the naval prize fund to a considerable extent. When the pressure of the Reprisals Order in Council began to be felt, the Central Powers endeavoured to carry on trade through the medium of the Post Office, and goods of every sort and description were despatched by post, regardless of the heavy expense, in the hope that mail bags would be considered inviolable.

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But the Court held that packets containing contraband were not protected under the Eleventh Hague Convention, and, in the case of securities, the condemnation of which added large sums to the prize fund, that they were not " postal correspondence " within the meaning of that Convention.

Nearly sixty years had elapsed since a Prize Court had sat in this country, and ancient principles had to be adapted to modern requirements. The remodelling of the practice was the great work of the late Sir Samuel Evans, who in one of his memorable judgments said : " In times of peace the Admiralty Courts of this realm are appealed to by people of all nationalities who engage in commerce upon the sea, with a confidence that right will be done. So in the unhappy and dire times of war the Court of Prize as a Court of Justice will, it is hoped, show that it holds evenly the scales between friend, neutral and foe." That hope assuredly was fulfilled.

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A SHORT CUT TO MOBILITY

By Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Beauman, D.S.O., *p.s.c.*,
The York and Lancaster Regiment.

IT is now generally admitted that the mobility of all arms must be increased by mechanization. Mechanization, however, costs money, and with the whole Press, irrespective of Party, clamouring for economy and drastic cuts in the estimates of the fighting services, as far as can be foreseen the money available during the next few years for increasing the mobility of the Army is certain to fall short of even modest requirements. The immediate problem appears to be, therefore, not so much which portion of the Army should be mechanized (a good case can be made out for practically every arm of the Service) but how such funds as are available can be spent to the best advantage. A certain proportion of such funds must necessarily be spent on experiments; there is bound to be considerable difference of opinion as to how the balance should be spent. The purpose of this article is to prove that the question of increasing the mobility of the infantry should have precedence over all others.

The arm that is numerically greatest and, from the tactical point of view at any rate, as important as any other—namely, the infantry—is at present on the lowest grade as regards mobility. A few other formations, such as Light Artillery brigades and R.E. field companies, are equally slow, but none are slower. It is not intended to discuss here whether it is either possible or desirable to transform a large proportion of the infantry into crews for armoured fighting vehicles. Such a change would require such radical changes in our organization and tactical methods, and would entail so great a capital expenditure, that, in peace time at any rate, it could only be introduced gradually after extensive experiment and mature consideration. But it is hoped to prove here that the mobility of infantry in war can be increased to a remarkable extent by a comparatively cheap and simple expedient; namely, the immediate mechanization of the first line transport of all infantry battalions. Once this is accomplished it is possible, by putting the remainder of the battalion into ordinary commercial motor vehicles, to move it a hundred

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miles a day in any theatre of war where decent roads are available, and bring it into action comparatively fresh and complete with its fighting transport.

It must be emphasized that, without mechanized first line transport, capable of moving across country, the movement of a battalion into a battle area by M.T. is likely to prove a most unsatisfactory operation. With the M.T. moving at twelve miles per hour, and the first line transport at two and a half miles per hour, the gap between the two is bound to steadily widen in proportion to the distance covered. The battalion, on arrival, will have to man-handle all its machine guns, Lewis guns and reserve ammunition, and its mobility and efficiency as a fighting unit will be seriously affected. This state of affairs can sometimes be obviated by sending the first line transport many hours ahead to a rendezvous near the debussing point; but this method is not suitable in operations in which the situation is liable to sudden fluctuations. It is often impossible to foresee events sufficiently far ahead, and it is most undesirable to send the first line transport wandering about the country when the eventual destination of its unit is not certain. There can be no doubt that the movement to the battle area by M.T. of any unit whose fighting transport is horse-drawn is a most unsatisfactory operation.

As soon, however, as an infantry battalion is provided with really mobile transport, all these difficulties will disappear, and great possibilities as regards the rapid movement of infantry will be opened up. The number of commercial lorries in the United Kingdom is already large, and is constantly increasing; it would be possible to obtain sufficient vehicles on the outbreak of war to carry the infantry of the Expeditionary Force without serious dislocation to commercial transport services. No expense (beyond perhaps the payment of a small subsidy) would be incurred in peace time, though it might be desirable to hire M.T. for troop-carrying during manœuvres. Even this, however, would not be a necessity, because any well-disciplined battalion can be taught the drill of embussing and debussing in a few hours, and this instruction could be given after mobilization. The extra mobility, therefore, can be obtained in war without any expensive peace-time preparation or specially manufactured vehicles. A battalion adopts exactly the same tactics in battle whether it has been brought to the battle-field

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in M.T. or on its feet ; peace-time training within the battalion is therefore unaffected.

There can be no doubt that bombing from the air will profoundly affect tactics and strategy during future wars between civilized nations. Forces that are on a low grade of mobility are bound to keep concentrated in a comparatively small area before and during battle, and thus offer vulnerable targets to air bombers. Everyone who took part in the operations at Ypres in 1917 will remember the congested state of the area within a day's march of the firing line. The enemy air force took full advantage of this, and the results were most unpleasant for those troops who were waiting to take part in the battle. The total casualties may not have been very large (though serious enough in some units), but the loss of rest and the nerve strain undoubtedly had a bad effect on the troops concerned. With the added mobility given by motor transport, troops could be scattered over a sufficiently wide area to make air bombing an unprofitable gamble, but they would still be within easy striking distance either for attack or defence. After all, a battalion complete with motor transport can be billeted fifty miles from the front line and yet get there just as quickly as a foot-slogging battalion billeted forty miles nearer the fight. It will also arrive much fresher.

In a theatre of war devoid of good road communication the problem would be more difficult. At present it cannot be said that a six-wheeler with a satisfactory cross-country performance is firmly established as a commercial proposition. But one at least of our leading motor manufacturers is turning out a suitable vehicle, and there is little doubt that within a few weeks of mobilization sufficient could be produced to carry the infantry of one or two divisions. Infantry so moved could not progress with either the same speed or certainty as in a country provided with good roads. But the rate of marching is also slower in a roadless country, and the gain in mobility would still be considerable.

It may be claimed that all money available for permanent as opposed to experimental mechanization should be applied to increasing our somewhat exiguous establishment of armoured fighting vehicles. But it appears probable that armoured fighting vehicles cannot in many situations reap the full advantage of their striking power without a proportion of infantry to " mop up," consolidate, and deal with prisoners.

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If the armoured fighting vehicles are to make full use of their range of action, it is obvious that unless the infantry working with them are carried in M.T. they will often be lagging far behind when most wanted.

In peace time no alteration in military equipment or organization can be considered on its merits alone; the question of expense is bound to be an important factor. It is not intended to go into detailed estimates, but as the loads carried on the infantry battalion first line transport come to a very moderate total weight, the number of M.T. vehicles required would not be large. The mechanization of the first line transport of all the battalions of the Expeditionary Force could be carried out at a comparatively moderate capital cost. In peace time the cost of upkeep and depreciation would be largely offset by savings in forage, animals and personnel.

The present horse-drawn transport of an infantry battalion is slow, inefficient in cross-country performance, and takes up an inordinate amount of road space in comparison to the loads carried. Enormous strides have taken place in the general efficiency of transport since 1914, not only in civilian life, but in many branches of the Army, yet the infantry as a whole have still to carry on with a type of transport that can only be classed as an anachronism in the present age.

As experiments have recently been carried out with a battalion equipped with mechanized transport, it may be assumed that the authorities fully recognize that the present type of transport is unsatisfactory and a change cannot be long delayed. But with urgent claims for immediate mechanization from practically every arm and service, the question of precedence is bound to rise. It appears reasonable to claim, on the basis of the arguments set out in this article, that no other step would give greatly increased mobility in war to such a large proportion of fighting troops in return for such a moderate expenditure in peace time.

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A PRONOUNCED DIFFICULTY

By Captain Neil Gow.

I DID an unusual thing the other day. I offered a drink to a perfectly unknown stranger in my club.

My club—a Service one—is not one of those cold mausoleum-like places, where a frosty reserve is " de rigeur." Neither is it, on the other hand, one of those cheery clubs, where members slap one on the back and say " What-ho ! " in loud hearty tones. There is nothing *what-oh-ish* about my club. Without being ultra-exclusive, we try to maintain at least a semblance of what is called—perhaps erroneously—good form. For instance, by common consent we preserve an air of polite indifference towards any fellow-member to whom we have not been introduced. Any, personally, I'm all for it. Live and let live, I say.

Well, about this drink. I had momentarily left my comfortable arm-chair in front of the fire, in order to ring for the waiter—the bell being on the farther side of the mantelpiece from where I was sitting. On returning to my seat, I stumbled heavily over the outstretched feet of a strange member, who was dozing in front of the fire.

" Awfully sorry ! " I said, meaning it.

" My fault ! " he murmured politely.

" Frightfully clumsy of me," I said, " Hope I haven't hurt you ? "

" Not in the least," he replied courteously.

Just then the waiter appeared in answer to my ring, and in a moment of rashness, I said to my unknown acquaintance, " Will you join me in a drink ? "

(I'm not apologizing, you understand. I merely mention that, in an unguarded moment I offered this total stranger a drink.) To my relief he accepted, and we chatted disjointedly for a few moments. Then I said, " May I have the pleasure of knowing your name ? "

A curious half-smile came over his face, as though my question awakened some emotion in his mind. He scrutinized me for a few seconds, as though trying to sum me up, and said slowly :—

" My name is L-e-s-a-g-e."

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" Pronounced ' Lersarjhe ? ' " I inquired.

He smiled. " Precisely ! " he said. We sipped our drinks in silence for a bit ; then he went on :

" I am not what one would call a fussy person. At least, I don't think so. But I must confess to a preference for having my name pronounced correctly." And he added, graciously, " As *you* did just now."

I nodded sympathetically.

" I'm not French," he went on, " at least, only by extraction. My full name is William Trumpington Lesage, which is thoroughly English, so far as two-thirds of the name is concerned. And yet, I can never get rid of a faint sensation of irritation when my name is mispronounced."

" Such as—— ? "

" Oh, ' Le Saidge ' of course. Everybody, almost, calls it ' Le Saidge.' Everybody except—— " he paused.

" Except whom ? "

" A few people who—who understand these things," he concluded, with just a hint of embarrassment in his voice.

" *I* know," I replied, warming slightly towards my new acquaintance. " It's like ' *eether* ' and ' *ither*.' "

His face lit up at once. " Do you feel that way, too, about words ? " he said. " Personally, I prefer ' i-ther.' "

" So do I," I admitted.

We drank some more, in silence.

" I had a painful experience recently," he went on in a low tone. " I went to a reception at Lady Saltwater's—a lady whom I have only had the pleasure of meeting twice. In the vestibule, my hat and coat were taken by some sort of domestic, who inquired my name." He brooded in silence for a few moments.

" Yes ? " I murmured.

" I gave my name—Major Lesage—which seemed to puzzle the girl. I gave her my card. She handed my card to a second domestic, who preceded me upstairs. As I walked up the staircase I mentally made a small wager with myself that she would announce me as ' Le Saidge '—that being my usual experience. She opened the door, and you can imagine my feelings as I stepped forward to greet my hostess, on hearing myself announced as ' *Major Lessidge* ' ! "

He was silent. I said nothing. I felt the profoundest sympathy for Lesage, but it did not seem the moment to make any comment.

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Lesage fumbled in his waistcoat pocket. " It's very foolish of me, I know," he said, taking out a visiting-card, which he handed to me, " but, after that experience, I contemplate making a slight alteration in my name."

I looked at the card. It read : " Major W. T. Le Sage."

" By the way," he went on, " did I get your name ? "

" No, I didn't mention it. My name," I said, looking him full in the eye, " is Henry Lexington Leboutteiller ! "

He blinked for a few moments, then he rose, crossed over to the bell and rang for the waiter. " Have this one with me," he said sympathetically.

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LIFE AT THE R.M.A.

By 2ND-LIEUT. F. D. I. WOOD, R.A.

IN view of the large number of officers, serving and retired, who have been educated at the " Shop " and still retain an interest in the place it may not be out of place to tell them something of life there as experienced by a cadet who has just left.

It is hoped also that this article may prove some help to those whose notions of life at a Military College are somewhat hazy, and who would like to know more about it.

Lastly, this description may help some public school boys, who are contemplating entering the Academy, to visualize the life they will lead when they get there.

In some cases comparisons, favourable or otherwise, will be made with the sister college at Sandhurst.

THE " SHOP."

The first thing to do is to give a description of the " Shop " as it is now.

It is a compact establishment whose main features are the " Houses," which are lettered, and which contain the cadets' rooms. Each cadet has a bed-sitting room to himself. The furniture, which cannot be augmented, consists of bed, table, rug, two chairs, cupboards, and washing basin, but most important perhaps of all—a fireplace. This gives much more comfort than the arrangement of hot pipes in use at the R.M.C., Sandhurst.

Besides the houses there are two dining halls, a chapel, library, and gymnasium. A staff house for the officers, a hospital (outside the enclosure), classrooms, billiard rooms, racquets squash and stick courts. The grounds are very small, and in no way comparable to the beautiful R.M.C. grounds. There are only two rugger fields (the last added in 1911) and one soccer (1912), a running track (1919), three hockey and two cricket grounds. Four hard tennis courts are at present in use, and several more are nearing completion.

ORGANIZATION AND ADMINISTRATION.

The Royal Military Academy is under the control of a Commandant (Major-General H. D. de Prée, R.A.), assisted by Second-in-Command, Adjutant and Assistant-Adjutant.

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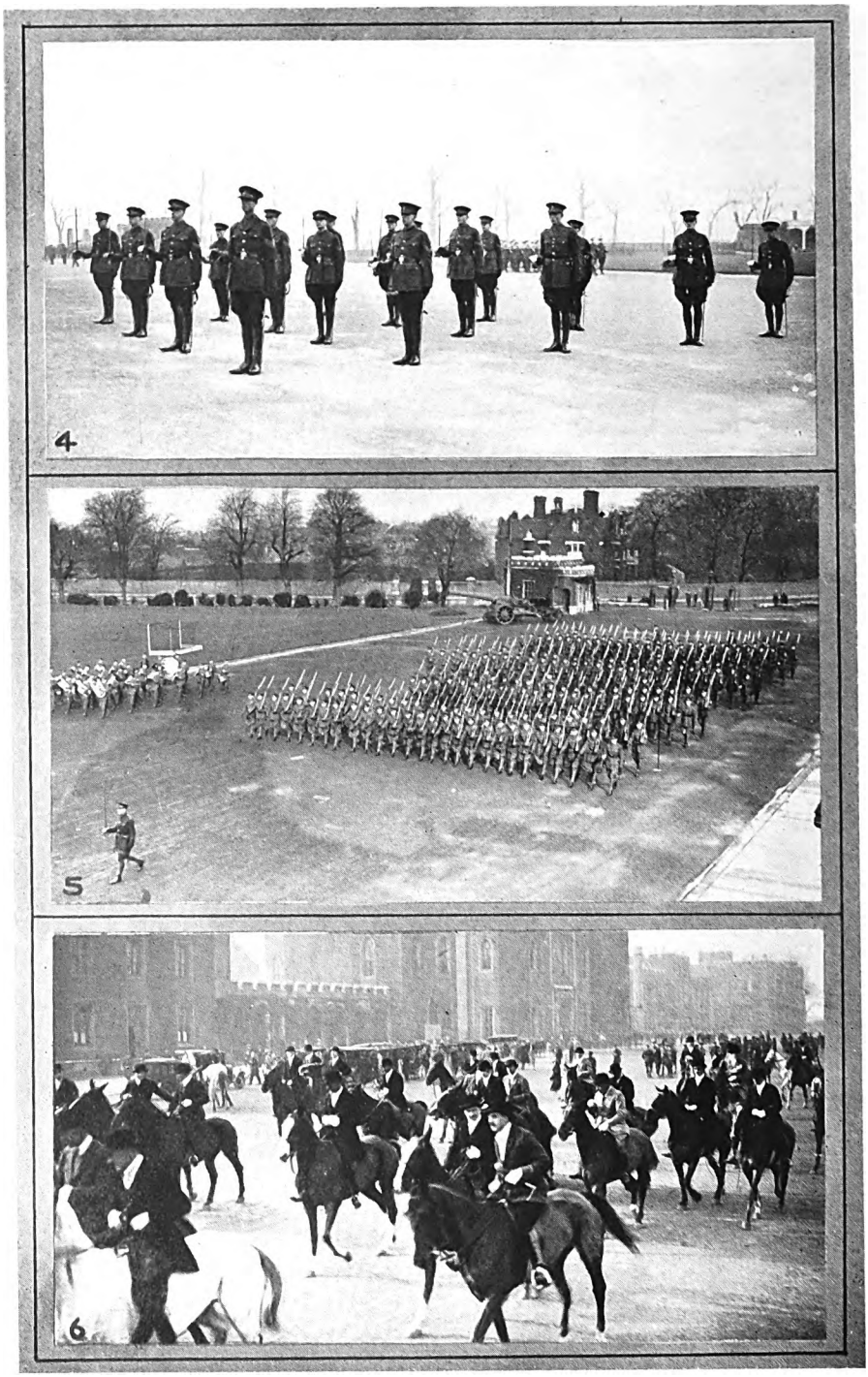

4 —Seniors at Sword Drill. 5.—Battalion Parade.

6.—Meet of R.A. Drag.

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The cadets form a battalion consisting of two companies numbered 1 and 2, each company being sub-divided into two half companies called " A," " B," " C " and " D." The senior term are spread out over both companies, while the first termers are all in one company and the second-termers in another.

As regards the staff, most are either R.A. or R.E. officers, and there are some civilian instructors who lecture on mathematics, science and workshops. The normal length of the course of instruction is about eighteen months, divided into three not four terms. The half-yearly terms are : Spring, beginning of February to middle of July. Autumn, beginning of September to middle of December.

The First Term.

Alighting at the East Lodge from a cab (there being no such new-fangled things as taxis at the station) the new cadet will be given a slip of paper which, amongst other things, tells him his room and where to go next. He is soon given his locker key, a valuable possession which must at all times be on his person and his locker must be locked. After interviewing his Company Commander he has no engagement till Mess at 7.40 p.m. After Mess all the " Snookers," as the first term are known, are entertained with short talks from the Senior Under Officer and their respective Under Officers on " Shop " spirit and things they may and may not do.

The " Snooker " will soon discover that there is a formidable list of things which he cannot do. For instance, he may not grow a moustache, smoke a cigar or cigarette *with* holder in public. The bottom of his trousers must be turned down, and he must not walk about with his hands in his pockets. Certain paths are debarred to him. " Snooker " dances, once so popular, are almost extinct now. Until he gets his uniform the " Snooker's " normal dress is an old but well-brushed suit, cap, stiff collar, black tie and shoes.

The new cadet now enters on a course of three weeks' duration, when most of his morning is spent doing Infantry Drill and Physical Training. In the afternoon he will be fitting uniform, playing some game, or alternatively practising for the compulsory novices' boxing. This period is known as " on the square," and lasts ten weeks at Sandhurst ; here,

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owing to the pressure of work, it only lasts three weeks. Until they are passed " off the square," the Snookers do not take part in Battalion or Church parades and are not allowed any leave.

Soon afterwards canvas is issued to him. This canvas consists of tunic and trousers, and is worn at drill and in the workshops. The new cadet soon learns one thing—namely, to dress tidily and to change repeatedly and quickly. One day in particular I remember. " After breakfast," I quote from my diary, " *changed* into canvas for drill, only to be told that there was going to be a fitting parade, so *changed* into uniform. After fitting *changed* into canvas for a few minutes' drill at end of which *changed* into mufti for M.E. (Military Engineering), after this *changed* for P.T., then *changed* into canvas for drill, followed by a *change* into mufti for lunch. After lunch *changed* into canvas for " passing off " parade. The two half companies . . . After this *changed* and played hockey on game *v.* " B " Half-Company—they won, 3—0. *Changed* into mufti for tactics (Organization) at 5.45. After Mess *changed* into P.T. clothes for boxing. This time I fought . . . *Changed* into pyjamas and so to bed." Twelve changes in one day !

After passing off the square the cadets start the normal programme of studies and drills. His time-table now is :—

Reveille	6.15 a.m.
Extra Drill Parade	6.30 to 7.0 a.m. (a punishment known unofficially as a " Hoxter ").
Morning Parade for Chapel ...	7.15 a.m.
Breakfast	7.30 a.m.
Lectures (Riding, etc.) ...	From 8.30 to 1 p.m.
Lunch Parade	1.15 p.m.
Infantry Drill	2.15 to 3 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays.
Lecture	5.45 to 7.15 p.m. on Tuesdays and Fridays.
Lecture	4.30 to 5.30 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays.
Lecture	5.45 to 7.15 p.m. on Mondays and Thursdays.
Mess	7.40 p.m.
Rounds	9.30 p.m.
Lights Out	10 p.m.

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At Chapel and Lunch Parades he is inspected by his Section Commander (a Sergeant), each half company is divided into four sections, and notices are read by the Under-Officers. The rest of the programme is easily understood, except possibly, the item " Rounds, at 9.30," This is really a roll-call, when the Senior of each house ascertains that all his house are present and gives up the name of any absentee to the Company Orderly coming round.

As regards the work, the cadet will find it very different from work at a Public school. The chief subjects are Artillery, Military Engineering, Tactics, Organization and Administration, Science (sound and light), Workshops (carpentry), Mathematics, French or alternatively Imperial Military Geography. A new syllabus has just been introduced embodying Constitutional History, and in the second term giving a wide choice of subjects (two out of six). The work consists mainly of listening to lectures and examinations on them take place at the end of term with a certain number during the term. Periodic essays on various subjects have to be submitted.

Marks.

Marks play such a tremendously important part in the life of any cadet, that it is worth while devoting a whole paragraph to the subject.

In the first place, and in great contrast to Sandhurst where the Company Commander has the allotment of fifty per cent. of the total marks, at the " Shop " he cannot give more than 500 out of a possible total of 18,150 (obligatory course).

In the second place there are dire penalties for anyone getting poor marks. The qualifying minimum is sixty per cent. of the total marks allotted to the obligatory course for that term. This means that any cadet who fails to obtain sixty per cent. of the total is " dropped " to the term below. A " drop " does that term's work again, and naturally gets his commission later than he would otherwise. He forfeits right to choice of corps, and causes his parents additional expense. The question then arises: Is it easy to get sixty per cent ? All I can say is that the authorities make it harder by instituting a qualifying minimum for various subjects. Fifty per cent. in Artillery and Military Engineering and forty per cent. in all other obligatory subjects. This means

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that anyone obtaining, say, thirty-five per cent. in any subject counts *no marks whatsoever* for that subject, and in addition, a cadet who fails to obtain fifty per cent. in Artillery or Military Engineering is not eligible for a commission in the R.A. or R.E. respectively.

Of course, the great majority qualify, but a certain number fail and are " dropped," or if they have failed once already are removed.

Finally, marks make themselves felt again owing to the fact that the order of precedence for commission and choice of corps is determined by the aggregate of marks gained for the entire course, obligatory and voluntary.

All this goes to show the value of obtaining good marks, and I heard a Gentleman Cadet say that " life at the ' Shop ' is one long mark grub." This is an exaggeration, but there is an element of truth in it.

Leave.

For his first two terms a cadet is allowed two week-ends a month to people on his " visiting list," *i.e.*, a list of people approved by his parents. A " week-end " lasts from about 1 p.m. on Saturday to 10.30 p.m. on Sunday. Seniors are allowed three week-ends a month and up to 11 p.m. on Sunday.

No one is allowed to dress in mufti except on leave or going to golf, a marked difference to Sandhurst, where gentlemen cadets can get into mufti any day.

Leave is conditional on passing a swimming test, which requires the cadet to swim sixty yards.

Motor cars and cycles are allowed.

The Second Term.

The cadet at the beginning of his second term ceases to be a " Snooker," or one of the First Class, and becomes one of the Second Class. He is still treated by the authorities in much the same way as the " Snookers," but is left alone to a greater extent by the Seniors.

The work becomes more interesting, and Military Law comes in as an additional subject.

Towards the end of the second term leave is usually given for the Second Class to go on Voluntary Riding, or " Vol Bol " as it is usually called.

Riding.

I suppose that with the majority there is nothing so popular at the " Shop " as riding, and it certainly provides

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an everlasting topic of conversation. Under the new syllabus cadets have one ride a week as "Snookers," three times second term and four times during the last term. Most rides last one hour and a half. In addition, there is voluntary riding on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

There are no riding schools or jumping fields in the R.M.A. grounds as there are at Sandhurst, and gentlemen cadets learn to ride in the four riding schools of the Riding Establishment at Woolwich. The facilities for riding across country are not great, one day with the R.A. Drag being the nearest approach to hunting.

The Third Term.

The third term is the happiest for the gentleman cadet. He is now a Senior or one of the Third Class. He is also an N.C.O. The whole of the third term are promoted, one is selected as Senior Under Officer, four as Under Officers, sixteen as Sergeants and the remainder are Corporals. There are no J.U.Os. or Lance-Corporals as at Sandhurst, in fact the system of promotion is altogether different. At the R.M.C. cadets of the First Class are often made Lance-Corporals, and second termers are often promoted over their seniors. The R.M.A. strikes me as being the fairer system and less likely to cause ill feeling, but doubtless it would be impossible at Sandhurst.

As regards the work, Organization and Administration, French and Military Law drop out and Hygiene comes into the syllabus. The Science is electricity and wireless, and the workshops syllabus changes from work with forge, vice and lathe to study of the Internal Combustion Engine and Horse Shoeing. Nearly all the third term exams. are set and corrected by the War Office.

The Seniors have many privileges and do more work out of doors than the other terms. Most of the tactical schemes take place around a place called Cold Harbour Farm, the intricacies of which are very well known to all by the end of the course. The riding instruction is progressive, and leads up to the riding exam., which is followed by the ride for the Saddle, probably the most coveted of all prizes. Nearly all the practical work in Military Engineering is done at the Repository at Woolwich, and the practical Artillery consists chiefly of work with directors, instead of gun drill.

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Miscellaneous Details and Conclusion.

At the end of each term the Seniors have a dinner at which the whole staff are present, and the next night, and generally at half-term also, there is a dance in the School of Arms or Gym. The last day of each term is known as Public Day, when the Battalion is inspected by a distinguished General. After the inspection the Inspecting Officer looks at cadets' rooms, watching physical training display by First Class, riding by Third and listens to lecturettes by the Second, while the ceremony ends with prize giving and address. Cadets are then free to go home or stay on for the dance.

The *esprit de corps* of the " Shop " is maintained by rivalry between half-companies for the honour of being champion half-company. Points are given for inter-half-company rugger and soccer matches, riding, physical training and drill competitions and for " reps " who correspond to " blues " at the Varsity. In the spring term hockey, cricket and swimming take the place of rugger and soccer.

Commissions are given to cadets from the " Shop " in three corps—Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Royal Corps of Signals. The Royal Tank Corps is now recruited from Sandhurst.

Most of the honorary cadets at the " Shop " are Egyptians, Iraquis or Siamese. There are no Indians. Up to 1928 no vacancies had been offered to selected N.C.Os. of the Regular Army, as at Sandhurst, but since February, 1928, three vacancies are filled from the ranks. The number of G.C's. at the " Shop " totals approximately 220.

In conclusion, I would say that most people look back on their time at the " Shop " as one of the happiest periods of their life. The education is a success in that it gives one a taste for more, and though the facilities for exercise and games are not nearly so good as at Sandhurst, one gets enough to keep fit.

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AN ADVOCATE OF CO-OPERATION BETWEEN THE SERVICES

"THE LIFE OF LORD RAWLINSON OF TRENT, G.C.B." Edited by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE, K.C.M.G., C.B., LL.D. Cassell & Co., Ltd. 25s.

LORD Rawlinson's life, admirably edited and arranged by General Sir F. Maurice, has been out for some time now, and has been widely reviewed in the Press generally.

The story is told mainly by Lord Rawlinson himself, in extracts from letters and his carefully kept diary, and presents a very clearly defined picture of the best type of British officer. Keen at work and play; upright, high-minded and conscientious in all things.

The part played by Lord Rawlinson in the Great War is recorded in history, and we do not propose to say much about it here. Probably more interest attaches to his last years as Commander-in-Chief in India in the face of problems engendered by the Montagu—Chelmsford Reform Scheme, and the general post-war unrest and upheaval which still remains incompletely solved.

That he dealt with these difficulties in a perhaps unexpectedly "statesmanlike" manner is, we think, incontrovertible.

Anxious that the Army in India should have all that he deemed to be necessary for it, but at the same time aware that the coat must be cut according to the available cloth, Lord Rawlinson had to steer a middle course, which it is evident was not altogether to the liking of some of his confrères, who thought that he should have been "strong enough" to beat down all opposition to any military schemes.

In his dealings with the Government of India and the Legislative Assembly with a happy combination of tact, humour and efficiency he achieved marked success, and seems to have made many friends and few, if any, enemies. Whilst to say that his untimely death was deeply and sincerely deplored both in official and unofficial circles in India is no more than the literal truth.

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What is interesting to note at the present day is that Lord Rawlinson was one of a really very small number of people who grasped the importance of efficient co-operation between the fighting services and took some practical step, even if it was only a small one, to further this end.

This step, taken at his instance, was the sending of a limited number of Naval officers to Camberley for the Staff College Course, reciprocated by some attendance of Army officers at the then very elementary Naval " War Courses."

In effect Lord Rawlinson thus cast a stone into a pool, causing ripples which have not yet subsided, but at the same time have not reached any very firm shore.

He saw clearly the propensity of the Services to work in " watertight compartments," shut off from one another, but at an early date in his career realized the danger of this seclusion in war.

That his fears were justified few people to-day will deny, though many will be prone to ignore what practical steps have been or are being taken to remedy matters.

The Imperial Defence College is, of course, the principal one of the steps which have been taken, and we can hope that time will show its influence to be far-reaching and greatly beneficial.

That co-operation has been complicated rather than simplified by the inception of a third fighting service in the shape of the Royal Air Force is undeniable.

In very truth co-operation—effective co-operation, that is—is no easy thing to bring about between differently trained, differently organized forces operating in whole or part in or upon different elements.

Particularly in peace time there is a natural tendency in such communities to " live their own life," speak their own jargon, and " mind their own business."

They may and do fraternize with each other; compete with each other in sport, etc., and of course there is the common qualities of loyalty, patriotism and devotion to duty. But—well, there *is* a " But "—and it is not readily overcome.

Co-operation implies a willing compliance with another's point of view. But often two or more people do not see the same object from the same angle, or even in the same perspective; particularly if they wear differently coloured spectacles, which they have worn from youth, and to which they have become accustomed! It is, of course, impossible

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for the Navy, Army and Air Force to receive *identical* training when they have widely different duties to perform, but Lord Rawlinson was first to proclaim that there could be an *infusion* of the training of the one with that of the other, and it is the extent and strength of this infusion upon which reliance must be placed in the future to assist in the demolition of " compartments " of all shapes and sizes.

This is not the place in which to suggest methods of infusion—or injection—such as a common entry and preliminary period of training for cadets of all the Services, or other like specific ; but as under the existing constitutions of the realm and the fighting services, co-operation has to take the place of co-ordination in war, since there is no form of Supreme Military Command to direct all three in unison, it must be the clear duty of all concerned to endeavour to make this co-operation as effective as possible, and to magnify the co-operative spirit which Lord Rawlinson did much to foster.

W. P. K.

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SHOOTING

By Major George Buchanan Scott.

PRACTICALLY all officers, especially those returning home on leave from abroad, are keen to get some shooting during the season, but unless they are very fortunate—invitations are few and far between nowadays—or very well-advised, they will find their shooting works out at a very expensive rate. The only chance of indulging in this sport at a reasonable figure is to form a syndicate or to join one.

In bygone days most of the shoots were held by the landowners or leased to tenants, now in the great majority of cases they are leased to syndicates, and it is worth noting that for legal purposes the lease is held by one member of the syndicate.

Arrangements must be made well ahead, for once the shooting season opens, *i.e.*, August 12th for grouse, September 1st for partridges and October 1st for pheasants, it is extremely difficult to pick up a shoot, or to get a gun in a syndicate. To be more exact, arrangements for the shoot should be made towards the end of the previous season, that is to say in January, when people are beginning to think about buying eggs, picking up hens, engaging keepers, etc. The writer of this article has had very great experience in the handling of shoots, syndicate arrangements, etc., and is prepared to give advice free with regard to getting a shoot or a gun in a syndicate to any subscriber to this Journal. Furthermore he would be prepared to form and, if necessary, manage a syndicate for any group of officers desirous of having such arrangements made for them. Inquiries on this subject should be addressed to The Editor, 2 Amen Corner, E.C.4, marked "Shooting" on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, and a Fighting Forces coupon (see page 442) must accompany the inquiry.

Before leaving the question of syndicates, one final word of advice may be given to those who contemplate joining one, and that is, find out something about your future fellow members first of all, otherwise you may find yourself amongst dangerous shots or cantankerous individuals, or out and out

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" duds " ; it is no exaggeration to say that one " dud " will spoil all your sport and pleasure.

Partridges.

Since the war partridges seem almost to have disappeared in certain districts. Last year, even in good partridge counties like Hampshire and Norfolk, there was a considerable decrease in the number of birds. In England there are several causes for this and there has been very considerable correspondence in the papers on the subject. Judging from my own experience the reasons for this lack of partridges are close breeding, land going out of cultivation into grass, tarred roads which do not allow the birds to dust themselves, increase of vermin and a series of bad hatching seasons due to heavy, cold rains. Partridges hatch off in June about Ascot week, and good weather about that time and a little afterwards makes all the difference and allows the young birds to grow strong and healthy. It is worth noting here that it is a bad thing to have too big a stock at the end of the season, as the old birds will fight and hinder the mated birds from rearing their young. Partridges mate for all time, and do not choose a fresh mate every year. They make wonderfully good parents, both the cock and the hen helping to sit on the eggs and rear the chicks, but it is extraordinary in what dangerous places they will sometimes lay their eggs. Consequently, during the nesting season the keeper must be ever on the look out to ensure that the eggs come to no harm. Partridges are very difficult to rear under hens, though some keepers do it with a certain amount of success, but it is a very different matter from rearing pheasants. I know of a shoot where on one beat one of the keepers reared about forty partridges and on the same shoot but on another beat about two miles away the other keeper reared about twenty. In August the tame birds from both beats joined up together in one pack and by the middle of September, although they were never fired at, they had completely disappeared, and it was never discovered what had happened to them. Several similar stories of tame partridges could be given, but this one will make it clear that partridges cannot be reared on shoots in hundreds, like pheasants. However, prospects are better this season than was the case last year, though it is doubtful if the shooting will be anything like as good as in the seasons before the war.

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Pheasants.

This should be a very good season indeed for pheasants. The weather has been remarkably good, the wild birds are very advanced, and from my own experience and reports from elsewhere, the tame birds have done excellently. Provided vermin can be kept down on the various shoots there is every prospect of good sport.

The usual process of rearing pheasants is as follows :— First of all pick up the number of hen pheasants, who should lay about twenty eggs apiece. Keep them in pens, about five to seven hens and one cock in each pen, being careful the cock is of an entirely different strain to the hens, otherwise trouble is bound to ensue in the rearing field if the chicks are closely bred. The eggs are placed under broody hens, and the young birds, when hatched out, are put into a field. The same field should not be used more often than every fourth year. As soon as the birds are big enough to think of roosting they are placed in the wood.

Eggs can also be bought from game farms, but there are game farms and game farms, and the novice will be well advised to write to this Journal for advice before dealing with a game farm that is not known to him. Game farms will also sell poults and deliver them about the end of August ; it is generally as well to order a few of these in case of losses in the rearing field. It is not an easy matter to rear pheasants and the keeper must be very experienced. There are many diseases to cope with, but space does not allow of dealing with them here, though I shall be ready to give information on this important subject if applied for as suggested above.

Pheasants are not generally at their best for shooting until November, but it is necessary to shoot the " outsides " in October. No matter how well you feed, birds are always apt to wander from the woods, especially when the acorns are on the ground.

The time for shooting the best of the coverts will naturally vary according to the leaf left on the trees ; if there are early frosts the woods will soon be possible for the beaters to go through.

Wild Ducks.

Wild ducks are easy to rear, and as long as they are given plenty of food will stay on the ground. When buying ducks'

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eggs, care must be taken that they are bred from really wild drakes, otherwise they will refuse to fly when you start to shoot them.

Grouse.

The great secret of having a good grouse moor is to burn the heather carefully in patches, so that the young birds can get at the young heather. A good water supply is also essential. It is necessary to kill down the birds and not have too big a stock, otherwise the birds will go short of food, which is liable to bring disease. Grouse disease will carry off nearly all the birds on a moor. Results this year have been very good. On a moor in Derbyshire where I was shooting this year, we got 160 brace with six guns on about nine hundred acres of heather.

Wild Fowl Shooting.

A very good and cheap form of sport is wild fowl shooting in Norfolk, provided you are prepared to get up very early and be on the flighting ground before sunrise. Beyond hotel expenses, which are very moderate, the only other outlay is for the guides, who are paid about ten shillings a day. I know of several good guides, and shall be glad to give the information to any readers of The Fighting Forces.

Buying a Gun.

It is just as necessary for the gun to be fitted to you, as it is for the tailor to fit your clothes. Everybody's figure and eyesight is different, and it is essential to be fitted by a first-class gun-maker. When you are being fitted and after the gun is completed, clay pigeons are useful to give you confidence in your gun, but afterwards I advise leaving clay pigeons alone. Many novices are inclined to think that clay pigeon shooting will do wonders for their shooting, but it is well to remember that when you shoot a clay pigeon it is slowing up, while a partridge, grouse or pheasant is increasing its speed when going over the guns, and is also inclined to rise, while a clay pigeon is dropping.

Personally, I always get my guns and cartridges from Messrs. Atkin of Jermyn Street, who make a beautiful light gun and are wonderfully clever in the matter of fitting; but there are many good gun-makers in London, and I shall be

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pleased to give advice on this subject. All inquiries must, as already stated, be sent to the Editorial Office and be accompanied by a FIGHTING FORCES coupon.

NOTICE.

In the January Number of THE FIGHTING FORCES there will appear an article on "The Peshawar Vale Hunt" by "Vive le Sport" (illustrated by "Snaffles"), and "The Origin of the Royal Naval Hunt Club," by its Originator.

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THE FORTRESS OF QUEBEC

By " Shih Huang-ti."*

THE history of the fortress of Quebec is financially an instructive one. The strategic position of the city, commanding as it does the River St. Lawrence, the main thoroughfare of Northern America, demanded that it should be fortified.

Under Louis XIV this work was begun in earnest, wooden stockades and other defences being erected on Cape Diamond. The cost of these was so great, and so much money was " boodled " by the French engineers, that Louis is reported to have asked whether the fortifications of Quebec were built of gold. Then, in 1759, came Wolfe, and though eventually Quebec stood a siege, the victory on the Plains of Abraham was the deciding factor in the conquest of Canada.

Quebec having changed hands, new fortifications were constructed, but by the end of the century these had fallen into decay. Then came the 1813 war with the United States, and a fortification ulcer was started by the erection of three Martello towers, " weak towards the city " so that they could be easily destroyed in the event of their capture. This war at an end, and in spite of the fact that we were nearly suffocated by our war debts, an agitation was set on foot that the U.S.A. was our eventual enemy, and that Quebec was the strategic pivot of the Empire. This in no way suggested to us the reformation of our military and naval forces, which had been peeled and pared by financial restrictions. In place, in 1823, eight years after the close of the Napoleonic wars, plans for the fortification of Quebec, costing £5,000,000, were submitted and approved by the Duke of Wellington. The work was set in hand, and was not completed until 1843. During these twenty years the cost grew and grew, and as it grew so did the fortress grow more obsolete. First the citadel was built, then the whole of the Quebec promontory was fortified so that the entire city was surrounded by either water or walls. Stone could be obtained locally, and the entire fortifications are of stone, but the doctrine held by the

* Shih Huang-ti was the Chinese Emperor who built the Great Wall of China.

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engineers of this period laid down that Aberdeen granite was the only material for purposes of coping, so shiploads were sent from Scotland. The coping stones having been set in position, someone suggested that the garrison should be trained in musketry. Out came a shipload of muskets. Then it was discovered that there were no tripods in the country, so out came a shipload of this essential of bad musketry training; and the War Office, to make certain that no further demands would be made, sent out several tons of sandbags and a score or two tons of sand to fill them with.

This paraphernalia having arrived, it was discovered that the fortress was almost as obsolete as Carçassonne, since twenty years' improvement in artillery enabled guns at Levis, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, to blow the citadel off its rock. This led to further agitation—Quebec was in danger, the Empire was in peril, etc.—so the English Government set about building three Gargantuan forts with all their adjuncts on the Levis side of the river, at a cost, if the Quebec " Guide Book " is to be relied on, of " 75,000,000 sterling." This sum is so stupendous that I think dollars must be meant, which would bring the figure down to £15,000,000. These works were so extensive that, with those of Quebec itself, it would have required the whole of our Home Forces to hold them. This eventuality was, however, but an ephemeral one, for no sooner were the forts finished than they were obsolete.

We start with three Martello Towers, " weak on the city side," and end with a fortified area, costing in all probability some £25,000,000. Nevertheless, this immense sum has not altogether been wasted. The prohibition laws of the U.S.A. daily drive hundreds of thirsty Yankees to Quebec, and such as remain sober usually visit the citadel and are conducted round by members of the quarter guard. I once asked one of these veterans, and they all are old soldiers (and no wonder), what he got in tips. His answer was : " In the peak season, I reckon about twelve dollars a day, and a bit more for the sergeant."

When the Singapore Dock is finished, no doubt the gate-keepers will also get their " pickings."

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SERVING THE SERVICES

By Captain H. E. Nash, D.C.M.
The East Lancashire Regiment.

"In peace and war, on land and sea, always in every respect at the service of the services."—(N.A.A.F.I. Advertisement.)

WHILST reading through my Training and Manœuvre Regulations, puzzling with training problems and difficulties, I saw the above quoted advertisement. I was much struck with its immense possibilities in connection with our training problems of to-day.

In a recent article on Army Training the author, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, stated: "To-day the home battalions are often little more than superior Militia owing to the constant change over of personnel for India's requirements, and partly because of the drain of fatigues and semi-military employment upon the time and men available for training." Any Company Commander of infantry, in any home command, will unhesitatingly agree with this statement. The Company Commander's problem to-day exists not so much in obtaining efficient instructors and leaders as in getting at the men whom he is supposed to train and lead.

Some Commands differ in their views with regard to what is termed "employed men," but in certain stations—notably isolated ones—the drain of fatigues and employment is almost heartbreaking to the keen Commander whose aim is to turn out an efficient, fighting company.

No doubt the cavalry with their horse management, and the artillery with technical training in addition find it still more difficult, but with the advent of mechanized forces and the standard of technical efficiency which will undoubtedly be required of them, something must be done with regard to this matter.

It is true that allowance is made for both Individual and Collective Training by allotting periods to companies when men should be available, but the post-war requirements with regard to the efficiency of the professional soldier increasingly demand that every hour of every working day should be devoted to turning out the efficient fighting man.

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Let us consider for a moment the infantry post-war requirements as compared with those of pre-war days. Many changes have taken place; nothing to speak of has been deleted from, but much has been added to, the training, which comprises :—

(1) Training in Light Automatic.
(2) Training in Rifle Grenade.
(3) Training in Anti-Gas Measures.
(4) Increased training in the use of the Bayonet.
(5) Training in Anti-Aircraft.
(6) Training in use of Revolver.
(7) Considerable advance in Minor Tactics, including use of Ground, Weapons and Formations.
(8) Compulsory Education (of a higher standard).
(9) Assault Bridging.

I have heard many arguments with regard to the time spent on education, some of the old school being of opinion that an illiterate but obedient man proved to be a better soldier than the post-war supposedly educated man. My own experience and that of others tells me that this is not so; to-day, when infantry cover and move over such a wide frontage, intelligence, knowledge and initiative are required from our junior non-commissioned officers and privates. Many predict greater mobility in the future and still greater frontages, if this should prove correct, we shall require increased intelligence and initiative.

It would unquestionably be a retrograde move to reduce the time spent on education.

To return to the subject of employment and fatigues—of what do these consist? Looking at the distribution of a normal infantry company you will find they are :—batmen, cooks, men training as cooks, dining hall orderlies, Officers' Mess staff and Sergeants' Mess staff.

About seventy-five per cent. of fatigues may be classified as under the heading of catering, viz., cleaning and preparing food, drawing coal, etc. About fifty per cent. of employed men are cooking, waiting, washing up, or performing other work connected with feeding the troops.

Some time ago, General Sir Ivor Maxse advocated the creation of employment companies in order to compete with this constant drain on personnel, apparently this was not looked upon with favour, probably owing to :—

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(1) Expense.
(2) The possible difficulties arising from the scheme when applied during active service.

There is, however, another solution of this difficulty. That good institution, the N.A.A.F.I., claims to serve the services, which they do in an efficient manner, and there can be no doubt that they have vastly improved on the old system of the Contractor who reigned in pre-war days.

I am of the opinion that the N.A.A.F.I. could, and would, supply and serve the soldier with all his meals, with a very minute, if any, extra expense to the State. If any extra expense was incurred, it would be more than balanced by the improved results in training and efficiency.

The ration figure to-day is round about 12.00 pence, added to this must be the cost of :—

(1) Maintenance of supply personnel.
(2) Postage, stationery, incidentals, etc.
(3) Rebate from canteens, sales, etc.

The N.A.A.F.I. can buy in as good a market as the Army. Could they cater for and feed Atkins at a figure consistent with the above ?

Why not ask them ?

Points in favour of this suggestion.

(1) Military personnel available for training.
(2) Improved service and feeding of troops.
(3) Ex-soldiers and Reservists could be employed.

Points against.

Can the supply and service carry on in time of war ?

It may be argued that we must have cooks in war. Yes ! But barrack and field cooking differ in many respects. In war we seldom get palatial cookhouses, fitted with Warren and Richmond stoves or ovens. It would not entail much difficulty to keep a number of men qualified in field cooking, which could be tried out periodically during training and manœuvres.

In war the N.A.A.F.I., if properly organized, could bring food supplies as far as the base or to the railhead, and with this talk of hay-box cookery, supplied from thirty miles in rear, they may possibly be able to feed the Army altogether.

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With regard to Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, in the Army we are no doubt very conservative about them, but times change, and as we know by bitter experience and discomfort, so also do our Mess staffs.

I, personally, have no fear with regard to the handling of this question by the N.A.A.F.I. Anyone who has seen their catering, say for example, at the Aldershot Horse Show, Regimental Sports, weddings, Wembley, etc., must have been favourably impressed by their efficient service. The N.A.A.F.I. is already organized on broad lines to meet the requirements of this scheme, *i.e.*, divided into Commands and areas, and again sub-divided into stations and units, and with a real live wire staff and a capable manager to every battalion would soon work out a practical plan to :—

(1) Supply, cook and serve all meals to corporals and privates.
(2) Cater for, cook and serve in Officers' and Sergeants' Messes.

No expense need be entailed by extra accommodation, etc., the cookhouses and dining halls are already in existence. The accommodation of a slightly bigger staff is the N.A.A.F.I's own affair.

From a business point of view, this scheme does not resemble putting it out to a contractor who wishes to do the best he can for himself. The N.A.A.F.I. is run by the Services for the Services, and with them it is not a question of paying dividends.

Twenty years ago men were feeding in their living rooms. To-day sees enormous improvements, but the system is still very far from perfect. There are infinite possibilities in the scheme suggested above, which, if put into practice, would tend to improve the whole outlook of the soldier, and there is not the slightest doubt the scheme is well within the scope of the N.A.A.F.I.

If the N.A.A.F.I. claim to serve the Services, let them serve us wholly, so that we may have our dish washers and scullions available for more important training.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

16.—FRUIT FARMING ON THE MURRAY RIVER, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

By "HUCCABY."

I

THIS is not in any way a technical article on fruit-growing in South Australia, but is merely an attempt to point out to anyone contemplating settlement in that part of the world the various difficulties with which he will have to contend before he can hope to be successful. It is the fruit of experience gained during a six weeks' visit to a settlement on the Murray, so may be read with the assurance that the views expressed are quite unbiased by any native sentiment or interest.

This is an important point, for anyone voyaging in an Australian-bound ship will soon have impressed on him by his fellow passengers the glories, the promise, the greatness, the richness, and the beauty of the great Commonwealth. He will learn, early, too, of the prowess, the strength, the powers of endurance—in short, of the utter superiority of Australians over all other human creatures.

He will be told all these things with no real intention of boasting, but merely as facts related by a people intensely proud, and very justifiably proud, of the achievements of Australians in turning a formerly bare and unpromising land into a prosperous, thriving, almost wholly British-born continent of the Empire.

But to acquire a true appreciation of the obstacles that may militate against the success of the English settler, it is better to gather the information from an English pen. An Australian simply cannot help painting a rosy picture. Before I went there I carefully read *The Times* Supplement that was published before the Duke of York's visit. Every article in it was written by an Australian, and after reading it I nearly sent in my papers and decided to settle there. A well-known military maxim, though, weighed the scales. The time spent in reconnaissance was not wasted, so I still serve His Majesty.

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II

Australians are intensely proud of their five great cities—the capitals of the five States—and Adelaide holds its own with any of them. A visitor cannot fail to be struck by the noble dignity of the architecture of the public buildings, by the broad streets, by the wide belt of grassland surrounding the older part of the city, and by the general air of ordered prosperity that pervades the whole place. He who enters Australia by this door obtains, indeed, a pleasing introduction to the Commonwealth. But as he journeys inland in the large mail car that plies daily his mental outlook is bound to undergo a severe change. For the first twenty-five miles the car will speed along a perfect tarmac road stretching away like a Roman highway across a vast expanse of green acres of young wheat (if the time is winter—July, August and September). Then, as the car mounts the ring of encircling hills, all at once the scenery will change. With a sickening bump the car will leave the black ribbon of tarmac and enter on a rough country track deeply pocked with countless pot-holes. The verdant fields give way to rough, dry, uncultivated uplands where sheep may thrive if there is sufficient rain, or die of hunger if there is not. Beyond this again the car will run for an hour or so through acres and acres of orderly vineyards, with villages every ten miles perhaps. Prosperous country, this, and valuable. Here and there great distilleries will stand out amongst the endless expanse of vineyards. Leaving this highly productive area at last, the car will slow down as it winds along a road sloping towards the great Murray River—the Nile of Australia. Silently and slowly this huge river glides to the sea. Enormous gaunt gum trees mount guard on either bank as motionless and rigid as a company on parade. All is utter silence broken only by the chug of the motor that drives the cumbersome road-ferry across.

There is something very grim, very solemn, in this scene, for as one crosses this river one seems to be leaving civilization behind and entering a sombre country of mystery. And now, as the car speeds on along a wide track, it traverses an area that intensifies even more this feeling of utter loneliness. Sparse, dry, gum trees ; ragged, broken stumps ; starved tufts of spiky couch grass ; struggling, straggling salt-bush stretching away together in utter silence disturbed occasionally,

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perhaps, by the weird, plaintive cry of the galler bird circling dismally overhead.

Sheep country, this. Men of stout hearts, a great faith in the favours of Nature, persevering wills, and a liking for utter silence and loneliness will sometimes make small fortunes in such a country. But many will lose their all.

There is worse to follow though. After what seems a monotonous passage through this " Never-never " land, the car plunges suddenly into dense Mallee bush. Mallee is stunted eucalyptus, and grows to a height of about twelve feet, but so densely that in places a man could hardly ride through it. Commercially it is of little value, except as firewood, and then only when near a railway or township. In Adelaide it takes the place of coal and costs about the same. Mile upon mile the car track stretches out through the Mallee. All is silence, greater even than before. The blue sky can be seen overhead and the length of the road disappearing far beyond, but on either hand the range of one's vision is limited to a few yards. Mile after tedious mile. One nods and sleeps in fits and starts as the car ploughs through this sea of evergreen. One feels utterly lost, utterly forlorn, and utterly homesick. So must the Israelites have felt, one imagines, as they trudged across the Red Sea as it opened on either hand to give them passage. At long last, though, distant signs of the " Promised Land " begin to reveal themselves. Here and there is a clearing where some brave soul has felled the Mallee, planted a crop, and built himself a little farmstead.

Gradually the country opens up. The monotony of the Mallee gives place to rows of trim orange trees heavy with their golden fruit, and lines of vines with arms stretched wide along taut wire and pruned down close for the winter. Other roads branch off. More orchards and vineyards display themselves. The pretty blossom of walnut trees scent the air. The car drives down a broad street flanked on either side by plate-glass-windowed stores of ugly design—obviously the handiwork of the local builder. By the post-office the car draws up and discharges its stiff and weary passengers. Near by is a strong stone building. A notice proclaims it to be the Soldiers' Memorial Hall and Club. A carved notice on the corner-stone states that it was laid by Sir William Birdwood, a soldier beloved by all Australians.

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Over the road is the hotel—kept by an Irishman, of course, like every other in Australia.

Now at last our traveller has reached his destination. To-morrow he must look about him, but now we will leave him to enjoy the large tea that takes the place of supper in this country.

III

It is assumed our traveller, weary perhaps of soldiering in these piping times of peace when promotion is so slow and prospects none too promising, has retired with his gratuity, migrated with another thousand or two besides, and repaired to this settlement on the Murray filled with enthusiasm by what he has read about the wonderful opportunities offered in this young country so sparsely populated. All he has to do now, thinks he, is to buy a block of land and watch his oranges and grapes turn, as though by magic, into gold.

Then it is high time he was disillusioned. In the first place, if he has brought with him his gratuity and his little all besides let him not breathe a word of it. Let him invest it all safely somewhere—at home for preference—and forget about it for two years. Many have neglected to do this, met a glib-tongued " friend " of experience and gone at once into partnership with him. All has proceeded splendidly. Together they have taken up a block—probably one on which someone else has failed and so is selling cheap. He feels he is set up for life and thinks how lucky he has been to meet such a charming, helpful man. Alas ! one morning he will wake up to find that the kind friend has got all the money and left him with all the experience—and a very sad experience at that ! This is no fairy tale, but actual fact. It has happened to many ex-army officers in Australia. So beware, beware, beware of all men with specious plans and no money. Beware of persuasive agents who with oily tongues will paint delightful pictures of promising ventures. In Australia there are dozens of land-hawks always ready to pounce on unwary fledgelings. Australians have told me this themselves. I have toyed with these hawks myself and allowed them to unfold their beautiful plans. And I have chuckled over their looks of dismay when told that I was only on a visit. Take heed and beware !

Successful fruit growing and viticulture require as much experience and knowledge as any other profession, and in

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addition to this every prospective landowner should learn something of the business side. While learning how to cultivate he should at the same time study the all-important problem of the disposal of his produce. He who neglects to do so will inevitably lose money.

The only way to learn how to cultivate is to work for another " blocker," as they call the fruit farmers out there. Many blockers will be only too ready to take in a novice for the price of his food, or possibly for nothing, and teach him the business. Later on, as he gets more experience he may even offer to pay him, although, I think, it is better for the learner to receive no payment, as he will then be a freer agent. Nearly all Australians are extraordinarily hospitable and will soon make a stranger feel at home, and be only too eager to help him in every way. It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say that a novice must be prepared to work really hard, he must not mind chaff (for he will get plenty) and above all he must avoid pretending to know anything more about fruit growing than he picks up from his mentor. There is no one in the world more irritating than the " bloomin' know-all," and he will meet with scant sympathy on the Murray.

IV

Our erstwhile tyro, having done his two years as a roustabout or jackaroo (as they call beginners), may now safely consider buying a block of land.

In these two years he will have learnt the back-breaking art of pruning vines, and should be able to keep pace with any man without having to take frequent spells to ease his aching backbone. He will have learnt how to twist young vine shoots on to the supporting wire without breaking them off. He will have learnt how to use the awkward plough between the rows of vine without damaging the plant. He will have assisted in the grape-picking, and the subsequent drying on the wire trays. He will have seen how the dried sultanas are packed and dispatched to the distillery, or how the sun-dried apricots are packed. In the winter he will have learnt how to pick oranges without pulling out the centres, and seen how they are packed and prepared for market (although this is a specialist's job). He will have learnt how to prune orange trees, and how to irrigate the whole block, without flooding it, from the dyke which is filled as occasion demands by water pumped up for the whole settlement from the Murray.

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Above all, and this is very necessary, he will have become a "handy-man," able to do anything with his hands from knocking in a nail without hitting his thumb, to building a shack. To be successful he must be able to turn his hand to anything, for labour is too scarce and too expensive to be available for odd jobs.

While he has been doing all this, if he was wise, he will have kept his mouth shut and his ears open listening to the gossip concerning neighbouring blocks. Thus he will learn which are the good ones and which are the bad, so that when the time comes for him to buy his own he will know which to avoid.

In these settlements (such as Renmark, Loxton, Waikerie) the irrigated area is divided into blocks of about ten to twenty acres, and no man is allowed as a rule to take up more than about twenty acres, although a few big wine firms, such as Hardys, have considerably more. Twenty acres does not sound very much but is, in fact, as much as one man can cultivate. Even with that much he will sometimes have to employ outside labour. A block is usually about equally divided between oranges and vines, with, perhaps, a few acres planted with apricot and peach trees. The bungalow is usually built amongst the orange trees for the sake of coolness in the summer.

On a block of twenty acres with fruit trees and vines in full bearing, a shrewd, hardworking man should be able to make an income of at least £500 a year, although recently the blockers have been going through rather hard times. This has been due to a succession of evils that should not again occur for many years—some have been due to the inscrutable hand of Providence (such as the bitter frost in September, 1927, which cut off all the young shoots on the vines and so ruined the grape crop), whilst others have been caused by bad business methods, a fall in the dried fruit markets of the world, or labour troubles. Oranges now, though, are a very paying proposition. A year or two ago Australia exported large quantities of oranges to England, but the return for this was not very great. Then, all unwittingly possibly, a great benefactor came to the land and invented a drink that in England is known as Kia-ora. This has become so popular throughout Australia, and especially in the cities, that there are now not enough oranges grown to supply their own needs. This astute benefactor deserves to have made a huge fortune

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for he has certainly put many struggling blockers on their feet.

But even now, in spite of rapidly improving business methods, the cultivator—in common with all farmers—has many anxieties and difficulties with which to contend. For instance, a block may suddenly develop symptoms of suffering from seepage, and fruit trees may wither. To combat this special drains will have to be put in—not a difficult job, but of course, it absorbs income. A row of newly-planted vines may refuse to thrive for no discernible reason—and so on. These, though, are the risks that every primary producer has to face.

Now for costs. A twenty-acre block in full bearing can usually be bought for about £3,000, although virgin land costs very much less but cannot be expected to give any return for about five years. There is also the additional risk that the land may prove unsuitable for production. I would certainly not advise a newcomer to take up virgin, semi-cleared or lately planted land. It is far better to buy a going concern. Occasionally a block may be leased, and although this saves capital and expenditure, it is not often very satisfactory. However, it is not necessary to put down the whole of the purchase money, for the State and banks have generous schemes by which they will advance, say, £1,000, to complete the purchase of land or the buying of implements.

The whole policy of Australia is to encourage Englishmen to take up and develop land, so the terms are made as easy as possible.

V

An intending officer settler of whichever Service must make up his mind before he goes to adapt himself to the entirely different social conditions that prevail in the Commonwealth. To give only a few instances:—Servants up-country, or out-back as they say, are almost non-existent. A man must do everything for himself; and his wife, if he has one, must be prepared to do all her own housework and cooking. She may even have to do the washing, too. If such a rarity as a servant can be obtained, then she will expect to join the family circle both at meals and elsewhere. For most people, though, such a luxury is beyond question, as no one would come for less than two pounds a week and her board. If he is a single man, he will have to do his own cooking and housework

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(another of the accomplishments to be acquired during the two years " jackarooing"). I know of many bachelor blockers who fend entirely for themselves, and one at least who does his own washing every Sunday.

It is a hard and healthy life for a man, but dreadful drudgery for a woman. Australian girls, who have been brought up to it all their lives, astound one with the amount of work they get through in a day and yet have time to dress neatly, look charming, and join in social amusements like tennis, dances and theatricals.

A man is judged by what he is, not by what he has got, or what he does, or what his father was. If he is a decent fellow who is fairly well educated and can behave properly he will be accepted anywhere.

The usual social amenities we are accustomed to in the Services to a great extent do not exist—there is no time for them. No one, for instance, ever goes out to dinner in the evening, although occasionally a few friends may be asked to tea—a sort of nursery supper held usually about 6.30 p.m. Afterwards others may be asked round for bridge or some other game, and the evening will be wound up with a supper of tea, sandwiches and cake (home-made, of course).

Finally, my advice to anyone in India who is thinking of taking up fruit growing for a living is to go first and reconnoitre. The return fare, second-class, during the hot weather from Colombo to Adelaide is only £38, and the voyage takes thirteen days. If the conditions do not please, then it is not too late to return.

Remember one thing, though, settlers of the officer type are badly needed in all parts of Australia. At present the Commonwealth suffers from a dearth of educated leaders of men, and is too much under the sway of hair-brained addle-pated orators who spend their time stirring up strife.

It is a great country that offers immense scope to a hardworking man of real ability and education. And the more " Sahibs " that go there, the better it will be for the Commonwealth and the Empire.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, "The Fighting Forces."

AUGUST 23RD, 1928.

SIR,

I have read "String's" article, in the July issue, with some surprise. In mentioning the various people to whom a company commander may wish to communicate in battle, he omits all reference to his supporting artillery.

Ten years of peace has probably beclouded "String's" memory. But I would ask him, did he not often in the war wish to communicate with the artillery behind him? And how did he do it? The answer probably is that he did *not* do it!

And the gunner also wished to communicate with him—that is so say, he wished to know his position, and whether the troops on that nest over there are ours or the enemy's. And also, assuming they are ours, are they our leading troops?

All important questions, these—and the answer was so often not forthcoming. The difficulties were great and obvious. How can they be overcome?

In fact, as suggested by "String," by means of the Very light, and by extension of that principle.

At least every platoon commander should carry some light-weight Very-light pistol.

But Private Smith, without knowing any semaphore, would signal back the simple but all-important facts that

(*a*) He is British,
(*b*) He is in the front line,

by such means as the following:—

(1) Raising his helmet three times.
(2) Waving his rifle to right and left.
(3) Extending his arms.
(4) Bowing or bending down three times.

Of course he cannot do these things in full view of the enemy. He must get behind a bush or hummock to do it. And, of course, he cannot be sure that his signal will be seen by the waiting gunner behind him. But it is worth trying; even if his signal is only seen once in ten times, the single time that it *is* seen will be worth the labour.

And, of course, the enemy may spot it, and copy it. Let them! The risk is worth it; and in any case the exact form of signal can be changed every few days.

I confess I have never seen this tried, but I have often longed for it in war, and I still do so in peace; I have seen our own guns shoot up our own infantry too often to wish anything else!

Yours, etc.,
"P. B. G."

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THE BOOKSHELF

THE ARMY AND SEA POWER—AN HISTORICAL OUTLINE. By MAJOR R. B. PARGITER, R.A., and MAJOR H. G. EADY, R.E. Ernest Benn, Ltd. 10s. 6d.

A variety of causes prevented us from reviewing this useful little book earlier, but it is one we can confidently recommend not only to all soldiers and sailors, but to all who are interested in the strategical problems which are peculiar to the British Empire. There is a good deal of loose thinking prevalent to-day as to the respective shares which the three Services should play in their common task of Imperial Defence, and a book of this kind, which draws sound conclusions from historical facts, is very opportune and welcome.

The book tells, shortly but very vividly, the story of the part that has been played throughout our history by the Army in helping the Navy to build up and maintain our sea power; by securing the necessary bases for our fleet all over the world, and holding them safe, throughout long years of peace and war, against all comers; by depriving the enemy of his bases, and even, occasionally, by actually attacking and destroying in harbour enemy fleets which would not come out and fight. "You cannot expect the Navy," said Admiral "Tug" Wilson, "to play international football without a goalkeeper"; and the tale of how well the goal has been kept by the Army is told, in most readable fashion, in these pages.

Beginning with the days of the Spanish Main, the book carries us through the Dutch Wars, the long eighteenth-century duel with France, and the period of comparative peace and consolidation in the nineteenth century, to the Great War, the lessons of which are carefully and dispassionately drawn; and concludes with an excellent picture of the strategical situation as it exists to-day. The story unfolded is one of which, as the authors say, "soldiers can well be proud, not only because it contains some of the most remarkable achievements in the history of the British Army, but also because if it had not been faithfully performed our vaunted sea power, and the vast Empire which depends upon it, could never have been built up." It is a story, moreover, which takes us all over the world, and reminds us that there are few places in it where the British Army has not, at some time or other, been called upon to fight—a fact which is apt to be forgotten by some of the enthusiasts for complete and immediate mechanization.

The book abounds, naturally enough, in examples of combined operations, which are perhaps the most interesting, as they are certainly the most difficult, of all operations of war. From Cromwell's capture of Jamaica to Gallipoli is a far cry, yet we find throughout the same causes for success or failure. Care and secrecy in preparation, and whole-hearted co-operation between the Services in execution, have led to success, while ignorance and jealousies have invariably spelt disaster.

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A great deal of study has evidently gone to the making of this book, and a great deal of ground is covered within its small compass, but it is by no means a "cram" book of "potted history." It is most entertainingly written, so well spiced with amusing anecdotes and quaint quotations from contemporary records, that the reader's attention is held throughout. It is completely devoid of bias, and is, in fact, a most useful contribution to military history.

League of Nations Armament Year-Book, 1928.

The first edition of this Year-Book appeared in 1924.

The present edition contains information regarding the armies of fifty-eight countries, members or non-members of the League of Nations. These particulars are given in the form of a series of monographs, each dealing with a separate State.

These monographs, each of which is preceded by geographical and demographical information: the area, population, length of frontiers, length of railway lines, etc., of the country, consists of three principal divisions:

1. Army.
2. Budgetary expenditure allotted to national defence.
3. Production and exchange of goods of importance for national defence.

The new edition takes into account all the important changes which have taken place in military legislation and, generally, in the organization of the armed forces of the different countries.

All the monographs have been revised and, as far as possible, brought up to date in accordance with the most recent documents.

The present edition contains a certain number of graphs and recapitulatory tables, which make it possible to grasp at a glance certain aspects of the military situation of the various States.

From Colonel to Subaltern. By Lieutenant-Colonel M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. Country Life, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

"The text consists of a series of letters from a retired cavalry colonel to his son on buying, training and looking after a mount, together with advice on hunting, point-to-point racing, show jumping, etc., sound guidance, practically and clearly expressed, which will be of considerable value to every horseman and horsewoman." In these somewhat prosaic words, the publishers made their preliminary announcement. The book is all that is claimed for it, and infinitely more. It is intensely human, it is simply told, and it gives the type of information which every junior officer ought to know and frequently pretends he does know and consequently make such unholy errors in horse management and when purchasing a horse. And so we say whole-heartedly let every subaltern buy, beg or borrow this book. And then the illustrations! There is a whole story connected with them which it would be a shame to divulge, and we need only say here they are delightfully humorous.

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IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT, 1927-1928. Published by His Majesty's Stationery Office. Price 1s.

This report is interesting, but we would suggest that it would be of value to readers if it were stated clearly on the cover exactly where the Imperial War Museum is. It is only a careful perusal of the text which reveals the fact that the offices, library, maps and certain stores were moved, in 1926, to 178, Queen's Gate, and that the Museum Galleries adjoin these premises. The exhibits, especially the pictures and photographs, are of great interest, and it is noted that the Press have drawn very largely from the collection of photographs controlled by the Museum, for illustrating articles on the tenth anniversary of the war.

A. & Q. OR MILITARY ADMINISTRATION IN WAR. By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. G. LINDSELL, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. Gale & Polden, Ltd., Aldershot. 8s. 6d.

The author, in his Preface, states that the increasing measure of mechanization which is gradually being applied to the Army brings all arms into closer contact with administrative problems than has ever been the case in the past. This is unquestionably true, so much so that there is some danger of the higher command losing sight of the need for leadership and imagination in their preoccupation with administrative details. Instances of this certainly occurred in the last war, and we do not entirely agree with the author in saying that strategy and tactics are now bound hand and foot by administration. However, we readily admit that administration bulks more largely than has ever been the case hitherto, and this book is a particularly useful treatise on military administration in war, and, considering the dryness of the subject, one that is astonishingly readable. There is an excellent chapter entitled "The Palestine Campaign, an Administrative Study." The present book deals with the wider aspects of military administration as distinct from the author's earlier work, "Military Organisation and Administration," which deals with the more elementary side of the question. Incidentally, we are glad to note the latter valuable book has reached a sixth edition.

LUCK'S PENDULUM. By COLIN DAVY. Constable. 7s. 6d.

Sporting novels are always popular in the Services, and "Luck's Pendulum," one of the latest additions to Constable's sporting publications, can be recommended as a very vigorous and absorbing story. Michael Squire sets up, after the war, as a trainer of race-horses, and, backed up by Captain Jerry Round, a cavalry officer, succeeds, after various adventures, in "downing" a well-known bookmaker, and winning an attractively-drawn damsel for his wife. There is a good deal of "Service" talk, which is, on the whole, quite sufficiently near the mark.

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FOR WHAT LAND? By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ARDERN BEAMAN. Constable. 7s. 6d.

The chief charm of this novel is its attractive portrayal of English country life. Lieutenant-Colonel Harlsdene, in the midst of a distinguished military career, comes in for a baronetcy, Harlsdene Court, and ample money to maintain his position. Rigidly setting his face against merely having a good time, and determined to play his part in the countryside, with the best interests of the immediate countryfolk as his chief consideration, Sir Victor Harlsdene is obviously on the road towards bitter disillusionment, but Joey, the singularly attractive heroine, in the end brings compensation for his shattered ideals.

GALLANT ADVENTURE. TOC H ANNUAL, 1928. Edited by MAJOR E. A. BELCHER, O.B.E. The Saint Catherine Press, Stamford Street, S.E.1. 2s. 6d.

The entire proceeds of the sale of this annual, after deducting the actual cost of printing, will be devoted to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Fund for the Endowment of Toc H. It is an excellent volume, and we can confidently recommend it to all Messes. There is an Introduction by A. A. Milne, stories and articles by Hugh Montgomery, Ian Hay, Maud Diver, C. Fox-Smith, Gilbert Frankau, Robert Blatchford, Sir George MacMunn, etc., and some attractive and humorous illustrations. The expenditure of half-a-crown means in this case a lot more than the purchase of an attractive annual: it means helping Toc H, the most human of all institutions.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ADMIRAL BYNG AND THE LOSS OF MINORCA. By BRIAN TUNSTALL. Phillip Allan. 16s.

SOME ASPECTS OF MECHANIZATION. By COLONEL H. ROWAN-ROBINSON. William Clowes & Sons, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER. By WILLIAM MCFEE. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THE MURMANSK VENTURE. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR C. MAYNARD. Hodder & Stoughton. 20s.

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for THE ROYAL NAVY
• • • THE ARMY *and* • • •
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

Edited by
LIEUT.-COL. R. M. RAYNSFORD, D.S.O.

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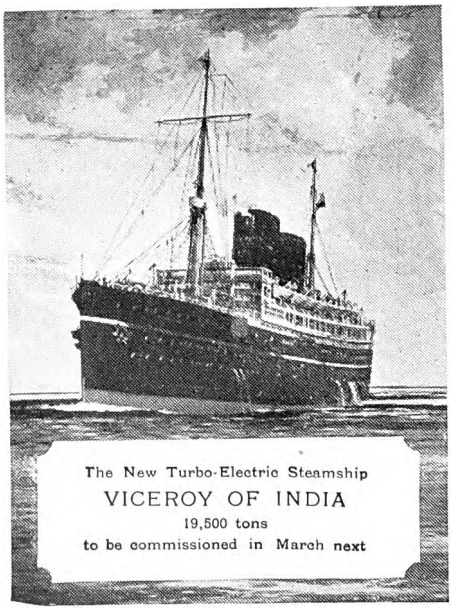

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SANDHURST.

THE GRAND ENTRANCE.

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. V JANUARY, 1929 No. 4

EDITORIAL

The shadow of the King's illness has lain across the whole Empire, and during this time of anxiety the entire nation has yielded to him an unstinted admiration and a wholehearted affection. There was never a doubt about his popularity, and as his reign progressed through its years of infinite peril, through deep shadows and rays of sunshine, admiration for his qualities, his characteristics, his amazing sense of duty became ever more marked, but during his illness the feeling of real affection for him has come to the surface in an extraordinary degree, and as an Empire, now, more than ever, we are united in our fears, our hopes, our constant prayers for his complete recovery.

The King.

With due respect we offer to the Queen and her Family our sympathy in their long-drawn anxiety and, turning trustfully towards the New Year, hope that happier times lie directly ahead.

* * *

The year 1928 was one of stagnation in the Services. The imminence of the next General Election became more and more the dominant factor in Government and Opposition circles, while questions affecting the future organization of the Services aroused an ever-lessening degree of interest. We feel very strongly that it rests with the Navy, Army and Air Force themselves to keep Service questions to the front, and

1929 and the General Election.

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that now is not the time for that complete detachment from political life which is such a characteristic of Service personnel, both officers and men.

Every officer and every man is entitled to a vote, whether he be at home or abroad, and ought to make sure that he is in a position to record that vote at the General Election, either in person or through the medium of the Absent Voters' List. All essential information as to the registration of officers and other ranks as parliamentary electors is contained in King's Regulations.

It is the usual custom to question prospective members of Parliament on their views. There seems to be no reason why those in the Services should not do a little of this questioning themselves—by letter, if necessary. Such an action would surely not come within the ruling that "no officer or soldier, or sailor or airman, may take any active part in any meeting held for party or political purposes." Of the various vital Service questions about which the opinion of political candidates might well be sought disarmament is, of course, far and away the most important.

Disarmament must come, but let it be sound, sane and gradual disarmament, without recourse to that wholesale "axing" from the evil effects of which the Services have never recovered. The declarations of the Labour and Liberal parties on this subject are by no means reassuring. If the Services merely maintain their customary "strong, silent man" attitude, if they look on the General Election, as they are apt to look on politics generally, as being outside their province, before the end of the year they may have a very rude awakening. Between them, taking into consideration their wives, their sons and their daughters, they control close on half-a-million votes. This is a formidable figure which obviously is capable of affecting the result of the election to a very considerable degree.

* * *

After Mr. Hoover's Election.

Anglo-American relations have been much to the fore during the past few weeks, and seem likely to remain so for some time to come. The election of Mr. Hoover was not unexpected, for it was clear that his opponent had a considerable amount of leeway to make up, both on account of his religion and of the prosperity which the country has

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experienced under eight years of Republican administration. At the same time, the President-elect was not returned by so considerable a majority of actual votes as may at first sight appear, for he only polled twenty-two million to his rival's eighteen. In short, at the next election it will require the transference of but two million votes to put the Democrats in, and that is not a very big turnover on a total poll of forty millions. In these circumstances Mr. Hoover's position in his own country would not appear to be quite as impregnable as some of his friends would have us believe.

However, what really interests us on this side of the Atlantic is the foreign policy of the new President, and to that there is unlikely to be any definite clue until his inauguration in March. It seems clear that in her relations with other countries the United States is at the parting of the ways, and the next four years are in this respect likely to be the most important in her recent history. Up to the present there has been a pull-Devil, pull-baker struggle between the advocates of disarmament and those of an Imperialist policy. The Washington Conference and the Kellogg Pact represented a triumph for the former, while the breakdown of the last naval conference at Geneva, the armed intervention in Nicaragua, and the present Navy Bill were distinct victories for the latter.

It will fall to Mr. Hoover's lot to solve this problem. His hands are comparatively free, for the subject was fortunately not an issue at the elections, and he is in all probability better acquainted with international politics than any occupant of the White House has been for many years. Of the importance of his decision there can be no manner of doubt, for if the advocates of increased armaments carry the day a new era of competitive militarism will commence all over the world, and the results of this will be incalculable.

* * *

Great Britain and the U.S.A.

So far as this country is concerned the recent speech of President Coolidge was, to say the least of it, unfortunate, and it is to be regretted that he did not leave his reputation for taciturnity unimpaired. No useful purpose is to be served here by refuting his charges in detail, but one cannot avoid a feeling of regret that the head of a great and friendly nation should have shown himself so blind to the point of view of others.

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There can be no doubt that British relations with the United States are by no means so satisfactory as they might be, and their future depends upon the path along which Mr. Hoover decides to lead his fellow-countrymen. One cause of the trouble lies, of course, in the fact that whereas Great Britain is a world Power the United States is only an American one, and the former has commitments all over the globe which she must take into consideration. No one would deny that the United States has every need for a powerful and efficient Navy, but what we do ask is that Washington should look at the whole question from our standpoint as well as from its own.

Perhaps negotiations would be easier if the two countries did not speak the same language, for they are too inclined to take it for granted that their interests are also identical, and so to get angry with one another when they discover that they are not. At the present time there can be no blinking the fact that Anglo-American relations bear more than a passing resemblance to those between Great Britain and Germany in the opening years of the present century, when the ex-Kaiser was getting his Navy Bills through the Reichstag in spite of Socialist protests, and the analogy is by no means reassuring.

* * *

The Next Naval Conference.

A main cause for all this quite unnecessary acrimony on either side of the Atlantic has been our age-old weakness for what we term Command of the Sea, and the equally deep-rooted American preference for Freedom of the Seas. Neither of these delicious phrases has the slightest meaning in time of peace, and during war-time both nations have not hesitated to contort Freedom of the Seas into Command of the Sea and vice-versa. America in her War of Secession had little use for the Freedom doctrine—but then she was a deeply interested party. In the last war she was, at first, again an interested party—to the extent of suffering loss of trade due to our Command of the Sea.

It seems absurd that the two nations should not be able to find a way out of this ridiculous impasse, but we must confess that the latest suggestion for achieving this desirable result fills us with misgivings. It is to the effect that the next conference which deals with the cutting down of our sea-power should definitely exclude the men who will be

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responsible for wielding the blunted weapon, should ever the necessity for its use arise. One is reminded of Clemenceau's delightful war-time observation: "The war is too serious to be left to the Generals." If the matter is to be left in the hands of Foreign Office officials, we can only point out that on three other noteworthy occasions their efforts in a similar direction have been singularly unfortunate. The first occasion resulted—in an eight days' rush—in the Declaration of Paris of 1856, whereby one of the greatest supporting props of our sea-power in war was knocked away. Again in 1909, at The Hague Conference, they were anxious to facilitate the handing-over of the supreme decisions of our Prize Courts in war to an International Prize Tribunal—quite capable of being "packed," and even more capable of being inimicable to British interests when the time came. Finally, in 1909, they achieved their masterpiece in the Declaration of London, a complete curb to our sea-power, but which fortunately, was unable to withstand more than three weeks' test of war conditions. It was literally Sea Law Made in Germany at a time when there could be few who did not realize that armed conflict with that nation was inevitable.

This, then, is the past record of naval conferences under diplomatic control. Each has unwittingly sought or achieved in some measure a reduction of our sea supremacy in time of war. Hitherto the efforts of the diplomat have not been seen in the direct field of curtailment—actual reduction of the Fleet itself—but in face of such a record their ability cannot be doubted. It is well, perhaps, that sea-officers should appreciate the point exposed, and realize what a naval conference under such conditions may mean to their Service and themselves. At the same time we are quite ready to admit that the inclusion at the next conference of a few, quite ordinary, commonsense individuals, with no particular axe to grind, might have valuable results.

* * *

The "Whittling Down" Policy.

In 1922 thousands of naval officers and men, practically all with war experience, were, in pursuance of a blind rush for economy, literally flung out into a distinctly unsympathetic world, with the ease with which an ordinary mortal casts off an old shoe or a business house gets rid of waste paper. By what method of selection the victims of

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the " axe " were chosen for immolation, or by what standard of efficiency " one was taken, the other left," will never be known. Still the blow of the axe fell and it was met by its victims with a grin—and the Fleet's doings went on. From time to time since then there have been other minor reduction schemes, generally accompanied by some form of financial bait as an inducement to the individual to select voluntary retirement rather than compulsory shelving. The harmful future effects of this steady " whittling down " policy are obvious, still, in view of national financial stringency, the methods adopted may be regarded as excusable. As much can hardly be said for the more recent insidious policy in which reduction of personnel has given place to reduction in efficiency. From various sea-going ships a number of officers and men are being withdrawn—in the *Iron Duke* class this number amounts to more than sixty per ship. Nothing more harmful to general naval efficiency could be imagined. One wonders exactly what happens to officers and men discharged to depot. Is their vital " sea-sense " to be allowed to rot in barrack ante-rooms ? Are they to be unemployed or, perhaps, employed for the hundredth time in learning the mysteries of the right-hand salute ? There is something uncanny and uncomfortable about this silent thinning down and a little more light upon its cause and effect would be welcome.

* * *

The Tale of a Cat.

Life in the Navy is somewhat of a mystery to the outside public and we are glad to be in the position to recount the following delightful story which deals with an episode in the inner history of our Fleet. The scene was set in Scottish waters last summer during the Atlantic Fleet exercises. Gunnery practice was in progress. *Centurion*, we are told, is a wonder ship. Manœuvred by wireless from her satellite destroyer *Shikari*, she approaches very nearly to the soulless Robot. The ship's normal crew of two hundred or so officers and men desert her on the approach of " battle," and the one-time proud unit of the Grand Fleet steams unconcernedly into the thickest of the fray, the target of a hundred guns. From the fire of these, by means of the controlling demon of wireless, she dodges and twists and even, on occasion, wreathes herself in a sable screen of smoke.

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The picture is perfect, and those who remember in the forlorn target ship the erstwhile smart ship of a war-time crack-shooting squadron might possibly feel disposed to shed a tear by the wayside at her soulless, unhappy and abandoned state—were, however, she really alone in her hour of agony. The truth, however, has leaked out at last. When the regular crew left this target ship before practice they were quite unable to induce the ship's cat to follow them into safety. It steadfastly refused to vacate its post in the hour of danger—or even proclaim a temporary armistice in its ruthless war with the rats below decks. The cat, therefore, was left behind, and, while the great ship writhed and twisted as the " battle " progressed, and while she was the sole target of the fleet's guns, the solitary cat " walked by itself "—apparently unafraid and unharmed.

There really the story should end—or better still, end in a spasm of reunion as the cat with a plaintive " meow " leaps joyfully into rescuing arms when the crew returned after the " battle."

Unfortunately, however, the story proceeds to a sequel. When next *Centurion* sallied forth alone on her mission as fleet target ship the ship's cat again elected to stay aboard—but this time, we learn, invited three other cats to share the unalloyed joys of rat-hunting under fire. Apparently the fact that *Centurion* was the target of the Atlantic Fleet's guns did not unduly worry these usually timorous animals.

On the contrary, they appeared to regard the target ship as a health resort where could be obtained " perfect peace and quiet, and opportunity for pursuing congenial occupations in pleasant surroundings."

Perhaps it is as well to mention that this is an after-dinner story, otherwise it might savour of letting the cat out of the bag.

* * *

Showing the Flag.

We hear from quite an unofficial source that another Grand Tour of the Empire—another " showing-the-flag " cruise—is in contemplation. Furthermore, we gather that if such a cruise should materialize it will in all probability be carried out by a squadron containing either or both of our newest battleships—*Nelson* and *Rodney*. Apart from the undeniable value to Empire trade of sending such a splendid example of our Fleet out on the all-red route, there can be no doubt that the

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peoples of our Dominions, who incidentally are apt to take more interest in matters naval than we do at home, will enjoy this opportunity of seeing the world's biggest battleships, the last word in post-Jutland design—and for that matter quite possibly the last word in battleship design altogether. What other units may accompany them is unknown, but a complete force of the very latest ships could not fail to be popular from all points of view. It is now a trifle over five years since the last world cruise was made by a force containing *Hood*, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir F. Field, and it may be urged that in the present state of international trade competition it is time the flag was on the move again. Exactly how well grounded the rumour of the forthcoming cruise is, it is impossible to say, but there is much to support it in the pendent story that certain oil-burning sections of the Fleet have been warned that oil fuel economies may have to be practised to make the world-cruise of a squadron economically sound.

* * *

Admiral Scheer.

It is perhaps not unfitting that some reference should be made in these columns to the late Admiral Scheer, whose death occurred near Dresden on November 26th. Known best, perhaps, as the German commander in the much-discussed battle of Jutland, he deserves to be known better for the determined part he played in shaping German naval policy from the time he assumed the command of their High Seas Fleet on January 18th, 1916. Hitherto, owing primarily to the Kaiser's instructions that the fleet was not to be risked fruitlessly, it had chafed at its inactivity during those early war days when the disparity of force was not so greatly marked. His accession to the chief command almost at once inaugurated a change of plan, and from the first he pressed for the adoption of a vigorous active policy. His first essay was the bombardment of Lowestoft, which, coming at a moment of despondency in the German camp, was sufficient to stave off an early resort to unrestricted submarine warfare and to engender a spirit of humility and repentance in replying to American demands for redress on the *Sussex* problem. The consequent withdrawal of the U-boats from the sea-highways gave Scheer a golden opportunity, and he at once proposed to exploit them in fleet operations aimed at the weakening by attrition of the Grand Fleet. These operations led to the battle of Jutland,

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at which Scheer acquitted himself with considerable honour. His just conception of his duty to " break home," and his handling of his fleet in battle—particularly his *Kehrtwendung* manœuvre—stamped him as a tactician of a high order, and a fitting match for the British Commander-in-Chief. The subsequent course of the fleet war gave no opportunity for a further example of his ability—and Jutland's results undoubtedly convinced him of the impossibility of expecting the High Seas Fleet to break the British blockade. Thereafter he became one of the most determined supporters of ruthless unrestricted submarine warfare. He possessed undoubtedly in this direction that " harsh professional conception of the U-boat weapon " which the adherents of a more moderate policy dreaded, and which prompted Bethmann-Hollweg to remind him that after the *Lusitania* and *Sussex* incidents any resumption of such a war " would place the fate of the German Empire in the hands of a U-boat commander." Throughout the long drawn out discussions on the subject, during the autumn of 1916, he remained one of the most ardent adherents of the policy, and was one of the prime movers in the eventual forcing of its announcement. As Bethmann-Hollweg had warned him, this step did seal the fate of the German Empire.

The outbreak of war found him, at the age of fifty-one, in command of the German Second Squadron at Kiel, having seen service in both East and West Africa. He remained in the German Naval Service long enough to learn from his Emperor the bitter tidings: " I have no longer a navy." This was November 9th, 1918. Scheer had resigned prior to this and was thus spared taking part in the surrender of his fleet.

He was retired on November 14th under the recently formed Republican Government. His well-known book, " The German High Seas Fleet in The World War," is a valuable commentary on German naval operations—from the German standpoint, and his later book, " From Sail to U-boat," epitomizes the scope of his long and distinguished career.

* * *

Sentiment.

Sentiment plays a large part in British Army policy. Last year it was decided that the Army had more cavalry than was necessary and not enough armoured cars. If purely business considerations had governed the situation, the natural course of

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actions would have been to merge two cavalry regiments into other cavalry units and form, say, half-a-dozen armoured car companies. But sentiment stepped in. Sentiment said: "This merging process has gone quite far enough. It would be unspeakable practically to disband two regiments with the splendid traditions of the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) and the 12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's). Both regiments fought in the Peninsula, both have 'Waterloo' inscribed on their Colours. It would be nothing less than a crime!" The business department scratched its head. "We suppose you are right," they said, "but what about these armoured cars?" "Why," saith Sentiment, "we'll turn the 11th Hussars and 12th Lancers into armoured car regiments and then everybody will be happy." But are they? Past officers of these two regiments, fathers of the cavalry, subalterns of the future, dislike the arrangement intensely. The present officers, for the most part, are making the best of the situation, but most of them probably hate it. The men don't mind very much, for the very good reason that they find the transformation gives them better chances of employment in civil life. The Tank Corps, obviously, cannot welcome the change. They think, and rightly, that armoured cars are their pigeon and can hardly view with pleasure another branch of the service taking on their job. Thus, as a result, relations between the cavalry and the Tank Corps are none too friendly. Finally, an armoured car regiment is a cumbersome unit, and administrative arrangements for its housing and maintenance seem likely to involve the Army Vote in heavy expenditure, to say nothing of the fact that it would appear absolutely impossible for the Commanding Officer to exercise tactical control over three armoured car squadrons on service, or even in peace time, for that matter. In April last, in a burst of sentiment, we wrote, "The transformation of the 11th Hussars and 12th Lancers into armoured car regiments is a spectacular but welcome change. These famous regiments will retain their titles, privileges, precedence and identity as regiments of the Corps of Cavalry of the Line, a course of action that will do much to soften the blow." Perhaps a wiser comment would have been, "Except on the score of sentiment the transformation has nothing to recommend it." The fact is sometimes lost sight of that the younger generation in the Army, as is the case, of course, in civil life, are not nearly so much swayed

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by sentiment and tradition as are their seniors. While giving sentiment its due, it is not, nowadays, necessary or wise to attach an exaggerated importance to it.

* * *

Cavalry or Armoured Cars.

It is not an easy matter to carry on a controversy in a quarterly, but the relative value of cavalry and armoured cars in dealing with internal security problems is certainly a very interesting and important subject. We have received another letter on this subject which replies to the views expressed by a correspondent in the last number of this Journal. Our correspondent writes: "I must confess to ignorance of the native quarters of Delhi, or, for that matter, of any Indian city, but I have had a good deal of experience of internal security work with armoured cars in Cairo and Alexandria, and I imagine the 'tough' quarters of those places are not dissimilar to those of Indian cities. In Alexandria the 'Internal Security Scheme' was, and I expect still is, entirely reliant on *one* armoured car section for patrol work, or as a means of getting quickly to any scene of disorder, and actually this type of work was carried out by armoured cars most efficiently over and over again. Admittedly there are certain extremely bad spots in Alexandria that are capable of defeating an armoured car, but these are very few and far between. I am certain that until one has had actual experience of combing out with armoured cars really bad quarters, such as the Genèna of Alexandria, one would never believe into what rabbit warrens they are able to go, and to emerge from, a trifle chipped, perhaps, and, it may be, with the relics of a fruit stall decorating the bonnet, but nevertheless triumphant.

"There are two respects in which armoured cars appear to me to have a decided pull over any other arm, apart from their mobility. Firstly, their moral effect on a riotous Egyptian crowd is such that their mere appearance is sufficient to disperse it, and no application of force, as prescribed for cavalry by your October correspondent is necessary. Secondly, the crew of an armoured car is completely immune from any insults or assaults of a riotous crowd, whereas cavalry and infantry are exposed to any well-aimed egg. It is therefore much more easy for armoured car crews to exhibit the much-desired characteristic of forbearance than it is for those who do not enjoy such immunity. If some

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hardy spirit does go so far as to climb on the top of an armoured car a deftly wielded hat pin has been known to work wonders.

"True, machine-gun fire is extremely hard to justify, but there are two alternatives open to an armoured car crew before any burst of machine-gun fire need be opened. It can either pick off the ringleaders by firing revolvers through the loopholes or by single-shot firing with the Vickers gun.

"The answer to this controversy appears to be the same as in so many of the same type. The ideal is probably armoured cars plus cavalry, but armoured cars alone will frequently be sufficient and will prove an economical means of relieving cavalry and infantry of a tiring and unsavoury job."

* * *

Weedon.

As we have previously pointed out the completion of the enormous stabling contract at Weedon synchronized not only with a drastic reduction in the number of horses to be maintained there, but with the transformation of the 11th Hussars and 12th Lancers into armoured car regiments. It is a bitter pill, all the more bitter from the fact that the old cavalry depot at Canterbury, with its excellent and ample stabling accommodation, is now being used as a Guards depot, and the stables have been converted into dining halls. It is really amazing! To give Weedon its due the standard of horsemastership in the cavalry is to-day exceedingly good, but it was very good indeed in pre-war days as well and cavalry N.C.Os. especially were a particularly fine and capable body of men. As far as horsemanship and trick-riding is concerned our pre-war officers and men could always take on Cossacks or Indian cavalry or anyone else and beat them at their own tricks. Why then was Weedon started after the war when it was obvious to the least intelligent observer that the uses of cavalry were on the decrease? The chief reason seems to have been that during the war a very great number of cavalry officers left their regiments to go on the staff or took promotion as battalion commanders, etc.; moreover, at least fifty per cent. of the cavalry N.C.Os. took commissions during the war, while casualties, etc., accounted for the majority of the remainder. The coming of peace found the cavalry with a distinct shortage of good instructors, but why, in order to rectify this, it should have been found necessary

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to indulge in such a wild piece of extravagance as Weedon is past belief. We think it is generally agreed by cavalry officers themselves that the continuance of Weedon, which costs the taxpayer over £50,000 a year, is not justified. The place, of course, has its advantages. A large number of young officers are able to get some of the best hunting in England at an absurdly moderate price. All the same, Weedon is a luxury, and though we shall be unpopular with mothers of marriageable daughters in Northamptonshire and Warwickshire, it is our considered opinion that Weedon ought to be abolished.

* * *

Mechanization and the General Election.

We stated above that it might be advisable to question prospective members of Parliament on certain vital Service matters. Mechanization is certainly one of these and it will probably be found that the majority of candidates are deplorably ignorant on this subject and for the most part thoroughly uninterested in it. It is not their fault; in the midst of all their political activities the question simply doesn't arise. But it would be as well to point out that mechanization is not merely a foible on the part of tiresome military enthusiasts, but is really a very important question which might quite conceivably affect their own political career. The British Empire is always having its little troubles with uncivilized or semi-civilized peoples. There is every likelihood that such troubles will occur again, but if in the course of dealing with them our troops suffered heavy and unnecessary casualties, the fate of the political party responsible for the Government at the time might be distinctly jeopardized. To quote one of our most brilliant generals, "it is wasteful to pit civilized men against barbarians, each with practically the same weapon in their hands."

This is a simple line of argument which should be understood by even the most obtuse politician, and we strongly recommend its adoption. Questions about the necessity for preparing against another European war should be left severely alone as they will immediately involve arguments about the League of Nations and its efficacy or otherwise. Besides, we all feel, or ought to feel, perfectly confident there will not be another European war.

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The Territorials are amazingly good. During the past year there has been a very satisfactory increase in the number of recruits. Mechanization is steadily on the increase. Infantry organization is about to conform with the Regular Army, and a machine-gun company will, in 1930, replace a rifle company in each infantry battalion. The cost of the Territorial Army is only £3,291,000, surely the finest value for money and the cheapest form of insurance that any nation ever possessed. If a little more money were spent on this force, if the bonus was reintroduced, if allowances were on a rather more generous scale, and if intelligent press propaganda were resorted to, and consistently resorted to, we believe that the Territorial Army would have no difficulty whatsoever in reaching its established strength. The money would have to be found by small reductions in the Regular Army, but surely this would be a very practical form of disarmament and, in the present state of Europe, a perfectly feasible one. Despite occasional alarmist statements, a sense of security *is* beginning to pervade the continent of Europe. Belgium has recently reduced the period of service for infantry from one year and eight months to only eight months. In Holland the period for infantrymen is only five and a half months, as compared with eight and a half in 1913. In Italy the period of service has been reduced from two years to eighteen months, and in France from three years to one. This information is taken from a recent leading article in *The Times*, which rightly regards this shortening in the periods of service as " a wholesome tendency in the military evolution of Europe."

The Territorials.

If Territorial responsibilities increase as those of the Regular Army decrease, arrangements for mobilization would naturally have to be very carefully thought out. There would be need for some regrouping of units administered by the various Associations and possibly extension of the principle of Joint Committees. Prompt action, for example, is not facilitated by the fact that a brigadier has sometimes to deal with as many as three different Associations. But there would be no need for drastic changes. On the contrary, the present Territorial system is as sound as a bell, and though junior staff officers may sometimes chafe at Association procedure, it is, in fact, admirably adapted to the needs and sentiment of the country.

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R.A.F. Titles.

There is a crying need for some official pronouncement on the mode of addressing R.A.F. officers. In the absence of any official guidance on this subject it is not surprising that there should be a medley of methods in existence to-day. Most of these must be not a little irritating to officers themselves, but it is equally annoying to the addressor to have to ask what the correct method is and to apologize for not knowing. R.A.F. officers are constantly asked this question by their confrères in the other two Services. Failing any official announcement on the subject the following may be found to agree with the ideas of most R.A.F. officers :—

Rank.	*Abbreviation.**	Mode of Addressing.	
		Correspondence.	*Conversation.*
Pilot Officer	Plt Offr.	A. B., Esq., R.A.F.	Mr.
Flying Officer ...	Flg Offr.	do.	do.
Flight Lieutenant ...	Ft Lieut.	Rank, R.A.F.	By Rank
Squadron Leader ...	Sqn Ldr.	do.	do.
Wing Commander ...	Wing Cmdr.	do.	do.
Group Captain ...	Gp Capt.	do.	do.
Air Commodore ...	Air Cmdr.	do.	do.
Air Vice Marshal ...	Air V/Marl.	do.	do.
Air Marshal	Air Marl.	do.	do.
Air Chief Marshal ...	Air C/Marl.	do.	do.
Marshal of the Royal Air Force	Marl. of R.A.F.	do.	do.

* Abbreviations should only be used in the actual text of a letter.

With regard to abbreviations there are obvious difficulties in the way of shorter abbreviations than those we give above and we see no more suitable alternatives. The much used P./O., F./O., G./C., A./C., and A./M., already signify the more commonly known Petty Officer, Field Officer, Gentleman Cadet, and Air Craftsman and Air Mechanic. For these reasons, if for no other, we find it desirable to choose a longer and more comprehensive abbreviation. We hope the Air Ministry will see fit to publish their ideas on the subject in the near future.

* * *

Cranwell.

The R.A.F. Cadet College, Cranwell, have scored a well-deserved distinction in beating both Sandhurst and Woolwich at Rugby in one season. In point of numbers Cranwell are very inferior, but despite this drawback they have proved them-

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selves on all occasions to be worthy opponents in all contests with the other two Military Colleges, as the results bear witness. In the short space of nine years Cranwell have achieved some really remarkable victories and the two older colleges will have to reckon with an increasingly strong opponent as years go by and the gap in numbers is narrowed down to within approximate equality. The Cranwell Rugby team displayed a fine standard of physical fitness and dogged pluck, and deserve to be congratulated on a result which redounds to the credit of the Cinderella Service as a whole.

* * *

Service in the R.A.F.

The extension of R.A.F. responsibilities abroad, coupled with the growing number of long-distance service flights, which seem likely to become a matter of regular routine, open up unbounded possibilities of service abroad and seeing the world. The long-distance flights alone should appeal to youngsters possessed of the spirit of adventure, and, as Sir Philip Sassoon has remarked in the articles which have appeared in *The Times* on the subject of his recent flight, there is no more delightful way of seeing the world than travelling by air. There are, in fact, very obvious attractions about service in the R.A.F., and once the nation has become more air-minded there will be no lack of candidates for permanent commissions. One attraction which is not, perhaps, sufficiently realized by intending candidates lies in the fact that opportunity exists for taking up various specialist subjects, such as Wireless, Air Photography and Engineering, and this, together with the ever-increasing opportunity of working with the Navy and the Army, make service with the R.A.F. exceptionally interesting.

* * *

New Aircraft for the R.A.F.

We may assume that pressure will be brought to bear on Service Departments to make substantial cuts in their Estimates. It is quite evident that orders for new aircraft are already insufficient to sustain the small number of firms engaged in manufacturing aircraft and any cut in next year's vote is likely to cause very serious consequences to the aircraft manufacturing industry. Until such time as civil aviation has become more or less self-supporting and a demand created for large numbers of commercial types, the British aircraft industry can only be kept alive by the orders

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it receives from the Air Ministry. Foreign manufacturers are in a happier position by virtue of larger subsidies for civil aviation. But the main reason why we strike this word of warning is on account of the very real necessity for a bolder policy in re-equipping R.A.F. units with more up-to-date aircraft, a necessity to which we have constantly called attention in this Journal. If we examine the progress of re-equipment we cannot, despite the alluring statements of the Secretary of State for Air, be anything but amazed at its slowness. There is to-day far too large a proportion of R.A.F. Service units equipped with aircraft that was brought into the Service between five and ten years ago, and some units are still equipped with war-time designs. It is a question which requires drastic treatment and steps should be taken to ensure that no unit is equipped with a type more than five years old. Any cut in the Air Estimates will inevitably mean a reduction in the amount to be spent on new aircraft, which, inevitably must further result in lowering the efficiency of the R.A.F.

We are far from saying that further economies are not possible in all three Services, but economy in the matter of provision of the very best type of aircraft for the R.A.F. would be dangerous in every sense of the word.

* * *

Service in India.

Much has been written about the disadvantages of service in India from the point of view of junior officers in the Army or Air Force. But what about the many advantages? In almost every station games are separated from the Club. A subaltern can join the Club for games only, and so is able, having purchased his pony with the aid of the Battalion, etc., Polo Fund, to play station polo on his pay and keep out of debt. If he eschews old and unsound ponies, he will have an asset to set against his passage home, which his two months' advance of privilege pay will not quite cover.

Shooting and fishing licences are cheap. Shooting camps are easy to arrange and marvellously inexpensive. Leave for two months in the hot weather and ten days at Christmas is readily granted for sport, while nearly every Thursday or week-end can be spent either fishing or shooting. Of course, there are occasions when this is not possible—for example, during Battalion or Brigade camp, in the case of the infantry, or when orderly officer duties intervene, but still the facilities for sport are infinitely greater than at home.

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The Central Provinces are excellent for tiger; the Kumaon Hills for leopard, bear, sambur, gural, etc.; the United Provinces for duck and geese—shooting such as is never dreamt of in the British Isles. In the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province there are duck, geese, bustard and chikor, with Kashmir handy for bear and trout.

Then there are the rivers of the Punjab and North-West Frontier Province for mahseer, and those of Kashmir for houseboating, fishing and shooting.

At Peshawar there is the Peshawar Vale Hunt, of which there is an account in the present number of this Journal; Lahore has its Lahore Hunt Club; and almost every station has its bobbery pack and early morning paper-chases.

Pig-sticking, for the many who prefer it to polo, can be got in the Muttra, Bareilly and Fyzabad districts, to mention only a few of the best. If a small addition can be obtained from the parental purse, leave to East Africa for lion is quite possible.

Throw in tennis, both grass and hard court, both codes of football, cricket and golf, not to mention racing, the best climate in the world for six months, and the Hills for two at least of the remainder, and what station in the British Isles can offer anything to beat it.

Go to India young, and you will enjoy it to the full; go late in life, and you will lament what you have missed for the rest of your days.

* * *

Lord Curzon's Wit.

The conditions of life in all three Services do not, unfortunately, make for much serious reading, and we shall probably not be far wrong if we surmise that a great many officers have not read "The Life of Lord Curzon," by Lord Ronaldshay. We shall be forgiven, therefore, for quoting the following:—

A Consular report lay before Lord Curzon. "The condition of the inhabitants of these districts is deplorable," he read. "Education is practically non-existent and religious observances have all but disappeared. So much is this the case that I am credibly informed that even the monks of Mount Athos are violating their . . ."

Here an unfortunate printer's error occurred, for the *v* of vows had been supplanted by a *c*. Lord Curzon's swiftly moving eye came suddenly to rest, and then, "Better send them a Papal Bull," he noted in the margin.

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NAVAL OPERATIONS, VOL. IV.—THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR*

THE appearance of this fourth volume of the official naval history of the war has been long awaited.

The three former volumes, dealing with the naval war up to and including the Battle of Jutland, were prepared by the late Sir Julian Corbett, a naval historian of almost unrivalled judgment, who combined to perfection the requisite gift for the pleasant presention of fact with a dramatic literary style. His rôle as compiler of these histories has been taken over by Sir Henry Newbolt, C.H.—a most happy selection, as the present volume clearly demonstrates.

Opportunity for the description of major naval operations is perhaps lacking in this fourth volume, which covers the period May, 1916, to April, 1917, but in some ways it is, perhaps, the most important so far produced. Taking up the threads of narrative where Sir Julian Corbett laid down his gifted pen—at the point where the Grand Fleet returns to Scapa after the Battle of Jutland—Sir Henry sketches in the effect of this battle upon the general naval strategy of the war. In subsequent chapters the results of naval operations and naval co-operation with land forces in outlying spheres of conflict are brought forward to a synchronous date, before embarking upon the second great phase of the war—the German unrestricted U-boat campaign and its counter-measures. With this vital phase of the war Sir Henry deals exhaustively, and the volume closes appropriately with the state of the naval war at the time of the entrance of the United States into the conflict.

Throughout the difficult maze of naval operations, with their co-lateral relationship to military commitments and foreign policy—problems which flit like ill-conditioned sprites across the story of the early fateful months of 1916—a clear path of narrative is cut, the whole series of detached affrays being co-ordinated into the groundwork of one vast world-wide struggle.

* Naval Operations, Vol. IV.—The Official History of the War. By Sir Henry Newbolt, C.H. Text, 16s. net. Maps, 5s. net. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., of London.

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One salient fact must, however, be kept uppermost in mind: the work is one of an official character, and this, despite the customary Admiralty disclaimer of responsibility for the views set forth, must obviously tend to colour the finished result with a strong dye of conservatism and precludes that spice of criticism which some of the operations seem to merit. From the point of view of the student of naval war these Official Histories are "source-books," whereby he is made aware of the existence of documents, official and otherwise, elsewhere unpublished; to this extent, perhaps, one might wish that Volume IV was more fully annotated and documented. Accompanying the text, as in former volumes, there is a small case of maps covering the essential movements described in the text. These are in every way adequate for the general reader, but the departure from pattern evinced in this new volume—the substitution of coloured general charts at fixed epochs of operations—has less value to the student interested in the tactical and strategical problems which developed, than the former method which demonstrated the continuous track of each unit throughout the event.

In contrast to the continued flood of uninstructed criticism which still rages about certain aspects of the Battle of Jutland, Sir Henry Newbolt's dispassionate judgment upon its effects are immensely significant. The evils of the communiqués are at once apparent in their bearing upon neutral sympathy, as also is our speedy reinstatement in Dutch and Scandinavian eyes as the supreme Power at sea when the German account of the battle laid bare the true results. The value of this neutral sympathy cannot be overestimated. Already in difficulties over our policy of restricting the enemy supplies, we had, for some reason, seen fit to dispense to some extent with the undoubted powers and procedure of Prize Courts, and had instituted a more or less irregular Committee which wielded illegal powers and whose action was very rightly resented by those northern neutrals whose war-trade was thereby laid under restraint. Undoubtedly our general prestige at sea had much to do with the docility with which these nations accepted our re-modelling of "the law and custom of the sea," and to some extent prevented any recrudescence of the armed neutralities of former wars. Nevertheless, had we been defeated or suffered decided loss of prestige in battle, there can be little doubt that the attitude of Germany's neutral neighbours would not have

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been so complacent of our methods in dealing with their sea-borne trade.

The tactical and material lessons of the battle are dealt with in detail, and it is interesting to note that out of them sprang a modification of the rigid line-ahead formation under certain conditions; it is a well-known maxim that " in adversity one grows clever rather than rich." In general, however, Sir Henry Newbolt's judgment serves as a complete justification of Lord Jellicoe's battle manœuvres, and in the considered verdict that the battle finally robbed the German High Seas Fleet of its " enterprise " the right note appears to be struck. One could have wished, however, that in summing up the results of the fleet battle the all-important economic effects which would have been the prize of a decisive defeat of the German battle-fleet had been assessed at a higher value. The continued existence of the High Seas Fleet as a " fortress fleet " was little short of an insurance to the continuance of Germany's trans-Baltic trade—especially in those high-grade Swedish iron ores which Germany imported at the rate of over four million tons a year, and which, owing to the low grade of her native ore and the absence of native manganese, were to become responsible for fully one half of German steel production and munition output. Ludendorff himself (*I.* 214) describes this Swedish traffic as of " paramount importance."

Jutland, although almost the last, was not the final sortie of the German Fleet. They crossed the North Sea again on August 18th-19th, 1916, and these interesting operations are dealt with in detail, so that it is possible to gauge accurately by what a narrow margin and misadventure the German Fleet escaped another meeting with Lord Jellicoe's forces. Of peculiar significance is the clear instance which this operation afforded of the difficulties of reconnaissance, and the devastating errors which may arise from aerial observation. That the escape of Scheer's force on this occasion was largely due to a perverse Fate must be admitted, yet Sir Henry Newbolt seems rather to have neglected to stress the " instructions " of the British Commander-in-Chief. The cause of the operation was a German stroke to bombard Sunderland—a coastal raid—and precisely the form of enemy operation which had been foreseen by the Admiralty. In a communication to the Commander-in-Chief, Grand Fleet, dated August 8th, 1914, their Lordships sought " to emphasize

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that it is not part of the Grand Fleet's duty to prevent such raids. . . . In our mind you should ignore the raid or raids and work by a circuitous route so as to get between the enemy's fleet or covering force and home" ("*World Crisis*," *I*, 163). Sir Henry Newbolt does not appear to quote this letter, or stress its bearing, and it must be noted that the general southerly movement of the Grand Fleet tended to intercept the German main fleet from ahead rather than to cut across his line of retreat.

The results of this misadventure, and of the equally abortive October sortie of the High Seas Fleet, are summarized by the author as bringing about a state of virtual immobilization on the rival main fleets, who remained thereafter facing each other across a North Sea "No Man's Land." There still remains a suggestion, unspoken, however, that the High Seas Fleet did not entirely lose by this immobilization; true, their morale suffered as is the tendency in the case of an entirely inactive fleet, but they still maintained their grip over the Baltic, with its streams of valuable enemy-bound supplies.

The outcome of such a wane of main fleet activity is shown to be that the "initiative" passes to smaller craft, just as the functions of the main naval force degenerate into a secondary objective—*i.e.*, the direct defence of commerce.

The first thrusts of this new epoch were the light craft attacks on the Dover patrol. The detailed accounts which are given of the numerous attacks made in this important zone are of particular value, especially to those interested in destroyer warfare. They seem to show a consistence of manner, method and time of attack, and a similar application to rule by the defence, which might almost be termed warfare by formula. In particular emerges the immense value of initiative vested in the attack—and its treble power when employed under cover of night.

In the second great section of this volume, that dealing with contemporary overseas operations, Commander Spicer-Simpson's magnificent effort with *Mimi*, *Tou-Tou* and *Fi-Fi* on Lake Tanganyika receives full credit, and stands out in its important relationship to other collateral military enterprises in the Dark Continent. The operations in the Cameroons are brought down to the date of their successful conclusion and the admission by General Dobell—the more valuable on account of the criticism levelled on combined

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operations in other theatres—that without the assistance which the Allied naval forces had rendered by creek, sea and land " the military forces could not have accomplished the task which lay before them." Similarly naval events in Mesopotamia are synchronized by the narration of the unsuccessful attempt to supply besieged Kut. The detailed account of the adventures of our submarines in the Baltic during the summer and August of 1916 add great lustre to the renown of that arm of the Service, while the plain unvarnished story is little short of an epic. One incident, however, is of particular interest to those interested in the application of International Law. One of these submarines, operating in waters literally commanded by the enemy, was able to seize the ship *Nike*, place a prize crew aboard, and send her in to Reval for prize proceedings. Apart from the fact that the subsequent release of this ship sheds a great light upon the diplomatic difficulties of an inter-allied operation, the treatment of this vessel at the hands of a submarine is strikingly in contrast with that meted out later on by U-boats to Allied merchantmen, and also serves in some degree to show that submarine warfare can within reasonable limits be restricted to the normal bounds set by the time-honoured Laws of Nations. Yet with these Baltic operations again, one is tempted to make the criticism that Sir Henry Newbolt has insufficiently stressed the economic value of this detached submarine war, waged in those waters which carried Scandinavian nickel, pyrites, foods, copper and iron ore—raw ingredients of endurance of incalculable value—to the enemy. He admits that these submarine operations caused German warships to think deeply before sallying out of Kiel, yet he does not emphasize that these same operations resulted in about sixty per cent of the ships engaged in the Lulea-Germany iron ore trade being confined to harbour—unwilling to sail except in closely guarded convoys at night.

From direct naval operations we pass to indirect ones—and from the adventures of British forces under British leaders to the doings of those ships in foreign waters which Allied policy placed under the command of a foreign admiral. In the Adriatic, where our naval forces were ancillary to the Italian Fleet, one reads, however, with something more than pride, of the implicit trust which the depatriated Serbians imposed in Admiral Troubridge. The problems of the trans-shipment of this people—a trans-shipment across the

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Adriatic where an active enemy was in the background—are peculiarly instructive, the more so since the task was accomplished without mishap. Subsequent Austrian naval operations against the Anglo-Italian force, and the drifters covering the Otranto barrage, are given in detail, despite the general—and unfortunate—dearth of Austrian contribution to the wealth of naval war literature. There is much to be admired in the efforts of Captain Seitz of the *Helgoland*; his first brush with the combined Allied squadron is an excellent example of light cruiser tactics centred round the shepherding of a crippled consort into safety in presence of a strong enemy.

One section of the chapters dealing with our doings in foreign waters is of peculiar interest—that which tells of naval operations in Greek waters. The whole involved story of Allied manœuvrings makes, for the professional sea-officer, somewhat bitter reading. He is presented with the spectacle of a valuable naval force kept virtually within gunshot of the Greek capital for six months without firing a shot, and used apparently as a lever to force the neutral Hellenes into a frame of mind consistent with Allied war plans. There has seldom, if ever, been a more abject case of the intrusion of high politics into the realms of naval operations than this—and if the bloodshed in the purlieus of Athens may be taken as a result, it is one unlikely to be repeated. In these waters, as Sir Henry Newbolt so dispassionately states, "our naval force was acting, in a manner unknown in previous wars, as the subordinate partner in a mixed command; while our diplomatic action was being conducted by Ministers acting in concert with the French Commander-in-Chief. . . . The British admiral was co-operating with the French squadron, but was not in an independent position. . . . The aim of the two Powers was one and the same . . . but under the system adopted an unforeseen result occurred; when the stern determination of the French Government cut short their admiral's opportunities for tact and conciliation, pushing him forward by definite and unconditional orders, our diplomacy was at once left behind, and our naval commander was deprived of consultative power. Failure followed inevitably." Greece was in the unenviable position of the weak hesitant, vacillating, neutral—ground between the upper and nether belligerent millstones—Von Falkenhayn on the one hand and Sarrail on the other. Step by step our

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own naval forces were drawn into the mêlée, they witnessed the immobilization of the fleet of their ancient Ally, and they shared in the disastrous episode of the landing parties at Athens. It is a page in our war history which for many reasons has seldom been treated as openly and as clearly as it now appears in this volume of naval operations, and must serve as a useful and luminous commentary on inter-Allied problems.

Before finally leaving the great period of above-water operations, Sir Henry Newbolt closes the era with a brilliant account of the work of the German raiders *Moewe*, *Leopard*, *Seeadler*, and *Wolf*. The exact movements of each one, together with the vast and intricate network of naval measures taken to limit its power for harm against Allied shipping, appear in their true perspective. The adventures of these vesssels read at times like a combination of the incidents in a typical boys' adventure book and the diary of an Elizabethan merchant venture ; yet, in their naval significance, they but justify Mahan's dictum that it is always possible for an isolated ship to evade its masking cordon, and break out upon the ocean highways—nor can the isolated efforts of one raider here and there produce any lasting results.

With the virtual immobilization of the main fleets, and the resultant transfer of initiative at sea into the hands of destroyers and cruisers, a page of the naval war is turned down, and Sir Henry Newbolt speaks the prologue introducing the great submarine epoch. With supreme care and a perfect balance he lays bare the inception, growth and birth of the German submarine answer to our undisputed sea control above water. Hitherto the story of the welding of the weapon of unrestricted submarine war has been largely a mass of polyglot facts and fictions—to be culled from sources innumerable and in every language, and presenting invariably their originator's national bias. Now for the first time in our tongue, Sir Henry Newbolt has marshalled and weighed this immense mass of evidence, and has set it down in a flowing narrative running along the bed of cool, clear, and impartial reasoning. One by one the various side issues emerge ; the German fear of Scandinavian hostility, the need for delay pending the conclusion of the Rumanian campaign, the onus of responsibility, the effect on the German mind of the prevailing Anglo-American relations, and so on. That the chances of American intervention were weighed by

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those Germans who most advocated the new phase of war is apparent—yet it is certain that the economic lengths to which American intervention would go were undreamt of. The whole decision thus to wage war beyond the limits of the Law of Nations is shown, in all its nakedness, as a *tour de force* against the German people—and as a last desperate throw of the dice to endeavour to force Britain to her knees before disaster overtook themselves. The famous Peace effort of the German Emperor is revealed in its correct bearing upon the projected U-boat campaign, and the intrigue and diplomacy involved is stripped of its covering.

In November, 1916, Sir Henry Newbolt shows that German G.H.Q. still maintained some belief in the chance of their military victory; yet in December, in spite of the success of the Rumanian campaign, apparently this belief had vanished, and the sole hope of the military oligarchy came to be centred in unrestricted U-boat warfare. Something had happened to force this decision, and, although it is not definitely expressed in the chapter, undoubtedly this was a realization of Germany's increasingly desperate plight for food and materials. The enemy peoples were moving helplessly into the grip of what came to be termed "The Turnip Winter," and even at this time the value of the food ration in Berlin was less than half that considered the minimum to maintain life in tolerable health—and a third of the pre-war ration (*Command Paper No.* 280 *of* 1919). The prospects for the future were gloomy in the extreme, and there is perhaps a clear hint of the trend of German thought when Holtzendorff, in his December memorandum, urged the efficacy of submarine war as likely to produce victory before the next harvest.

With the opening of the unrestricted U-boat campaign we are shown its immediate result in the severance of diplomatic relations between America and Germany, and, as it develops in power, we are presented with the difficulties of coping with it—difficulties which the existence of Allies did not seem at first to simplify. The whole development of counter measures is dealt with in most enlightening measure; barrages, escorts, countermining and primitive convoys spring into being; the attacks on the Dover area take their position as being "containing" attacks—designed to enforce a continuance of strong T.B.D. forces at Dover when they could have been employed more valuably protecting convoys. Step by step we tread the dolorous path of the sea war during

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the first four months of 1917; the general sinkings, the increasing difficulty of finding tonnage; the attacks on the hospital ships, and finally the admission of the Admiralty's inability to aid Denmark to fortify her Schleswig frontiers on account of the nearness of the Anglo-Danish line of sea communication to the German bases—a bare two hundred miles. No more fitting commentary could be needed than Sir Henry Newbolt's observation that Wellington's transport to the Peninsula passed even closer to Brest than this—and one is brought to a very full realization of the fact that the general course of sea war and sea command had undergone change. The age-long view that " he that commands the sea is at great liberty " seemed to be in need of some limitation, and during this period of transition in the old and new conception of sea command, it appears in no wise inconsistent that this absorbing volume should close on a note of depression—that by the end of April, 1917, " everything combined to show that the Allies were in sight of disaster."

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THE NEED FOR GENERALSHIP

OF the myriad books that have been written about the Great War, one of the most fascinating and instructive is Colonel Wavell's "The Palestine Campaign." It forms part of Messrs. Constable & Co.'s well-known series "Campaigns and their Lessons," and the plainly writ lessons in this particular book are all the more valuable because it deals with a campaign resembling, as far as can be reasonably foreseen, the type of campaign which this country is most likely to be faced with in the future. In his final chapter Colonel Wavell himself summarizes the various lessons which may be learnt from the fighting in Palestine and which, of course, deal for the most part with the need for mobility, the action of cavalry, and the possible use of mechanized forces had they been available. But there is one lesson which stands out crystal clear, though the author does not emphasize it especially—naturally, perhaps, as he is a serving officer—and that is the absolute vital importance of good, resolute generalship and ability on the part of the commander of the force to give the right decision at the crucial moment. This may be regarded as a truism, and so no doubt it is, but after reading this book certain feelings will inevitably arise in the mind of the average military reader. He will read with delight and admiration of the final phases of the campaign, of Allenby's brilliant generalship and the equally brilliant work of his staff, of the amazing endurance of the troops in general, and of the cavalry in particular, but constantly his mind will revert to the initial failures which should have been avoided, and he will wonder whether the Army has learnt its lesson and be able to avoid such failures in the future.

Let us imagine that Captain A., who has just read the book, is holding forth in the Mess on the subject of the First Battle of Gaza. "Regimental officers and men did magnificently and, mark you, they were all Territorials. I grant you there were more opportunities for training behind the line in Palestine than ever existed in France, but all the same they cannot have had anything like the facilities which exist for Regulars in peace-time, for example. But listen to this :—

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" ' The capture of Ali Muntar Ridge by the 53rd Division and the 161st Brigade of the 54th Division will bear comparison with the classic exploits of British infantry. The approach was over bare ground against an enemy strongly posted and entrenched with numerous machine guns and a powerful artillery. All the advantages of observation and concealment lay with the enemy. The guns supporting the attack were few, and the narrow ridge on which lay the enemy's main position was a difficult target ; the hostile trenches were hard to detect. The last part of the assault was blind fighting uphill through cactus hedges against unseen machine guns and riflemen. A pitiless Eastern sun beat down on men who had already marched far before deploying for attack. There was no shade and no water. Yet these four brigades pressed quietly and steadily on over that exposed plain, up that steep ridge, and through that maze of cactus hedges, till an enemy whose skill and stoutness in defence are universally admitted gave way to them and yielded up his position. Little finesse was possible in this assault. Its success was a triumph for cool, practised platoon leading and for straightforward, disciplined valour. It is an action worth remembering when tempted to believe that infantry to-day are powerless against a prepared position unless they be convoyed by tanks or be supported by an overwhelming mass of artillery.' Could anything be finer ? And from what I have seen of our Territorials they would do just as well if we ever have another scrap, despite their bare fortnight's training each year. The fact is, regimental officers and the British soldier always have done well and always will, and there is no need to get into a flat spin about *their* training. All this splendid heroism of the 53rd Division and the 161st Brigade of the 54th Division was wasted because later in the day a decision to withdraw—a definitely wrong decision—was given by the commander of the forces. Small blame to him, and there were no doubt extenuating circumstances, but still there were a series of wrong decisions about that time. Colonel Wavell says : ' The similarity between this action and those at Magdhaba and Rafa will be noticed. Once again the crowning act of victory was achieved just as the order to withdraw was given. . . . In war a last ounce of optimism is sometimes a better general reserve than many men.'

" Now you need practice in everything if you are going to do it well, and, I ask you, what practice do our Higher

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Command get in making vital tactical decisions? Nearly all their time is spent in supervising and making arrangements for us. Take, for example, our Brigade Commander. October sees him toiling away at those wretched confidential reports; think of the worry and possibly sleepless nights that some of them must cause him. I don't believe if they were abolished altogether that the Army would be a penny the worse. Then there are the 'interior economy' inspections which he has to carry out at the end of the year—buttons, boots, barrack-rooms, bath-houses, cookhouses, messes, institutes, etc.—all very necessary, no doubt, but is it going to make him a good commander in the field? During the rest of the leave season there is *supervision* of individual training, *supervision* of cadre training, *supervision* of regimental exercises without troops, and of course the poor devil must have a bit of leave himself. Possibly between October and February there may be one or two Divisional, and perhaps even Command, exercises without troops; but these extremely rare occasions are the only opportunity he himself will have of making a tactical decision at this period of the year. Then follows range practices, section, platoon, company training, machine gun concentrations, and battalion training, and all this time he is supervising, supervising, supervising. I grant you he sums up at conferences and says who is right and who is wrong, but that is a very different thing from making a decision for the results of which he himself will be responsible. Then comes brigade training. An ordinary individual, unversed in military affairs, might fondly imagine that the chief object of brigade training would be to test the efficiency of the Brigade Commander—in short, to give him some practice in making those decisions which are so enormously vital in war, and which may mean success with a minimum of casualties or failure, or it may be, defeat, and the squandering of hundreds of lives. Not a bit of it. During brigade training the Brigade Commander becomes the Director of the various operations, and one or other of his battalion commanding officers actually command the opposing forces. The testing of their capabilities could surely be done at other times of the year, besides which they could, of course, command in turn the skeleton forces opposed to the Brigadier. And so even during brigade training he is once more only a supervisor. After brigade training, at the end of the training year, he may at length get a chance of actually

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commanding during divisional training, and during which, I need hardly remind you, the Divisional Commander does not actually command himself. *His* chances of commanding are confined to the rare occasions when inter-divisional operations are held.

" It is a remarkable fact that despite the immense importance, in these days of new weapons, of a Divisional Commander's job, quite an appreciable amount of his precious time is also taken up in inspecting boots, buttons, barrack-rooms, etc. As for the many senior officers holding purely staff appointments they, of course, get no opportunities of commanding at all. Yet why should not the Director of Military Operations, for example, be put in charge of a mixed force at Aldershot occasionally, and be pitted against, shall we say, the G.O.C. 1st Division. Why not ? Because the precious progressive programme for the troops must be carried out in its absolute entirety. God bless my soul ! The Territorials put up almost as good a show on a field day at the end of their fortnight's training as we do after five months' highly supervised training. I've seen them with my own eyes when I was attached to them last year. ' The rifle and the bayonet are the infantryman's chief weapons. The victory can be completed by means of these weapons only.' Thus says F.S.R., and it is phrases like these which give our generals a wrong sense of proportion.

" The more I see of soldiering the more convinced I am of the absolute vital importance of generalship, and it is absurd that our Higher Command should not be given more opportunities, by means of actually commanding troops, and by frequent exercises without troops, of acquiring the faculty of good generalship, instead of spending all their time in being glorified military schoolmasters. The fact is, most of our Higher Command—there are one or two brilliant exceptions—are inclined to worry over details, minor tactical details very often, administrative details frequently. Why, I remember a few days before the great German push of March, 1918, our Brigade Commander made a meticulous examination of our cookhouses, and had a long argument about cook's clothing. In less than a week, Brigade Commander, cooks and their clothing were all swept into the blue. The first Battle of Gaza bears all the signs of meticulous preparation for eventualities, however improbable, lack of a sense of proportion and hesitancy to take risks.

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And in the end the wrong decision was given and British casualties amounting to 400 killed, 2,900 wounded and 200 missing were caused in vain. Perhaps, though, they were not in vain if we have learnt our lesson for the future aright. But that's just what I am exceedingly doubtful about."

So much for Captain A. There must be, in fact there unquestionably are, a good many who share his doubts. It is not perhaps easy to say whether the standard of British Army generalship stands at a high figure to-day, by reason of the lack of opportunity which Captain A. has emphasized. But the question can at least be raised "Was the standard of generalship as displayed in the big manœuvres of 1925 a high one?" Or, to take a more recent case, was the standard of generalship as shown in the inter-divisional manœuvres last autumn entirely satisfactory? One may hazard a guess that the correct answer to both these questions would not be a rapturous affirmative. It is not of course the individual commander who is to blame, but the system under which he works, a system which allows him scarcely any opportunity of training himself, and which, moreover, frees him almost entirely from outside criticism. How often, for example, does a divisional general get criticized with regard to his work as a commander in the field? Perhaps about once, or maybe, twice a year. He has to spend all his time in criticizing others.

The Staff College is certainly in no way to blame if our generalship has often to register failure. Students who have just left the Staff College have all the best attributes of a commander; they show in a marked degree ability, knowledge, and above all, ready confidence born of recent, sound, practical experience, even though all their exercises have been exercises without troops. But what happens to these young experts in their early thirties? The fine flower of their enthusiasm soon begins to wear off. The young staff officer is more than likely translated to the gloomy recesses of the War Office, or to some other job in which office routine is the predominant factor, punctuated, perhaps, by short periods of command of a company of one hundred men, on paper, and two, on parade. Later on, perhaps, after filling some 2nd Grade appointment during which his faculties for command will probably show definite signs of deterioration, he may find himself in the proud position of second-in-command, master of all the infinite possibilities of acquiring the faculties

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of leadership which the eminent office of President of the Regimental Institutes affords. In actual command of a battalion, etc., admittedly he gets the best chance of all, but even here the tendency of late has been to stress the point that a commanding officer is above all an Instructor, that his main job is what has been so aptly called " the joyless task of supervising." Captain A. has already given his views about our young staff officer's subsequent opportunities as senior officer on the staff, as a Brigadier, and as a Major-General, and it is not necessary to add to them.

It has been the aim of this article to show that our Higher Command are saddled with far too much supervision, that this excessive supervision is unnecessary, and tends to produce, on the part of the commander, over-absorption in matters of detail and an analytical outlook. Further, that our Higher Command get far too few opportunities of actually commanding troops, or of practising the giving of decisions, in short of practising leadership, of thinking big, and of developing their imaginative powers. It may be that the views expressed can be disproved, but one thing is certain. These views do, to a very large extent, represent the feelings not only of regimental officers, but of the British public. Looking back over the long and varied history of the British Army, how often can it be said that regimental officers and their men have failed their generals ? But what about the other side of the picture ?

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FLYING BOATS

FROM the date of its inception THE FIGHTING FORCES has done its best to advocate the development of flying boats, and it has been a source of infinite satisfaction to note the gradually increasing public interest which has been devoted to these sea-going aircraft.

An excellent account of the actual flying-boat situation to-day, together with an enthusiastic forecast of the line of development in the future, was given at a lecture by Wing-Commander R. B. Maycock, O.B.E., R.A.F., at the Royal United Service Institution on December 5th. The title of the lecture was "The Employment and Development of Flying Boats." Vice-Admiral Sir H. W. Richmond, K.C.B., Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, was in the chair, and Sir Philip Sassoon, Under-Secretary of State for Air, and who had only recently returned from a flight to the East in one of the latest types of flying boats, was present.

The lecturer gave it as his considered opinion that the flying boat is the most mobile unit in the R.A.F. to-day. It is comfortable, which even from a service point of view is a very valuable consideration, and, moreover, is certainly safer than other forms of aircraft, though it is to be noted that Wing-Commander Maycock did not stress this latter consideration.

The lecture will appear in due course in the *Journal of The Royal United Service Institution*, and we only propose here to make a few comments, which the hearing of this really excellent lecture evoked. On the civil side the battle may be said to have been completely won. The flying-boat has come to stay, and development has been so rapid of late that there can be no doubt whatsoever that it will soon form a big factor in the maintenance of our Imperial communications.

Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, who is a director of Imperial Airways, said, at the conclusion of the lecture, that when Imperial Airways extended the India route to Australia, the majority of the stages would be flown by flying-boats.

We now turn to the Service side of the question, and it was remarkable that scarcely a note of controversy—though the subject positively bristles with it—entered into the

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proceedings, either during the lecture, which, one may hazard a guess, had been somewhat censored in places by the Air Ministry, or during Admiral Richmond's benevolent—one might almost say, paternal—address in which he returned a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Apart from Sir Vyell Vyvyan and Sir Herbert Richmond not a single member of the audience, not even Sir Philip Sassoon, made any remark whatsoever, all the more remarkable because of the general feeling that has existed, and to a certain extent still exists, that relations as between Navy and Air Force, on this very question of flying boats, are none too friendly. We think it is perfectly permissible to deduce that there has been an improvement in this respect, and that air units working under the operational control of the Navy have been able to do so with the same freedom from friction as is the case with Army co-operation squadrons who work under the Army command during operations. In fact flying boats have, of late, co-operated with the Navy very successfully, and did so, for example, during the Atlantic Fleet exercises last summer. It is becoming quite a matter of routine for the Calshot flying boats to work with Naval units. On the part of the Admiralty there has been very much less of the attitude, " make them part of the fleet Air Arm and then we will begin to talk," and on the part of the Air Ministry perhaps rather less of that desperate nervousness at the idea of any further Admiralty control. In fact better co-operation between the two services seems to be well on its way, which certainly is a matter of congratulation for the taxpayer.

We now come to the vexed question of the aircraft-carrier. Wing-Commander Maycock had very little to say on this subject, and he obviously felt himself to be on thorny ground. He admitted that he had often been asked whether flying-boats could take the place of the aircraft carried by aircraft-carriers, and his opinion was, that at present, at any rate, they could not do so. This perhaps is undeniable. The present type could only remain with a moving fleet for six to eight hours before returning to their base, and moreover could not take off from the open sea when the waves are over ten feet high. These are obvious disabilities as regards keeping company with a fleet over any lengthy period of time, but they are disabilities which can be overcome. Research and experiment are constantly proceeding with a view to the improvement of flying-boats, which, despite

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their progress in normal directions, have by no means reached the ideal from the Service point of view.

Research and experiment are exceedingly costly, and it is doubtful if very much money can have been available for this purpose ; moreover, the rather strained relations which have in the past existed between Navy and Air Force cannot have been a helpful factor in the matter of flying-boats development. If the Admiralty and Air Ministry had really got together ; if the main item on the agenda had been " The aircraft-carrier is clumsy, vulnerable and infernally expensive, and between us we have got to find a better solution," if this had been done we believe a satisfactory solution would have been found, and that a vastly improved flying-boat would have been a considerable factor in the solution.

Flying boats are not now housed in sheds, but remain on the water and do better under these conditions. All modern boats are all metal, and the lantern slides which illustrated Wing-Commander Maycock's remarks indicated their very considerable structural strength. It has been found that a flying-boat can ride out a gale of very great force without difficulty. The amazingly successful Far East flight, carried out by four standard " Southamptons," which started in October, 1927, and has now drawn to a close, is only one more example of the strength and endurance of this admirable form of aircraft. Incidentally it may be mentioned that during the cruise these boats remained on the water for as much as ten months at a time without suffering detriment.

There can be no doubt about their strength and seaworthy qualities. If only the difficulty of getting off from a rough sea—which is an aero-dynamical one—can be overcome, the ideal flying boat will surely be in sight.

One of the most admirable qualities of the Air Force is the enthusiasm of its officers. Wing-Commander Maycock is an enthusiast of the first water, and we can confidently recommend all those who were unable to hear his excellent and informing lecture, to read it when it appears in print.

(The second article in the series on " Air Warfare," by Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, will appear in the April issue.)

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L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

By MARINER.

AS a matter of fact, *l'Entente*—that great and wonderful clearing-away of age-old misunderstandings and quibbles between two racially-allied Peoples, who had fought one another long enough to know better than to merely bicker about trifles—had not quite arrived at the time of this little story.

It was on the way, no doubt, and good King Edward was doing his utmost to push it along. But there were still cries of "Vive les Bo-ers!" and "Conspuez les Anglais!" to be heard by the traveller on arrival at Calais or Marseilles; whilst Fashoda, or even Waterloo, might be raised as a *cri du cœur* at any moment!

In the piping times of peace—which, as we all know, are now assured for evermore by amiable gentlemen seated in comfortable armchairs at Geneva or Washington—an important duty carried out by the Royal Navy used to be that of fraternization with any stray unit of other navies which might happen along anywhere within the compass of the Seven Seas.

Before the advent of the Great War this fraternizing process was simple enough. There was a dinner—an especial dinner, with tinned asparagus and portions of some bird or beast *en aspic* (one is thinking of foreign stations); ice, if possible, to cool the wine and soda water; and whisky to mix with the latter.

Real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool, hall-marked Brotherhood seldom failed to materialize, temporarily at least, round about 10 p.m., when the aforesaid mixture was being dispensed just as fast as supply, that important factor in all sound military organization, could keep pace with demand. But upon occasion, in foreign parts, the unit representing the Royal Navy might not itself be of very extensive dimensions, so that, upon arrival of a naval unit of another Power in port, it would ally itself with the civilian population there resident for the purpose of the necessary and wholly inevitable dinner. If there happened to be a Yacht Club handy, the entertainment might take place there.

In such case it would not, of course, be official, but there would be a sufficient number of representatives of the

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Estates of the Realm, Art, Commerce and Letters present at the festive board to make it, as one might say, a community gathering, and though the peculiar form of singing which is now associated with that word was not as a rule indulged in as part of the authorized programme of events, it cannot be denied that it has been known to occur after the removal of the cloth, or even before it.

Obviously, the flowing bowl was an important, if not the principal, item for consideration by the guests of the evening, though this should not be taken to mean that it was disregarded by the hosts. By no means !

As all men of proper upbringing are aware, the contents of the figurative " bowl " at a British gathering were apt to follow a certain and fairly regular course. The *apéritif* might be suited to individual taste—cocktail, gin, or sherry and bitters—but during the repast itself there was seldom any marked departure from the drier sorts of champagne, followed by port or (east of Suez) Madeira, coffee and old brandy, and the whisky with the soda water ! The whole thing was practically standardized, and suited the internal economy of the Briton well enough.

So far as persons so unfortunate as to have been born under other flags were concerned, it may or may not have suited theirs, but they had to have it whether it did or not ! One writes in the past tense, for goodness only knows what form such banquets may take now. Possibly milk and soda is served with the fish, and orange juice with the roast, either as an example to the benighted foreigner or out of respect to his peculiar fads !

But these were the brave days of old, when men, who were to prove themselves eventually at Mons and the Marne, at Jutland and Zeebrugge, made no bones (save those which were devilled !) about lengthening their days by stealing a good few hours from the night when hospitality was on the *tapis*—one might almost say " on tap "—and could enjoy the products of the vineyard and barley-field without taking thought for the morrow.

As has been said, if the foreign guest did not altogether approve of the standard *carte des vins*, he had to lump it. Generally he raised no objection to it. Were he a subject of the Tzar, it mattered little—and affected him as little—what he consumed so long as there was plenty. He would

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retain his amiable smile and charm of manner after emptying a cellar and half a distillery.

Lieges of the Kaiser also seemed to prefer quantity to quality, but it cannot be said they remained unaffected by the former. Indeed, things were apt to become a trifle *difficile* at times when Teutonic sabre-rattling was in vogue and world conquest still a pleasant dream.

On the other hand, there is a sentimental side to your German, particularly the Southerner, which tribute to Bacchus might evoke, and then his heart would overflow with geniality.

Of Uncle Sam's offspring it is not easy to write truthfully and at the same time tactfully. Perhaps to the historic fact that gentlemen of old Virginny *would* smoke tobacco with their wine was due the tragedy of a nation without a palate—a people to whom anything liquid was good provided it had a " kick " in it. Doubtless the cocktail was invented for that precise quality. There was apt to be a lack of real cheerfulness or bonhomie when entertaining the representatives of " Gahd's own country."

But real difficulty presented itself if the guests were officers of La Belle France. To begin with, as also to repeat oneself, *l'Entente* was not, as yet, concluded. In consequence there was a stiffness of attitude that might or might not be relaxed in the course of the evening.

Likewise there was the question of language. It was not the tradition of the French Navy to excel in English. It was, alas ! not that of the Royal Navy to excel in any foreign tongue ! Also, France being the fount of Western civilization, its people have distinctive and genuine tastes and proclivities of their own. They have been initiators, never imitators ; and in matters of food and drink, what they do not know is not knowledge. To them champagne (*sec*) is anathema—the products of the Douro Valley, fortified to suit the British market, never to be sufficiently execrated ; " le Visky sode " an abomination.

Conceive, then, a small flotilla of French destroyers arrived at the place where there was a Yacht Club and a small local unit of Britain's Navy, the locality being east of Suez.

The monsoon is over, but as yet the gaieties of the (alleged) " cold weather " season have not commenced.

A community dinner of the sort mentioned previously

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is arranged with all promptitude. *Toujours la politesse*, but still there is that little stiffness to be overcome!

That this feat was accomplished goes without saying, though a cynic might remark that it was only by the production of a state of "stiffness" of another kind! At any rate, a "fayre and goodlie barque" was provided to carry certain inanimate forms back to their appointed vessels of war round about 3 g.m. Within its ample stern sheets they lay, oblivious to the cares and worries of an all too imperfect world. Under the garish dazzle of the electric lights on the *Bunder* the funerary barge rocked gently to the motion of sea-breeze-propelled wavelets lapping historic steps. Above stood the hosts—those who could stand, that is—in readiness to speed the parting guests with the strains of "Auld Lang Syne"—rendered in a variety of keys, and with the usual imperfect knowledge of the words—when the cord should be loosened (the bowl might be said to have been broken already) and the craft fare forth upon its way.

Precisely who was responsible for tipping McGillivray, weighing some fourteen stones and seven pounds, properly of the Royal Meath Fusiliers, but locally Adjutant of the Railway Volunteers, over the stone coping of the Bunder and plump on top of the (temporarily) "deceased" occupants of the aforesaid barge is not on record. Someone remarked that he was thrown in as a make-weight, and in the sense that undoubtedly he made weight upon whomsoever his muscular carcase descended, the observation contained some element of truth.

Not that the impact of his involuntary descent raised any particular degree of disturbance amongst the somnolent voyagers, but perchance it left its mark upon some portions of their anatomy which, on the morrow, may have led them to the conclusion that they had been hardly entreated at a moment when they were in no case to defend themselves from assault and battery. However, they made no complaint, then or thereafter.

McGillivray disembarked in good order—good enough for the time of night (or day), at any rate, when a collar and tie escaped from moorings, and trousers that have ceased to be trousers so much as leggings detached from bathing drawers, are matters of small moment—and, Charon plying his oar to the dirge-like chant of "Panch Pice," etc., etc., the barque pushed forth across the darkling Styx, as repre-

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sented by the tidal waters of one of the finest harbours of the Empire.

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Unfortunately—or fortunately ; it is a matter of choice—international junketings do not always end with *the* " dinner " ! More often than not there is a further programme of entertainment to be enjoyed, or endured.

In this particular case there was no great choice of amusements to offer the visitors. The racing season was not yet, nor the hunting. Nor would the latter have made much appeal to people who probably preferred Pierre Loti to Surtees or his Gallic equivalent—if there is one.

Ball games were not for the sons of France of that era. Particularly in the Tropics, they regarded them as merely additional evidence of the complete and well-known madness of the Anglo-Saxon.

To leave them to enjoy themselves ashore as they pleased —which certainly they would have preferred before all things—would have been to commit a breach of international hospitality. Therefore something had to be arranged for the day after the Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul. Government House and most of official Society being away up-country, it fell to the lot of the kindest lady in the world to assume the role of hostess at whatever form of outing might be decided upon.

A picnic ? The very thing ! Therefore invitations to an " eating out of doors " were dispatched forthwith.

Why any sane person should want to eat out of doors when they can do so in much greater comfort within them is neither here nor there. We have all done it at times, and when the wasps or flies have been extracted from the butter or jam, the ants and caterpillars from the salad, and the midges or mosquitoes chivvied from their nestling places in the more intimate portions of one's apparel, we have pretended to have enjoyed it hugely.

To this picnic, then, came the distinguished guests of the overnight fraternization.

It would be scarcely accurate to say that they presented any appearance of having dined quietly at home the previous evening and gone to bed early after a cigarette and a cup of coffee.

True, it had been early enough (in the morning) when they had fallen asleep, but that is not quite the same thing !

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Briefly, more woe-begone looking wrecks of humanity could seldom have mustered for any form of pleasure (?) trip.

Nor were these spectres of gay and gallant men in the least reticent with regard to various distressing symptoms which had manifested themselves within their *estomacs* (the French are embarrassingly outspoken at times !) upon their awakening ; attributable, *sans doute*, to " ce terrible Visky-sode."

" Helas ! Madame, je vous assure we have been—how you call it ?—seek ! O-oh ! verree seek !"

But the nature of the entertainment now offered to them was to be their safeguard against a recurrence of any such direful happenings, and for this reason they were *énchantés* to take part in it.

The British picnic—but yes, they had made some study of its origin and history—was an informal gathering of friends to which each one contributed some item for the bill of fare.

" Et voyez-vous, Madame, nous avons apportes notre vin propre !"

" Vive l'entente ! Conspuez le Porto, et le Visky-sode !"

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THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE

By Brevet Major A. R. Godwin-Austen, O.B.E., M.C.

I.—PAST.

YOU cannot see it from the road, for a belt of tall trees, set on a ridge, keeps it shut away from the busy, bright stream of traffic that flows Londonwards and Westwards. The major entrance is closely associated with the Staff College, and the Yorktown Gate, the entrance to the Old Buildings, is small and unpretentious so that the big vermilion and yellow omnibuses, the myriad cars, the occasional tanks, the great lumbering furniture-lorries, may pass in ignorance of its very existence.

But if you pause at the little lodge you immediately notice, at this, the very entrance, a thing or rather two things completely characteristic. Notices, in pleasant old type, inform one courteously of the regulations under which one may enter, concluding with the grave admonition "The waterfowl must not be interfered with." In College Standing Orders it goes further, and calls them "Ornamental Waterfowl." Underneath the old notice there is a brief, modern "No Thoroughfare" in staring red letters, and about ten yards away, successfully covering the entrance, a neat bronze cannon gives force and point to the notices. It is a Waterloo cannon.

Walk quietly through all this and you are on a broad and winding road between a fenced pleasance, and, on your right, a considerable lake, bordered in trees, with two miniature islands. The lake is always beautiful, always picturesque, but one never sees any waterfowl. There are a pair of swans, so legend records, but they keep well out of sight. The road gives a last shake, and on a gentle slope of clipped grass and firm gravel lies a building, long, low, very lovely and dignified, the expression of a more graceful, more leisurely age.

Away to the right front—some distance away—is a confused mass of red brick and cut stone with a high clock tower, which rises above the trees.

Here, then, is the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, which for a hundred and sixteen years has trained the great majority of the officers of the British Army.

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How did this College (which educates all the arms of the Service save Engineers, Signals, and Gunners) come into being?

Primarily, it was a case of obvious need. In the latter years of the eighteenth century, when the officers of foreign nations were, year by year, improving, the British lagged sadly behind. For then no standard of general education was required in an officer, and as a result we find a lamentable succession of military failures, in the Netherlands and America, and Sir Charles Crauford observing: "Our own officers are so ignorant that we are obliged to have recourse to foreigners for assistance, or our operations are constantly liable to failure in their execution." Dark days, of which Sir Herbert Maxwell has said: "Except in India . . . the British Army had earned the contempt of all nations."

The reason underlying professional inefficiency had been apparent to many, but though some of them—the Dukes of Richmond and Newcastle and Lord Auckland, for example—had powerful influence, both at Court and with the Commander-in-Chief, none possessed the wellnigh fanatical enthusiasm and driving power essential to batter down the solid wall of prejudice and opposition. For to suggest that officers and embryo officers should forsake sport, hard living, hard drinking and the myriad (and often disreputable) social pursuits essential to a *beau sabreur* in order to sit at a desk like a schoolboy was to invite universal derision.

Yet a comparatively unknown Lieutenant-Colonel succeeded where others had failed. He possessed, it is true, considerable influence at Court and with the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York, though this influence had been gained simply by earning a high reputation as a regimental officer. Lieutenant-Colonel John Gaspard Le Marchant, lately temporarily commanding the 7th Light Dragoons, in January, 1799, produced a comprehensive scheme for improving the professional knowledge of all ranks. By March, 1802, his whole scheme (modified, it is true) was in active operation.

Le Marchant's scheme advocated the establishment of a Royal Military College organized in three departments.

The First Department, a school, more or less on the lines of West Point, for the general education of boys from thirteen to fifteen, who would not necessarily enter the Army.

The Second Department, for cadets who had passed

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satisfactorily through the *First Department* and who wished to obtain commissions. Attached to this was the *Legion*, consisting of 200 soldiers' sons, from thirteen to fifteen years of age, who were to be trained to form a source of potential N.C.Os. They were to provide the means of cultivating leadership and power of command in cadets of the *Second Department*, by acting as troops in exercises controlled practically by the cadets.

The Third Department, a College for training officers for Staff Employment.

An experimental beginning was made with the *Third Department* at High Wycombe in 1799. This Staff School shortly gained the official title of the Senior Department, Royal Military College, and developed into the Staff College. Proposals for the *First Department* were rejected. The scheme for the *Second Department* was approved, though the *Legion* was excluded on the grounds that " the measure might prove injurious to the Service at large by leading to frequent promotions from the ranks." The Duke of York's School was, however, founded almost simultaneously in London.

The Junior Department of the Royal Military College opened in temporary quarters at Great Marlow on May 17th, 1802, a memorable day, for although many years must pass before the Royal Military College was to become the normal avenue through which officers should pass, its establishment marked recognition of the fact that professional education of an officer was necessary.

The Junior Department, Royal Military College, was, in its early days, a State-supported charitable institution for the military education of " sons of meritorious officers, either deceased or in straitened circumstances." These boys were between thirteen and fifteen years of age. The authorities soon relented of their generosity and, within a year, fixed the establishment at 400 cadets, one hundred of whom were to be orphan sons of officers who had lost their lives in His Majesty's Service and for whom no fees were to be paid ; eighty more were to be sons of penurious serving officers, who were to pay £40 a year, and the remainder were to be admitted at 90 guineas a year.

Le Marchant himself virtually " ran " both Senior and Junior Departments. Earl Harcourt was the nominal Governor, and had been appointed to the post by His Majesty King George III, who took a keen interest in the College.

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Harcourt had gained the Royal favour by capturing the renegade Charles Lee in the American War of Independence, and on hearing the news His Majesty had exclaimed: "I will remember Colonel Harcourt, leave his future to me." He was as good as his word. Earl Harcourt was the only Governor of the Royal Military College to become a Field Marshal.

It had, from the first, been intended that both Departments of the Royal Military College should be accommodated in a large building at Sandhurst. But difficulties in regard to construction—defection of contractors, substitution of alternative schemes by the Treasury and so on—kept the Junior Department in its temporary quarters for ten years. From Great Marlow a steady stream of young officers entered the Army on the Peninsula. Le Marchant's administration of the College was strict and economical, yet he was assailed by vile criticism from Pierre McCallum, spy and traitor, who with the Militia Colonel Wardle, published a "Scurrilous Pamphlet" defaming the College. This was the prelude to the attack on the Commander-in-Chief which culminated in the latter's downfall. It was launched because it struck him in a tender spot. His personal enthusiasm for Le Marchant's scheme had been mainly responsible for its adoption. Abolition of the College in its infancy would have hurt him sorely. So McCallum and Wardle, aided by the Duke's amazing mistress, Mary Ann Clarke, who claims to have corrected the proofs, produced this scandalous effusion which was hawked in the London streets. It was followed later by poisonous articles in the Press which were more difficult to refute, since their allegations against amorous cadets, who had not adopted the slogan "Safety First," were regrettably founded on fact. Further, military discipline had not, in the very early days, obtained complete control, and something very like a mutiny had disturbed the peace of Great Marlow. Le Marchant had dealt with this firmly and to the satisfaction of His Majesty King George III, who remarked: "There was no expecting them to be docile at first, but the management of them will be, every day, less difficult." The "Scurrilous Pamphlet" was countered by a loyal instructor, Mr. Theophilus Peithmann, who published a brochure extolling the virtues of the College and its cadets.

Eventually the buildings at Sandhurst were ready, and in the winter of 1812-13 the cadets migrated from Great

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Marlow. Money had been lavished on the buildings, for military expenditure was unchecked whilst war was raging and the Army popular. The Royal Military College had shaken off its growing pains and the future seemed rosy. Le Marchant had personally chosen all instructors and, having been given a free hand and permission to offer attractive salaries, had obtained the best. Instruction was of a high standard, and the few who, from incapacity or lack of effort, failed to pass the final examination were, as a graceful compliment to our Allies, granted commissions in the Spanish Army.

But this glad state of affairs was not to flourish for long. In the autumn of 1811, a year before the College moved, it had lost its leader and with him its inspiring spirit. Le Marchant had been recalled for service in the Peninsula, and, just as Great Marlow was closing down, had been killed, displaying the highest personal courage, at Salamanca. The educator had proved his capacity on the battlefield and set an example for all his students and their successors to follow. The College had scarcely become established at Sandhurst when fears for national safety were dispersed at Waterloo. There followed the inevitable overhaul of national expenditure. Palmerston was attacked in the House in the debate on Army Estimates in 1820 and accused of profligate expenditure on Sandhurst. The axe was applied with an ever-increasing severity. The establishment of cadets shrank from 450 in 1805 to 180 in 1832. The grant from public funds, normally £30,000 a year, but sometimes £34,000, dwindled to £3,000 and was eventually completely withdrawn. The College was to be self-supporting in all respects. The orphan class was abolished, the Commissioners remarking in 1838 that it was " doubtful if it is desirable in time of peace to introduce into the Army officers without means."

The result was what might have been expected. Lack of funds brought inefficiency, reductions in staff, poor education for high fees. Parents would not send boys and by 1846 numbers had fallen to 145 cadets. So Sandhurst drifted with the rest of a neglected Army to the tragedy of the Crimea.

Then the reaction : Sandhurst came under the searching scrutiny of a Select Committee. The Prince Consort, with whom education was a fad, interested himself assiduously in schemes for improvement, insisting on the inclusion of a

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system of good conduct marks which proved a dismal failure. Amongst other rejected suggestions was one for amalgamation with the " Shop." From three years' discussion emerged a new Royal Military College with an establishment of 180 ; a College that was no longer a boys' school, for the age of entry was raised from thirteen to sixteen years and the cadet now dignified with the prefix " Gentleman."

In 1862 amalgamation of the Indian with the British Army demanded a further increase firstly to 250 and then 300 cadets. The ages of those in residence now varied from sixteen to twenty, while the foresight of those responsible for reorganization had not extended to appropriate revision of the College Standing Orders. Liberty was very restricted and the food poor and insufficient for lusty young men. Reprehensible behaviour was rife within and without the College. A mutiny of cadets occurred in 1862 as a protest against repressive treatment and bad food. The outbreak was badly handled by the authorities, and the personal intervention of His Royal Highness, The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, was necessary to restore order. He removed causes of complaint. Misbehaviour in the neighbourhood, however, continued. A shop in Yorktown was burnt down in a discreditable brawl. The Royal Military College was unhappy. In 1868 its life and activities came under the review of a Royal Commission. Inquiry was truly exhaustive—professors, civil and military, ex-gentlemen cadets, governors and ex-governors : all were closely examined. As a result it was clear that the cadet truly deserved his title of " Gentleman." He had been idle, boisterous, amorous ; but close, almost indecent probing into his morals never discovered him beastly.

Yet he disappeared. In 1870, abolition of the Purchase System brought a system of direct commissions. The Royal Military College was closed. In 1871 it was reopened as a voluntary school for young officers who had been commissioned but had not yet joined, and the arrangement was fairly successful. Two years later, however, it was considered preferable to turn the College into a School of Instruction where they should undergo a course after having joined their Regiments. The fact that, once having tasted the liberty of regimental life, officers would resent the restrictive atmosphere of the Royal Military College was overlooked, though it was soon brought home to all concerned. Con-

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sequently a complete swing-back to former procedure occurred in 1877, when 140 "gentlemen cadets" joined. The "G.C." had returned to his own, and has flourished ever since. The total establishment was 300, organized into "Divisions." In 1888, the present organization into Companies was instituted.

There is little further to record in so brief a sketch. The only big change in organization came some twenty-five years ago, when the Governor was abolished and the professorial system replaced by a far more flexible and satisfactory scheme of company tuition. In 1911 new buildings, increasing accommodation to 600 cadets, were completed. The outbreak of the Great War naturally necessitated special arrangements to meet a completely unforeseen demand for young officers for which no provision had been made.

The Staff College Buildings were taken over in November, 1914, and the course of instruction varied from four to twelve months, according to age and capability. Cadets were given commissions on the recommendations of company commanders. The numbers under instruction rose to 1,600 and ages varied between seventeen and twenty-four. Amongst those joining was a married man with two children. Altogether, 4,003 cadets passed through the College.

II.—PRESENT.

By Captain E. I. G. Richards.

The greatest difference in the training of the embryo officer to-day, compared with that obtaining before the war, lies in the amount of general education given. Before the war, save for a little English and a language, the syllabus was strictly on a military basis; since the war the curriculum includes History, Geography, Chemistry, Physics, Political Science, Economics and Mechanical Science.

Now, the time available is not too ample in which to teach the gentleman cadet the many military subjects essential to the education of the modern officer. Why, then, devote a very considerable portion of his eighteen months at Sandhurst to non-military studies?

The answer is twofold. Firstly, the officer nowadays has an increased responsibility and range of action. His independence is more marked; the power of initiative required is much greater. At all costs his mind must be

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flexible and adaptable, quick to seize opportunities or to take advantage of a situation ; fitted to take the widest responsibilities ; in short, a thinking officer of the broadest possible outlook. Consequently, it was felt that it was not wise to give the officer at the most plastic period of his life too rigid and narrow a training. Again, wars are due generally to economic and political causes, and have under modern conditions to be carried out by the soldier, the statesman and the industrialist working in close co-operation. It is but fitting that from the very outset of his military career the officer should have some appreciation of the political and economic factors at work in the world around him. Then, secondly, the subjects chosen have all a very practical value, being closely connected with the cadet's future profession. There is Constitutional History, which tells him on what legal basis the Army rests and its constitutional position in the State ; European History, with its ramifications leading up to the Great War, a foundation to his Military History and to the study of the world of to-day ; Geography of a modern and political tendency ; Economics, a most valuable grounding to many aspects of military work ; Mechanical Science, the importance of which need not be stressed ; Service Chemistry and Physics, with a certain bias towards Electricity as applied to war ; and, lastly, French.

The educational side is under the direction of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Army Educational Corps, who has under him a staff of eight highly-qualified officers of the same Corps, and a French officer.

During his first term the gentleman cadet is instructed in Constitutional History. The junior cadet, newly arrived from school, necessarily has but little knowledge of the structure of Government, or appreciation of his responsibilities as an educated citizen. It is with a view to helping him understand, if only in outline, the organization under which he lives and some of its problems, that this course is presented to him. This is an important branch, and is dealt with by the Chief Education Officer. After he is passed off the square the cadet chooses a specialized subject upon which he spends two hours a week in his junior term, and four hours in his other terms. These specialized subjects are five—(1) French ; (2) Advanced Political Economics and History ; (3) Mechanical Science ; (4) Physics ; (5) Service Chemistry. They are taught very practically, and the cadet is given ample

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opportunities for private work and even, as far as the limited time allows, a little research.

In his second term he takes as a compulsory study European History, Political and Economic Science, and General Science. In his senior term he is given Geography as his obligatory subject. The scope of this subject is given in the Royal Military College syllabus as :—

"A consideration of the main geographical political and strategic problems affecting the British Empire at the present time : Special reference will be made to those portions of the Empire in which British troops are normally stationed in times of peace or in which questions may arise of importance from a military point of view. Attention will also be given to those foreign countries whose relations with the British Empire are such as to make a consideration by their policy and resources of importance in Imperial policy."

Thus his academic work is definitely linked to his studies on the military side.

Tactics, Field Engineering and Hygiene naturally occupy pride of place on the time-table, followed by Military Law and Map Reading ; while in addition the gentleman cadet has a thorough grounding in Lewis gun, rifle and revolver. The Military Training, which is, of course, the most important part of the course, is in every sense thorough. On the physical side the importance of drill as an adjunct of morale is fully realized, and the drill of the Battalion on parade is probably unsurpassed in England. Physical Training, too, is most carefully carried out. The cadet is also taught to ride well, while the range of games and sports procurable is enormous. Rugby and Association Football, Hockey, Cricket, Athletics, Swimming, Boxing, Hunting, Tennis, Fencing (Foil and Sabre), Squash Racquets ; in fact, the veriest glutton for sport can be amply satisfied with the facilities provided at the College.

But how is it all done ? Here are more Military subjects than before the war, and also a very earnest grounding in cultural education. Where is time found ? The answer to this is that the cadet is worked very much harder than before the war. If he plays games at all thoroughly, as most do, he has very little time to himself except on Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays, and he sometimes needs even these for private study.

The cadet's life is certainly strenuous, but it has its

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compensations. Camaraderie prevails everywhere, and there is, moreover, very real, though unexpressed, friendship between officer and cadet, which is one of the pleasantest features of life at the Royal Military College.

The College has a light side as well. Once a fortnight in winter some sort of play or entertainment is produced in the little College theatre, and the "ladies" are often singularly attractive!

The makeshift College cinema also functions once a week. There the loudest, most ironical cheers are reserved for the lingering kiss, dear to the American heart.

Among the non-official entertainments must be mentioned the occasional dances, to which gentlemen cadets are allowed to invite their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. Finally, there is a really excellent College magazine, which records all these cheerful happenings.

Many a parent asks himself the question, "I am going to send my boy into the Army. Shall I choose Sandhurst or a University?"

The compiler of this article—a Cambridge man—considers the answer may best be put thus:—

"In the first place, as a matter of expense, Sandhurst affords the cheaper training. In fact, this inexpensive preliminary training is one of the advantages of the Army. You see, three-quarters of the cost of each cadet is borne by the State; moreover, fees are assessed on the basis of pecuniary resources. Thus a civilian has to pay for the complete training from £400 to £122 10s. according to his means. This includes uniform. A soldier has to pay from £280 to £92 10s., again according to his means. The above fees include the amount you have to put down on his entrance, which varies from £155 to £80 for a civilian and from £115 to £28 15s. for a soldier.

"Not very dear, is it, compared with any other profession? A Varsity course at Oxford or Cambridge would cost you from £450 to £600 at least.

"But apart from the question of finance, which is the better for the boy?

"It depends on the boy. A clever boy who can work on his own should choose a University. The course is longer, and brings out the best in an original, industrious boy. On the other hand, the normal boy would probably be better at Sandhurst. The education there is pretty wide nowadays,

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and he enters the Army rather better prepared in a military sense. A boy who won't work well by himself is *far* better at Sandhurst."

And that would end the conversation except for one consideration. What of the boy who chooses Sandhurst and, finding the Army is not the career for which he is suited, either withdraws or does not take a commission? Is the time and money spent on him wasted?

Here one is on different ground, because it is quite obvious that Sandhurst cannot cater for those who go through the course, unless they intend to take commissions. West Point, of course, is different. There a large percentage do not enter the U.S.A. Army, treating the course as a general education. But the Royal Military College is not large enough to allow for a high percentage of wastage, and yet supply the Infantry, Cavalry and Tanks with a full quota of officers. As a matter of fact, very very few of those who pass through the College fail to take commissions.

While it may be said that a boy should not be entered for Sandhurst unless he has a bona-fide intention of becoming an officer, yet should he prove unsuited, his period at Sandhurst can, emphatically, be looked upon as a most valuable training in discipline and general education.

It would be infinitely dull to give all the details of admission and entrance here. If anyone wants to know these minutiæ, let him write to the Adjutant, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey, or alternatively to the War Office (S.D.3), whichever he likes. Both work.

For it is the spirit that counts, not the details. And you can best see the spirit of Sandhurst in the Memorial Chapel on Sunday. Here is no obvious spirituality or even obvious patriotism. It is all very quiet, inarticulate, and English. But around the walls, line upon line, are the thousands of names of those who have died for their God and their Country. And around are the old buildings—there before Waterloo was fought. The spirit of Sandhurst, the old and the new, new weapons but old, old traditions, is most truly here. For it is the spirit of sacrifice and devotion which is immortal.

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NAVAL NIGHT ACTION

By St. John Irving.

ARISING out of the conduct of the naval operations of the late war there are numberless controversies centred upon questions of tactics and strategy, but, so far, the absence of any finite form of night battle between fleets during the course of hostilities has escaped serious notice. Apart from the fact that the only tangible opportunity which presented itself for night action between the rival battle-fleets was at Jutland, the question of the possibilities and chances of the successful prosecution of battle under cover of darkness are worth a close examination.

It is almost an understood precept of naval practice that a consideration of historical precedent governs naval movements. Any such survey tends rather to be one of comparison and research, such as a comparison of the blocking efforts at Port Arthur when formulating the scheme for the closing of Ostend and Zeebrugge, or the effect of ship-fire on forts at Acre, Algiers, Kinburn and Sebastopol when planning the naval reduction of the Dardanelles forts. In no case, however, is slavish analogy permissible, by reason of the rapid change which the passage of time brings to modes of propulsion, weapons of offence and defence, and the methods of their employment. A review of the history of sea-fighting shows at once the astounding absence of what may be termed Night Action. In the annals of our own fleet we possess only the Nile, Quiberon, and Coronel as possible examples. Of these, the Battle of the Nile, as will be seen later, cannot be considered an apt example ; while, strictly speaking, Coronel was no night action, in that the engagement commenced at sunset, its issue was decided in the first quarter of an hour, and victory was attained before darkness compelled a general cessation of fire.

It is useless to delve into military history for comparison ; at first glance it is apparent that there is, in land fighting, no parallel to the invariable mutual discontinuance of action at nightfall met with at sea. The reason for this absence of a parallel may be said to lie in the smaller opportunity which land operations afford for the practice of direct surprise : ashore the positions of the combatants are known very exactly

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and are localized, while the mode of attack at night, and very often its direction, is governed largely by the nature of the disputed ground. With the course and direction of attack open to calculation, the chance of complete surprise is immeasurably reduced.

Fleets manœuvre over an expanse of sea whose surface at one spot exactly resembles that at another. The ships in which actions are fought enjoy complete mobility over this sea, and know no restrictions of contours; reconnaissance is of necessity less exact and less efficient; and the almost complete absence of any guide to the direction or nature of probable attack renders complete surprise possible and formidable in the extreme. Ashore the nature of warfare admits the execution of certain tactical movements at night; at sea the very attribute of surprise largely denies such privilege to the attacked. The only possible connection exists where one naval force attacks another at anchor, as in the case of Nelson's fleet at the Nile, or the Japanese destroyer attacks upon the *Sevastopol;* these operations approximate more closely to military than naval night action.

Searching the pages of sea history, one cannot help being struck by the fact that, from Artemisium to Jutland, sea fighting consists, almost without exception, of a number of day actions in which darkness has put an end to the hostilities: finite night action between main fleets has almost invariably been shunned. This may, of course, have been due to the fact that sails or galley oars as means of propulsion were unsuited, or, again, that the weapons of the past did not lend themselves readily to the night attack—the thrust of the assassin; again, it may be the case that the absence of any sound precedent prevented the first step from being made. The cause is not strictly material; the fact remains that, right up to the present day, there has been no genuine case of a determined night battle fought upon preconceived plans, and since it would seem that in war there must always be a possibility of such engagement, the conditions governing naval night action are worth exploration.

The darkness of night precludes a skilful application of the weapons and principles of day combat, and, moreover, affords a sable cloak for the swift, face-to-face attack of the assassin equipped with the weapons of his calling. To-day the torpedo and the quick-firing gun provide these instruments of purpose; turbine engines furnish the motive

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power for the swift surprise thrust; and star-shell and searchlight the illumination needed to rend at will the veil of night. Nevertheless, in the last quarter of a century, although equipped with all these adjuncts in more or less matched degree, two naval campaigns have occurred without one defined case of night battle between the main fleets. In each campaign there have been opportunities, but on each occasion opinions have been proffered which show that the naval commanders were opposed to the principles of night fighting. The views in each case are very similar and are perfectly logical and, in themselves, interesting. Out of the conflict of opinion generally to be found upon naval problems, those against the prosecution of night action have remained fairly consistent :—

1. Surprise is essential, and is an incalculable factor.
2. The invariable restraint due to doubts of identity exists.
3. The conditions of visibility emasculate superiority of gun-range, and, for all practical purposes, all guns of all calibres become equal; the heavy gun super-dreadnought is almost degraded to terms of fighting equality with the armoured cruiser.
4. Demonstrations of naval science and tactical skill are relatively unavailing.
5. Long-range gunnery accuracy must give place to close-range rapidity of fire.
6. Conditions of visibility enforce a *mêlée* and ship-against-ship duels in which scientific fire control and squadron concentration is impossible.
7. The presence of cordite fumes and funnel gases over a small area will, in a few minutes, put up a fog wellnigh impenetrable, and through which accurate gunnery ranging and spotting will be impossible.
8. Manœuvring during night action would probably entail mutual interference.
9. Any accepted formation of line ahead ceases to be of use for mutual support under conditions of *mêlée*.
10. The close-range, high-speed torpedo—the perfect assassin's weapon by reason of its surprise nature—comes into its own at night. Under normal conditions of daylight a fleet may hope to beat off destroyer attacks or can manœuvre under helm

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to avoid the effects of long-range torpedoes, but with night action the closeness of the combatants, and the cover afforded to torpedo attack by darkness itself precludes recourse to either measure.

11. The demoralizing effect of a surprise attack upon a ship's company, the blinding gunflashes, the glare of the searchlights and the wholesale destruction consequent upon rapid, close-range fire tends to prevent the show of maximum efficiency in the attacked vessels, and to undermine the steadiness of the crew, no matter how strong normally may be their morale and discipline.

12. The preponderance of the element of Chance.

Summing all these arguments into one head, it would appear that the main objection to a fleet night action has been the question of risk or hazard entailed. That this is no academic conclusion is illustrated by Admiral Jellicoe's expressed views upon the subject. In his report of the night fighting at Jutland he states that he considered the element of chance to be too strong, especially when backed up by the possibility of massed enemy destroyer attack upon his fleet, his own indifferent system of night recognition, the poor methods of illumination installed in his ships, and the Grand Fleet's general unfittedness for night action. In an examination of this problem one must ignore the question of strategical position or inefficiency of equipment ; the former is the duty of an admiral to the State, and the latter is the duty of the State towards its admiral. Assuming for purposes of argument that in future wars a State will perform its function in the matter of providing an admiral with a fleet suited both constructionally and in equipment for night fighting, can this view of the risk of night action still continue to exist ?

Hawke at Quiberon Bay carried on his pursuit of the enemy into the hours of darkness, with the added danger of a rock-bound coast under his lee, yet he gladly sacrificed two line-of-battle ships that the French schemes should suffer total eclipse. Von Scheer at Jutland was superior to the Grand Fleet in night equipment, yet he employed darkness as a cloak for escape rather than a surprise shaft—a *coup de force* which would still have permitted his escape, yet which must have struck deeply at the heart of British prestige and sea tradition. The same risk or hazard, modified by the

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changed condition of war and weapons, existed for Hawke as for von Scheer. Cradock, off the desolate Chilian coast and with darkness at hand, might, perhaps, have sought its shelter as a thin and vain cover for escape : he chose to stand his ground and fight—his hazard was quite clear, yet he accepted it. Surely the obsession of a risk or hazard, to the exclusion of the appreciation of possible advantage from a certain line of action, embodies a wrong conception of naval war and the correct employment of fleets in warfare. In war risk predominates, and it is the acceptance of risk which alone permits of finite decision. Unless risk of misfortune exists there can remain only two alternatives, of which one is equivalence of power between the combatants and the other is the certainty of defeat. If it were possible for complete equivalence to exist—equivalence in material, personnel, temperament, weapons, efficiency, tactical and strategical conception—no decision can ever be reached ; if there exists a fear of the certainty of defeat, a state of mind approximating to that of Persano at Lissa or Rozhdestvensky at Tsu-Shima, this by itself begets defeat and encourages annihilation. For the former of these alternatives there is no remedy save, perhaps, the realization of the logical impossibility of equivalence ; for the latter there lies only swift and speedy escape.

Resolving, again, these elements of risk or hazard, it would seem that they may be analysed still further into the headings of justifiable and unjustifiable risk ; the latter of these is almost synonymous with rashness, and this in war is, as Lord Fisher was wont to aver, imbecility.

Of what exactly is the concrete nature of this hazard ? What is the concrete form of naval night action ?

Picture a squadron of battleships steaming through a sea whose command is in dispute. Darkness enfolds their movements like a shroud, so that the only clue to their presence is the phosphorescence of their wake ; save dimmed and blued sternlights, not a light is to be seen : all is pitch darkness, a darkness that can be felt. On the upper bridge and in the look-out positions the responsible officers strain their eyes endeavouring to pierce the almost impenetrable veil of night ; searching for they know not what—an attacking enemy may be sighted coming from any direction. Round the guns the crews cluster, possibly awake to the peril which may leap upon them out of the darkness. Anxiety and tension is experienced on every hand. Suddenly, quite close at hand,

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is heard the dull boom of a gun accompanied by a swift flash—from a direction, perhaps, the least suspected of all. Almost immediately, high overhead and illuminating the whole squadron in every detail, a brilliant star bursts into light and floating slowly through the air lays bare the target but reveals nothing of its source of origin. Instantaneously with the star-shell comes the switching on of numberless searchlights each settling relentlessly upon a unit of the surprised squadron, blinding with harsh light the officers on the bridge and dazzling the eyes of the gunlayers at their telescopes. With the advent of the network of searchlight beams comes a foretaste of Hell—at short range. From a hundred guns of all calibres, great and small, whirls a hail of screaming, bursting shell; the range is little more than a mile—point blank—and the attacking gunlayers cannot miss. The trajectory is flat, and each missile screams its way through the thin protective armour of the attacked ships' upperworks and night gun positions. Before the first shock of surprise is countered, half the guns are out of action; the air is thick with the vapours of cordite and bursting high explosive, while, added to the droning hum of the shell, comes the screech of thousands of far-flung razor-like fragments of steel—slivers wrenched from shattered armour. After a few seconds the guns of the attacked reply, but the smoke and fumes have so fouled the atmosphere that their aim is largely guesswork, and this, coupled with the demoralizing effect of the surprise attack, weakens the effort. Crippled and shattered, the squadron, replying as best it can, lies an easy prey to the assassin's weapon—the torpedo—and this now takes a hand in adding destruction to demoralization.

The thrust complete, the attackers, before they can themselves suffer, vanish into the darkness whence they came, leaving their torpedo craft to reap the harvest.

This, briefly, is the course of a night fleet action, but no words can describe the holocaust. From such an incomplete picture can be disintegrated the *mêlée*, the overthrow of tactical principles, the weapons of offence and defence, the value of surprise, and, lastly, the possibility of a lucky shot—chance. These factors are, however, reasonably measurable in their effect; all, that is, save the element of sheer chance, and that is present in all considerations of war. Chance and a xebec gave Nelson early news of Villeneuve's escape into the Atlantic; chance and a neutral steamer precipitated the Battle of

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Jutland ; it was not so much the excellence of German gunnery nor effective hitting but chance which directed the salvos which detonated the magazines of *Queen Mary*, *Inflexible*, *Indefatigable* and *Defence* at Jutland ; the lucky shot which severed *Lion's* main steam pipe in the Dogger Bank engagement and caused her to haul out of the line contributed in large measure to the abandonment of the pursuit of enemy battle-cruisers ; *Nürnberg's* burst boilers in the chase off the Falklands made her fall an easy prey to the slow-steaming *Kent*. This same element of chance has held sway throughout the annals of sea history ; in the galley era a rising sea put a period to all manœuvres ; in the sailing era the execution of any preconceived tactical plan was always consequent upon the existence of suitable wind. In some form or another chance is a constant factor in naval warfare—and can only be accepted as such ; it can neither be guarded against nor can its effect be computed with any more accuracy in day action than in night action.

The other elements which go to make up the complete night battle are, however, tolerably calculable in effect. *Ex hypothesi*, the very state of darkness, and the reduced visibility thus enforced, imposes certain clearly defined lines of conduct upon fleets. These have been found to be admissible under cover of darkness by their successful employment :—

1. The continuance of stable day action or the pursuit of an enemy where the risk entailed is wholly justifiable.
2. Conversely, the calling off of a chase of a flying and beaten enemy.
3. Escape under cover of night, of an inferior, outmanœuvred, or cut-off force.
4. Mutual cessation of a hard-fought day action involving maintaining touch until daylight before general resumption of the engagement.
5. Attack dependent upon surprise, or when possessed of a superiority of weapon specially suited to night attack.
6. Attack upon a demoralized enemy.
7. Attack upon anchored vessels (though this pertains rather to land war).
8. Destroyer attacks upon retreating or disabled ships.
9. Destroyer attacks with intent to demoralize an enemy fleet and force it to take up a desired position.

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On the other hand, it may be argued that the existence of a state of darkness renders equally inadmissible—

1. The search for a fleet whose exact position is unknown.
2. The conditions of a chase under conditions of equal fleet speeds.
3. Fleet action with an enemy who is either better equipped for night battle, or who is supported by a superior number of T.B.Ds., or who possesses vastly superior hitting power.
4. Any form of night action in which surprise is non-existent.
5. Complicated tactical movement, and manœuvres of offence and defence.
6. Mutual support for the line, succour of disabled ships, and rapid concentration of force.
7. Night action, if the attacking fleet is constructionally unsuited to withstand the assault of night weapons.

Throughout the pages of sea history these postulates have, with but slight variation consequent upon changes in armament and methods of propulsion, remained constant in form, and by the wealth of their historical illustration may be taken as correct. Exceptions may occasionally be thought to exist. Hawke's pursuit among the navigational dangers of Les Cardinaux may be said to violate the tenet of the futility of night chase, but, on the other hand, his foe, *pêle-mêle* in flight, was a demoralized enemy, and this in itself legitimized Hawke's conduct.

A closer examination of each of the various possible situations discloses that each is calculable and contains nothing abstract; each is capable of accurate integration in the light of the information usually at a naval fleet commander's disposal.

The very existence of darkness, black and impenetrable save for the blaze of guns and bursting shell and the livid beam of searchlights, implies yet another condition—a condition more easily appreciated since it deals with the conduct of a fight under unaccustomed and almost unnatural conditions. Target practice, battle practice and fleet manœuvres can be reproduced as exercises in time of peace with amazing fidelity, while most of the strains and physical emotions of day action are computable. The veritable hell of dazzling flashes, screaming shell, inferno of sound and flying splinters consequent upon close range gunnery in night battle cannot be

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reproduced : no man can achieve practice in its accomplishment, nor can the strains and emotions set up be computed without actual participation. It proves but a concrete example of the Napoleonic cliché of the superiority of the moral over the physical elements in battle. By the very nature of the engagement, it is the moral factor which is exposed to the greatest strain ; it is upon that joint in a fleet's armour that the blow should fall. The three stages of a naval battle have been integrated, in the order of their appearance, as Destruction, Demoralization and Disorganization. At night morale has been shown to be the Achilles' heel of a fleet. Surprise begets disorganization ; preconceived plans crumple into nothingness and disappear before the sudden onslaught of complete and swift surprise : disorganization follows.

The attacking force, knowing its own intentions and the position of each unit of its force to a hairbreadth, fears no delays due to mistaken identity in its own ranks ; whatever it sights must be an enemy and fire is opened at close range with appalling effect. At point-blank range accuracy is scarcely in doubt, but rapidity and volume of fire are immense assets ; light armour at such range cannot hope to withstand the penetrative force of 6-inch shell, while the protection afforded by mere gun-shields is nil. The effect of a sudden well-directed volume of bursting shell can spell nothing but demoralization for the surprised force—a state which in its early stages implies weakness of aim and effort, unsteadiness under fire, and, possibly, even panic.

Graphic stories exist of the almost indescribable chaos on board the *Blücher* when she lay under the concentrated fire of the battle-cruisers ; add to these horrors the concentrated terror of absolute darkness, surprise, and point-blank attack with guns and torpedoes, and the result is demoralization—leaving an open door to destruction.

Arising out of surprise—surprise rapid and complete—the three stages of night battle spring. Surprise is the effective key to the success of night operations.

The *mêlée* is a necessary condition imposed by the visibility obtaining during the hours of darkness. Its course is largely measurable, since the longer range accuracy of the 15-inch weapon is degraded to well within the effective limits of that of the 6-inch, while the ten rounds a minute of the latter amply compensates the slighter weight of broadside

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when compared with the two rounds a minute of the heavier piece. Rapidity of fire and of hitting are essentials at night—irrespective of the calibre of the weapon or destructive power of its missile. The element of destruction is needed at a later stage, but to ensure the first process of demoralization being complete, the lightly-armoured positions—the bridge, the searchlight platforms, the above-water torpedo-tube positions and similar stations, must be rendered untenable and the morale of the men sheltering in such places impaired and shattered ; thus is the way paved for torpedo attack from the capital ships or their attendant light craft. The very existence of the *mêlée* presupposes surprise, and, as a whole, its result is reasonably measurable, since by reason of surprise the attacking force holds the higher cards. Of the internal constitution of the *mêlée*—manœuvres, tactics, weapons and their employment, inter-communication and illumination, all play their part.

Whatever manœuvres are employed, they must essentially be simple. Darkness is a great handicap when manœuvring in a fleet, and any attempt at sudden or elaborate movement must be attended by mutual interference of ships and units, while collisions may supervene even in the best disciplined and organized forces. Taking, as an example, the Battle of Jutland, there is the case of *Elbing* being rammed by *Posen* during von Scheer's night escape, or, again, interference exemplified by *Champion* and her 13th Flotilla forcing the 12th Flotilla out of their position in the blocking line, diverting them to the eastward and thus, unintentionally, widening the German Fleet's avenue of escape. With a fleet at night a simple formation is essential, and, moreover, it must be adequate for both cruising and for the resistance of night attack ; any re-disposition under stress of circumstance entails inter-communication either by wireless or visual methods, which in itself is a revelation of position and, to some extent, of formation. Under stress of surprise no accurate concentration can be hoped for unless the cruising formation is itself a concentration of force to resist attack ; darkness, discrepancies of reckoning and position, and the need for inter-communication preclude its efficient execution, while the presence of squadrons and flotillas flitting to and from new positions in the formation affords opportunity for friendly units to be fired upon in mistake for an enemy. One point in favour of a fixed and rigid night cruising order which is also a night

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action disposition is that by its employment on all occasions the units of a fleet become accustomed to the exact relative positions of their fellows; the task of recognizing enemy craft is thus simplified beyond measure, and that invaluable asset to the attacker—the delay in challenge owing to restraint due to doubt of identity—is almost eliminated.

(*To be concluded.*)

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R.A.F. FEATURES

By C. L. M.

FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT BERNARD BRACE
Owns a most amusing face.
In its moments of repose
Something droll about the nose,
Something comic that appears
In the lay-out of the ears,
Makes it seem, to other folks,
One of nature's little jokes :
But, when moved by sudden fright,
Wonder, anger or delight,
Bernard's features simply prance
All around his countenance.

Such a mirth-provoking dial
Must be something of a trial ;
Yet, as Bernard's now confessing,
It may prove a boon and blessing.

* * * * *

Every squadron, flight and section
Dread the A.O.C.'s inspection,
When, in full official state,
Comes that august potentate
Seeking, if the chance admits,
Some poor fish to tear to bits.

Recently this visitation
Came to Bernard's present station.
Bernard's squadron, to a man,
Looked extremely spick and span ;
Every button brightly blazed,
Every chest was stiffly raised.
Would this spotless turn-out be
Pleasing to the A.O.C. ?
No ! that ruthless, roving eye
Twigged a hat-badge just awry.
Turning on the startled Loot,
With a loud, alarming hoot,

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" What the—why the—how the—when —— ?"
He vociferated, then
Stood as rigid as a rock,
Staring hard at Bernard's clock !
As he gazed, his mien of thunder
Changed into a look of wonder ;
Then his frame relaxed its rigour,
First was heard a little snigger,
Then a chuckle, then a pause,
Followed by two great guffaws.

With this breaking of the spell,
Bernard knew that all was well,
Knew that his eccentric face
Had saved the squadron from disgrace.
At attention firmly rooted,
Bernard solemnly saluted,
While the A.O.C., unmanned,
Hastened to inspect the Band.

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THE ANACHRONISM

By Flying-Officer C. F. Caunter, R.A.F.

A FLICKER of grey, ghostly light that was the dawn ran over the eastern sky and showed, silhouetted against the horizon, a ragged saw-edged line of mountains. The hush of dawn passed and the light grew stronger to throw into relief the grey and brown of the pass with its boundaries ; on one side towering, precipitous cliffs, and on the other a dreary expanse of marsh and bog that began at the edge of the narrow way and terminated far off with the dull gleam of the sea. It was a unique setting for a mountain pass, for it was bounded by two extremes—the height of the land and the depth of the sea—and in the first light, with the mists of dawn still thick on the marsh, the silence and the dreariness made it look like a depiction of a dead world.

The light increased, and presently there came a sound—a series of sounds that spoke of the world of men ; the jingle of harness and the measured thud of horses' hooves at the walk—and out of a swirl of thinning fog there came a small cavalcade. For a moment they had no definition, they were merely an outline of darker grey than their surroundings ; then they materialized into a Machine Gun section as was shown by the men's khaki and brightly-burnished badges, and the two Vickers gun limbers that jumped and rattled over the rough, boulder-strewn way. And behind them, on a good bay, rode an officer in thoughtful, it might almost be said worried, mood.

And, in fact, Lieutenant Henry Cooper, then stationed at Risalpur in India, had some cause to be worried. He was on this dangerous and difficult pass with his section, and he had not the remotest idea why. It came to him that he must be suffering from some form of mental aberration, for he could not remember where he was going to, nor who had given him his orders, and he only had the faintest recollection of setting out in the dark. And he was conscious, too, in some extraordinary way that the scene before him was *not* India ; here were the mountains and the rocky pass, and even the swamp ; all those were features of northern India. But to the right, beyond the edge of the swamp, showing up

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plainer every moment in the brightening light and the clearing mist, was the sea. And Cooper, in perplexity that was almost painful, admitted to himself that there was never a mirage that would simulate the sea in the centre of India. And yet, there it was, plain and indisputable to every sense that he could command.

A little frightened at the queerness of affairs, he looked round him in perplexity. It *must* be a case of mental aberration—temporary forgetfulness, he thought ; proper authority must have been given or the section would never have set out. He half-heartedly consoled himself that he was at the moment, perhaps, a little strained and that he would remember soon ; some silly trick had happened to his memory—he had read of such cases—leaving it temporarily a blank. It was very awkward, though, he could not very well ask his sergeant to tell him why and where they were proceeding, for he himself had in all probability given the order. And then, with a shock, he saw the sea again and there came flooding to his bewildered brain the unsolved problem that it presented, to destroy at once the small comfort that he had gained. A depression settled on him and he rode miserably along, while his mind became more puzzled at these extraordinary conundrums that he could not answer. Short of asking his sergeant, and he shied from this course of action like a frightened horse, there seemed nothing to be done.

The pass steepened a little, so that they were presently a few feet above the level of the marsh, and about a hundred yards ahead it swung sharply to the left round a wall of rock, so that it seemed as if it ended abruptly with nothing in front but the morass. Then a corporal, who was riding ahead, stopped and swinging his horse round, shouted something.

Cooper came out of his thoughts with a start at the sudden sound.

" What's he say ? " he asked the sergeant.

" There's someone round the bend, sir," answered the sergeant. " Shall I go forward and see ? "

" We'll go together," said Cooper. He put his horse to a canter and, with the sergeant behind him, approached the corner. He went cautiously now, walking his horse so that he might inspect the corner without much of himself being seen. Round the angle of rock he craned his head, and the sergeant, dismounting, followed his example. For

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thirty seconds they looked together, gazing in wordless fascination at the sight before them.

" Well I'm damned ! " said Cooper, at last.

" They're not hillmen, sir." The sergeant was positive, despite his wonder.

" Then who the devil are they ? " asked Cooper in a sort of suppressed bitterness. Everything seemed to be going wrong to-day ; it was not sufficient that he should lose his memory, so here he was face to face with a scene that had all the aspects of a nightmare.

Before them the pass widened suddenly into a small meadow that was carpeted with green. Beyond, it narrowed again and rose slightly as though it was going up into the hills. A broken but thick wall showed on the crest of the rise, and to the left, under the brow of the sheer cliff, arose two or three wisps of steam issuing, as it seemed, from vast cauldrons boiling over camp fires. And in the foreground, scattered in groups on the grass as though taking their ease, were hundreds of men.

The sergeant had been right when he had affirmed that these were not hillmen, for they were different in almost every detail. All of them wore armour of a type that was almost fantastic : cuirasses of burnished bronze embellished with designs that were extremely artistic, helmets of massive workmanship and having curious girder-like crests, short bronze stabbing swords and long heavy spears, and shields of large defensive area. Some, too, wore greaves on their shins like those used by the Roman soldiery, and the dress of all seemed to be a tunic of padded wool and stout sandals. There was not much colour amongst them, the different shaded tunics giving the only variation ; they seemed for the most part equipped entirely for war, and there was an air of grimness about them that was not due entirely to their lack of colour. Their skin was white and their hair long and fair, and their features were finely, almost delicately, made, with sensitive mouths, wide-set eyes and long, straight noses. They moved, despite their heavy accoutrements, with the grace of athletes, and their long, supple limbs were easy and graceful in every action they made.

Forgetting caution in the strangeness of the sight, Cooper and his sergeant stood in full view of the green plateau ; presently they were seen, and about a dozen of the strange people came running towards them. The sergeant turned

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an anxious eye on the halted gun limbers, and then looked at his superior.

" Might be dangerous, sir," he hinted.

But Cooper did not appear to be unduly alarmed. There was a growing interest on his face as if he was remembering something that had escaped his memory, and as he eyed the advancing party his glance assumed an air of familiarity.

" You go back," he ordered at length, " and get the guns in position here in case there's any trouble. I want to look into all this."

The sergeant departed, and the strange warriors—that word seemed to fit them—came up to the bend in the pass, and eyed Cooper with calm surprise. They made no attempt to seize or in any way molest him, but stood looking at him with something of wonder in their fine, dark eyes. Presently, one of them, an Apollo in dinted armour, spoke to one of his companions.

" Think you he is one of their mercenaries ? " he asked in a pleasing voice, and Cooper felt no thrill of surprise when he found he could understand what had been said.

" No, Alpheus," the other shook his head lightly. " I have never seen such among the Great Army."

" But, Linos," persisted the first speaker, " the Persian has all Asia to draw from ; is he by chance "—he nodded at the khaki figure in front of him—" from a tribe of which you have not heard ? "

Linos stroked his chin in contemplation, and his armour clinked faintly with the action.

" It may be," he admitted at last ; " it may well be. One who has discovered the pass over Kallidromos and so has come at our backs."

" If that be so," said another of the group, " then indeed the matter is serious."

Alpheus spoke decisively.

" Then we will take him for inquiry to the King," he said. He turned to Cooper.

" Will you come with us," he said courteously, " that our King may have speech with you ? "

Cooper said " Yes " simply, for he realized that, machine guns or no machine guns, and despite the almost exaggerated courtesy of these strange people, there was no other decision for him to make. These people, for all their graciousness and beauty, had about them an air of strength—the personality

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of a race who conquered. And as he proceeded there fell from him the irritability that had beset him, and left only an intense curiosity that had in it a queer half knowledge. His fear and wonder seemed to be swallowed up in a vast interest in this happening and these strange people, who struck so familiar yet elusive a chord in his memory.

The sun was now climbing the eastern sky and the last of the mists fled, leaving only a pleasant smiling atmosphere, despite the frowning cliffs that rose up on one side of the pass. And the distant sea, that had been so desolate in the dawn light, flashed and rippled to the sun's rays like a sheet of mercury. He who was called Alpheus led Cooper to a group of men from which flashed the gold of many splendid helmets and breastplates, so that he knew these were the commanders. As the party passed through the lesser groups, beautiful but haggard faces turned and surveyed the khaki figure with a polite curiosity. They looked as if they had fought a terrible fight and were waiting with noble calm to fight one still more terrible, for he saw on everyone that indefinable air of mastery that held death and defeat in eternal scorn.

Now they were come to the group of those who wore golden armour, and Cooper let his eyes wander from face to face of their number while within him was a stirring that all things heroic will produce. For it was as if these leaders were the heroes of whom Homer had written : lean and lithe they stood, with eyes that looked straight and flashed with the domination that was theirs. Their faces were bronzed and beautiful, yet on them sat a haggard, awful look as though they were gods grown weary with an age of war. And one, half a head taller than any there, seemed greater and wearier and more beautiful than any of them : yet his voice was calm and tranquil.

" Who is this, Alpheus ? " he asked.

The extended arm of Alpheus saluted.

" Lord," he said, " we found him and others of his tribe in the pass—there ! " And he indicated the corner of rock behind which the machine gun section was lying.

" So," the tall man glanced at Cooper. " Who is he and from where has he come ? "

" That I have not asked, Lord," Alpheus answered, " but he came from behind us, and he and his may be mercenaries of the Great Army."

The King looked again at Cooper and said courteously :

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"Stranger, who are you, and from whither do you come?"

Cooper felt perplexity again descend on him; where *had* he come from, and who were these? But he answered directly, for there was no use in trying to bluff a situation that he did not understand.

"Along the pass I came," he answered, "and I know nothing of the Great Army of which you speak, neither am I a mercenary. What place is this, and who are you?"

He asked the question with a half-dread, half-eagerness for in him he knew who they were. The King looked searchingly at him, as though he were weighing him.

"These," he said at last, "are Spartans and I, Leonidas. And this place is the Pass of the Hot Springs." Cooper glanced at the jets of steam that he had seen previously and shook his head in amazement, for the King had given the name in Greek, and that name was Thermopylæ.

A trumpet note, thin and shrill, came down the morning air from the crest of the pass where was the ancient wall. In a moment all was changed; the demeanour of polite, graceful ease fell from the little army and they came in their hundreds at a run towards that elevated section of the pass. One spoke behind Cooper, a sturdy man with a grizzled beard and long greying locks that peeped from under his golden helmet.

"Lord," he said calmly, "now is the battle."

On the face of Leonidas came a smile of extraordinary charm and he nodded at the speaker.

"The Great Army as the Persian promised," he said. "Now is the battle, Dienekes."

Another broke in: "What shall be done with the stranger? He may be a trap, since he came from behind."

The group of heroes turned and looked at Cooper. And then, almost involuntarily, he spoke.

"I know who you are!" he said quickly and a trifle breathlessly, "but you would not know who I am, even if I explained. I am of another race and time——." He broke off as the hopelessness of explanation became plain to him, but went on again swiftly. "I have weapons that will help you; they would hold this pass even though a million should come against it. Let me go back and get my guns"—he stumbled at the word; *they* would not know what guns were—"weapons," he went on, "and fight for you in this fight!"

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They were regarding him intently, listening to his words as though they were something new, something to be thought about. Leonidas spoke in his calm voice, but this time it had a shade of earnestness in it.

"Before dawn our allies went," he said, "those from Corinth and Phlius and Mykenæ; they have gone back to Athens"—he waved his arm down the pass. "The Persian is not yet over Kallidromos and the pass is still clear. Go, stranger, while there is yet time: for we stay here to die!"

Cooper waved his arms at them excitedly.

"No you don't!" he almost shouted; "that's just what you don't do. Let me get my guns up there——!"

"Go, stranger," said Leonidas softly.

"But you don't understand!" Cooper burst out at him protestingly—here was a piece of work absolutely made for machine guns, and he was being told not to use it—"they can never get by guns in that place——!"

He was aware of a new expression in the faces around him, a half smile that gave him the impression that he had somehow passed a test. He saw the noble head of Leonidas bend towards him and read assent in the smile that lit for a second the weary features, and he turned and ran towards the bend in the pass, where he could see his sergeant and some of the section peering down at him curiously.

Cooper sat on the broken wall, over which his Vickers guns nosed, and gasped at the plain beyond. Here the pass ended, and the wall of mountains fell back on one side and the line of the marsh on the other, leaving a vast, open plain that broadened into the distance. The foreground was clear, but in the middle distance and beyond was a black mass from which gleamed innumerable points of light and from which came a faint, far away drone like the swarming of a hive, and he knew it to be the Great Army of the Persian.

Behind him, his sergeant moved in perplexity.

"But who the 'ell are they?" he asked in an almost protesting voice, and once again Cooper felt the futility of explanation.

"Look here, sergeant," he said earnestly, "I'll explain afterwards; but we've simply got to help these people!"

"After!" the sergeant was faintly sarcastic as he eyed the tens of thousands in the plain beneath; "don't seem as if there'll be much after, sir."

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"Oh! I don't know!" Cooper said rapidly; "this place was made for machine guns to hold."

The sergeant sucked his teeth sceptically and surveyed his allies.

"Rum lot!" he pronounced; "not a gun amongst 'em. Not even an old gas pipe." And he bent resignedly to ease the cartridge belt into the feed-block of one of the guns.

Above the noise of the commotion of preparation, he heard the calm voice of Leonidas.

". . . by the cliff face, Dienekes; you, Maron, with me in the centre, and you, Dienekes, keep well the marsh edge that they do not get round to our rear."

One of the men of Dienekes spoke critically to his commander as he surveyed the black, manœuvring host on the plain in front. "Never was such an army come out of Asia," he remarked. "There are odds against us; the flight of their arrows will make a cloud against the sun." And Cooper thrilled suddenly, for he knew what Dienekes would answer—was it not already written these two thousand and more years past among the eternal things of this world?—even before he gave a laugh and retorted: "So much the better, for then we shall fight in the shade!"

There was a movement in the huge army ahead, and a dark wedge detached itself and moved slowly forward. A mutter of orders went along the wall, and Cooper spoke a hurried word of query to his sergeant and glanced at his own men, who were a trifle white and tense beside the guns. The Spartans around gave no attention to them; their eyes were bent on that wedge of men ahead and their faces were fierce as they waited its coming. And over all stood Leonidas, regal and serene, as though this was a day's game and not a fight between hundreds and tens of thousands. "The Median divisions charge!" he called almost gaily, and a ripple of scornful laughter answered him. Faster came the Median wedge and nearer: now could be seen their fierce bearded faces and wild clothing and armour; now they were breaking into the swing of their charge. On they came, and Cooper, oblivious of everything but a fierce, exultant surge in him, glared at them through a range-finder, and——

"Four-fifty yards!" he roared, "fire!"

With a suddenness that made even those irreproachable Spartans start, there came the double, ear-splitting crashing

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of the guns, and the air became sharp with the sting of the spent cordite fumes. For a moment the empty shell cases tinkled ineffectually against the wall, and then four clean-cut, expanding gaps appeared in the charging mass, as though four invisible scythes were mowing it down in slow-moving, remorseless sweeps. The guns traversed back and started four deeper cuts : yet still it came on with a fierceness undiminished. Now they were almost up to the wall, and the Spartans rose tense and ferocious to meet them. Cooper, in an agony, saw the barbaric figures of the Medes closing in, and that the guns were still firing.

" Keep them off the guns ! " he shrieked to the silent, stabbing figures of the Spartans, " Damnation ! Get those guns out of the way ! "

The Vickers were lugged back hastily at his frenzied orders, and Spartans sprang forward to fill the gap. Cooper and his men stood back and watched a fight that even in nightmare they had not dreamed. Over the broken stones of the wall surged those strange Asian warriors, but always they were thrust back by the Spartans who seemed to have become tigers in their ferocity. How long he watched that Homeric fight he did not know, but presently the onslaught weakened and faltered against that terrible defence, and then what was left of that huge wedge of charging men, stumbled back over heaps of dead to where waited the vast army, which groaned in dismay at the defeat. Again the guns came into action and their ear-splitting crash rang out to the doom of the retreating Medes, and many, shot through the back, rolled forward to lie still on their faces.

Around him, the Spartans were leaning on their arms gasping, but all looked towards the khaki figures and their weapons. In their eyes there was nothing of fear—they were long past so human a failing, those lords of Thermopylæ, whom the world will sing till the doom—only a note of intense query, an air of fierce incredulity. " Who are these strange men ? " their faces seemed to say, " dressed in the style of an age beyond the imagination, whose weapons are engines that chatter and stink and deal fearful death from afar. These are before their time—they are an anachronism ! " And their gaze turned to the plain beneath where the huge army still stood, and where Xerxes was biting his nails in superstitious fear at the valour of the defenders and the awfulness of their newly acquired weapons. And in spite

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of the vigour of the attack and the great sacrifices that had been made, the Great Army of the Persian was still on the wrong side of the pass.

But presently a movement ran through the waiting host, and another wedge detached itself and moved slowly forward. At this a rhythm of interest ran through the watching Spartans and they gazed eagerly at their adversaries. Above the hum of conversation came the voice of Leonidas, calm and serene, as though he were uttering a common thing and not something that might prove their death warrant.

" They come again ! " he said. " On guard, Dienekes, they come again ! Dithyrambus and Maron, forward to the wall : you were too far back at the last onset. And you stranger, are your engines yet strong ? The Persian charge again, and this time they are—the Immortals ! "

The Immortals—the Ten Thousand, that were the pick of all that huge army ! Cooper felt a thrill run along the wall : now was the fight—now ! He shouted readiness to his sergeant and fumbled at the range-finder, while into the field of its eyepiece swung the inverted, divided image of the moving mass.

On they came slowly, quickening a little at half a mile. Then unexpectedly they broke into a swift run and came surging onwards. This time Cooper meant to take them earlier, for even at that distance he could see that they were finer troops, and at 700 yards he roared " Fire ! "

And then a repetition of the last charge, but this time it was fiercer, better delivered by better troops, and despite the fact that they had to advance up a long bottle-neck against machine guns, yet presently they were at the stone wall, arriving there by sheer weight of numbers. The Spartans sprang with fiercer eagerness to meet them, and Cooper saw with horror that one of his guns had not been removed quickly enough and was already in the middle of the press. All around were shouting, hacking men, whose fierce faces and burning eyes were lit with the terrible lust for killing. He saw one of his own men go down and sprang forward, yelling, fighting with bare hands towards the gun in the middle of struggling men. Forward he strained, cursing and blind with rage, and so striving reached to within a yard of the gun. Then something hit him a crashing blow on his forehead, and the fight, with its turmoil of strange, furious men writhed

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away in distorted caricatures and went soaring upwards like a spent flame, leaving only a wall of blackness and oblivion.

There was a white light in his eyes and on him lay something that pressed him down. He seemed to be wrapped in cloths, soft and white, and, his mind still seething with the fierce memories of the fight, he lay for a while and wondered if he was dead. Then the focus of his eyes narrowed and he perceived a white-washed ceiling ; he looked more intently, and suddenly knew that it was the ceiling of his own room at Risalpur barracks. Realization rushed in and he strove with the weight on him so that the bed creaked, and he presently held in his hands a heavy picture, a picture that had hung over his bed, since it was one of his favourites, and which must have fallen and so wakened him.

Slowly and wonderingly he gazed at the picture. It represented the last stand of a Spartan king, by name Leonidas, in the pass of Thermopylæ, against an overwhelming force of Persian invaders.

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ENGLAND IN DEFEAT

By Lieut.-Commander R. D. King-Harman, D.S.C., R.N.

THROUGH a natural tendency of human nature, many people to-day deny, or at least strongly qualify, the description of the Norman Conquest as a defeat of England. It was a prominent feature of the various press accounts of the 9th centenary of the Conqueror last year that, with the universal journalistic instinct for avoiding unpopular subjects, practically every aspect of the life of William was exhaustively discussed except the fact that his victory was a complete and devastating overthrow of our national existence.

There are several ways of avoiding the unpalatable phrase. One, sometimes found in quite reputable histories, is to label the defenders at Senlac as " Saxons," regardless of the fact that they were known to themselves and to their enemies as " English," and had been spoken of as such in their own chronicles for several centuries. Another, more ingenuous, is to describe the Normans as people of really quite close kin, by way of hinting that the struggle was a sort of civil war. Ethnologically, the Normans were certainly akin to the Danes in England, but the English did not feel that way about it. There is, on the contrary, abundant evidence of the dislike of the " foreigners," as the Normans were called in England long before the date of the Conquest. A third method, more common and flagrantly false, is to abolish the idea of conquest altogether, and look on the whole business as nothing much more than a change of the royal dynasty, mostly due to a personal quarrel between William and Harold.

Strip the panegyric gloss of pseudo-legality from Norman accounts, read the laments of English chroniclers for the " day of sorrow," and the plain truth of defeat and disaster and naked aggression is evident. More than two centuries passed before England was truly England again. With rare exceptions, for hundreds of years " there were no chiefs of the land of English blood." The judicial murder of Waltheof was the blow which deprived England of the last of her native Earls. So completely, however, did the national

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characteristics finally dominate the conquerors that the English of the eleventh century were essentially the same people, with the same national virtues and vices, as we are to-day. If this is fully realized, we cannot help feeling a livelier sympathy with Englishmen of those days than is generally the case, all the more because an instructive view of the struggle—while withholding no credit from the warlike and diplomatic genius of William—can only be a cause of patriotic pride. There is no need to feel ashamed of our forefathers. Their downfall needs no euphemism to make it more honourable.

In truth the disaster was beyond human courage and foresight.

The parallel between the military organization of the country then and now is curious. There was a small regular army, the Housecarls or Thingmen. Formed originally by Canute, in 1018, they were maintained and added to by his successors. They were governed by special military laws, like the King's Regulations, and were paid regularly from the King's revenues. Short as was their history, they had founded a tradition which made even the Vikings of Norway fearful of meeting them. When Harold Hardrada was preparing his invasion, we read that his captains warned him to beware of the Thingmen of England, " each of whom was equal to two men." This force of disciplined troops was armed with the famous two-handed axe, a short " ategar " or javelin, and a shield of varying shape, generally the kite-shaped Norman pattern. Their coats of mail, reaching to the knees, and conical helmets, were also similar to Norman armour.

The axe, though only first mentioned in connection with the Housecarls, was a weapon borrowed from the Danes, but appears to have been regarded on the continent as the English national weapon. It figures conspicuously in the Bayeux Tapestry, and there are several Norman allusions to the tremendous execution wrought by it upon man and horse. So far as I am aware, no specimen of the Danish axe is now in existence.

It is possible to draw an accurate picture of the equipment of the Housecarls from a description, fortunately preserved, of a number of them who were armed at the expense of Earl Godwine, on his return from banishment. With this force as a core, the national forces could be raised to a large number by calling out the landfyrd—a local militia,

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which may be compared to the Territorials or Volunteers. These levies were more or less ill-armed, but were never backward in answering the call of a leader.

There was also a distinct Navy, which, although its organization is very vague, was at any rate sufficiently formidable to put terror into the hearts of the Norman nobles. It is strange to read of those descendants of the sea rovers urging, at the Assembly of Lillebonne, that the invasion of England was impossible, by reason of the lack of seamen to cope with the English fleet.

There was another incident at Lillebonne which seems to show that England was then a greater power in the world than one usually imagines, for another objection lodged by the Norman Assembly was that the conquest would be a task beyond the strength of the Emperor himself.

Yet, by a combination of fatalities, England was brought down. Of these, the first and most fatal was Harold's oath. It may be doubted if William would have ever attempted his attack unless he had been able to represent Harold as a usurper and a perjurer, thus throwing a veil of legality over the undertaking, at the same time enlisting thousands of volunteers from territories outside his Duchy by promising the support and blessing of the Church. The influence of Rome would warrant the invasion being known as the first Crusade. Like the Spanish Armada, the Norman fleet sailed with a Papal Bull as its moral authority. In each case the Sovereign of England was held up to the faithful as a usurper, though it may be remarked that the heinous offence of illegitimacy preferred against Elizabeth appeared to be no objection in the case of William. In both cases the peoples of England refused to admit the right of Princes or Popes to dethrone a lawfully chosen Sovereign.

The second fatality, attributable only to what is called an Act of God, was the long delay in the sailing of the Norman fleet, caused by unfavourable winds. The final misfortune was the descent of Harold Hardrada upon York at the exact moment when distraction from the South must spell disaster. Any one of these events might have been sufficient to ensure William's success. All three together made it practically certain.

There was no lack of foresight or energy in meeting the threat. A week after his coronation on January 8th, 1066, Harold received the Normans who brought William's demand

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for the throne of England. The embassy was peremptorily dismissed, and from that day the King spared no means to ward off the danger. A very large force was raised by May, at least three months before his rival was ready, and distributed along the south coast, while Harold took up a central position in the Isle of Wight, where the fleet concentrated also.

But as it is to-day, so it was then. It was easy enough for a resolute leader to gather an English army when there was an immediate prospect of war, but a battle fought or delayed was always the signal for the melting away of the levies. A danger postponed long enough has always found a majority of Englishmen unwilling to believe in its existence. Even the great Eadmund Ironside, in his year of battles with five victories and the honourable defeat of Assundun, had to raise his army anew before each conflict. It is a tribute, therefore, alike to Harold and to the realization of the danger by the people, that the defending forces were kept intact till September.

Four solid months the fleet and army waited, and then the claims of harvest, together with the natural impatience of a citizen army, led to their dispersal. The small numbers of the Housecarls made them unsuitable for guarding a long stretch of coastline, and with a heavy heart Harold returned to London.

The Norman army had been ready to sail in August. It was not till September 27th that it finally left St. Valery. To the persistently unfavourable wind William owed the safe passage of his transports and the unopposed landing of his army. Even after the dispersal of the Landfyrd, the indomitable energy of Harold's character makes it possible that he would have been able to oppose the landing with his Housecarls and local reinforcements, had he been within striking reach, but even a Harold could not be in two places at once.

It was a cruel dilemma to face. In the North a formidable invasion was in full swing, the country was being ravaged, York was threatened (it surrendered on September 24th) and the Northern Earls were clearly unable to deal with the situation. Harold must have felt the gravest misgivings at leaving the South open to the enemy, but he made his decision at once, and struck with extraordinary rapidity. He left the Isle of Wight on September 8th. On September 25th he passed through York, and by the evening

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of that day Harold Hardrada was dead and his army utterly defeated.

The decision was a right one. Autumn was well advanced, and no one could say when the Normans would be able to sail. At the time Harold left London he wanted at most two weeks more of respite in the South. A gamble it had to be, and he chose the lesser odds. But three days after the battle of Stamfordbridge, William landed at Pevensey.

Although Harold was still at York when the news of William's landing was brought to him, by October 5th he was back in London, recruiting his army with the levies of Wessex, though the losses of the Housecarls—which in such a desperate battle must have been heavy—were irreplaceable.

The campaign of Hastings is full of interest. William's position was a delicate one. He had no stores with which to maintain a large army for more than a short time, and yet, with the enemy so close, he could not spread his troops to forage for themselves. A systematic ravaging of the country would provide him with stores, but would both enrage the people and give time for gathering of the national forces. Neither, it may be presumed, did he wish to stray too far from his sole means of retreat, the fleet lying beached at Pevensey.

In this predicament William's hope lay in inducing the English to attack him without delay, and his strategy was characteristically wily. The devastation of the country was confined within reasonable limits, but enough to rouse the generous Harold to instant action, while the personal feelings of the King were outraged by a message insulting to the last degree.

If the Norman historians are to be believed, Harold's brother, Gyrth, proposed that the enemy should be starved by destroying the country systematically over a wide area round him, instead of playing into his hands by offering battle with weakened forces. Alternatively, Gyrth is said to have offered to lead the available troops against William, while Harold—the one great leader in England—should summon the entire national strength. Either plan would have been embarrassing in the extreme to the invaders, but it is hard to blame Harold for his indignant outburst, that he would rather die than lay waste an acre of English land; or to censure his refusal to forego his duty and right, both as King and man, to meet William in person. But, though

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willing to concede so much, he was no mere hot-headed fighter, to fall headlong into the Norman trap.

Harold had had considerable experience of Norman warfare, and his tactics show that he had profited thereby. William gained the time for battle, but Harold chose his own place and method. There can be no doubt that Senlac was selected as the place of battle before he left London. Setting forth on October 12th, the English army executed the third of those astonishing marches which make these campaigns so remarkable. By the evening of the next day, the army had marched fifty-five miles, and fortified the hilltop at Senlac with a ditch and palisade. Fighting on horseback was unknown in England at that time. The King and his Earls generally rode to battle, but fought on foot with their men. Harold realized that infantry could not possibly sustain the charge of mailed cavalry in the open, and made his scheme strictly defensive, instead of the impetuous attack which had brought him victory three weeks before.

The strategic choice of Senlac was excellent. It was seven miles from Hastings—far enough to prevent surprise attack. It blocked the road to London, and, if the enemy evaded battle by marching east or west, his fortified camp at Hastings would be endangered. The tactical advantages of the position were no less excellent. The slopes of the hill would take the sting from mounted charges, and the traditional close-locked shield wall of English warfare was the best defence against the lance. The Normans, who were fair enough historians except when dealing with Harold's personal qualities, admitted the military wisdom of his dispositions. A single glance at the ground, however, disposes of their legend of a countless host of defenders, one figure placing the numbers at 100,000. The restricted space available makes any such estimate preposterous, and even half that number would have been exceedingly crowded. But it is idle to speculate on the numbers on either side. It is probable that the Normans were slightly superior, but there is no trustworthy estimate.

The event showed that the strict orders given to the English not to leave their ranks without orders from the King were the soundest military and common sense. If the light-armed English levies holding the western part of the hill had been imbued with the same discipline as the Housecarls, it is possible that the battle would have ended in the

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defeat of the Normans. The fiercest attacks, first of French and Breton infantry, preceded by storms of arrows, then of the Norman chivalry, led by the Duke and his brother Odo of Bayeux, made no impression on the unyielding ranks of the English. The physical size and strength of the English and the fearful effects of their axes spread such terror in the ranks of the Breton infantry on the Norman left, that they took to disorderly flight, and were only rallied on the slopes of the opposite hill by the personal efforts of William.

It was the pursuit of his left wing by part of the English that suggested to William the stratagem which gave victory to the Normans. The organized pretended flight later in the day, a credit alike to William and to the discipline of his troops, drew a large part of the light-armed English from their post, and the advantage of position was lost. With part of the hilltop in their possession, the Norman cavalry could charge home upon their opponents, and the end was certain, though it was the still stubborn resistance of the Housecarls that caused William to try to disorganize their ranks by the device of shooting arrows into the air. As is told in every school history, it was from one of these arrows that Harold received a mortal wound. He was brutally attacked and mutilated as he lay dying by four knights of the boasted Norman chivalry, a deed which, however, caused the stern condemnation of the Conqueror. The Housecarls, the Old Contemptibles of their day, fought to the end. Even after the death of Harold, with the shield wall pierced and broken and the battle degenerating into a series of unequal combats between bodies of horse and foot, they stood their ground, and were annihilated.

The Bayeux Tapestry depicts the last scene faithfully, the heavy-armed English lying in rows round the Standard and the body of their King, with some of the light-armed troops in flight. If the figures given in Norman accounts are correct, it must have been one of the bloodiest fields on record. They give the number of their own killed as a quarter of their army, which must have brought their total casualties to at least fifty per cent. And this was on the side of the victors.

The last recorded incident of the battle deserves to be remembered always, as a tribute to the spirit of the few English who escaped the slaughter. This was the pursuit of a number of men—said to be Kentish levies—by a body of

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knights, including William and the Count of Boulogne. After nine hours incessant fighting, ending in catastrophic defeat and the deaths of their leaders, the fugitives, taking advantage of the confusion caused by the broken ground, turned so fiercely on their pursuers that the place received the name of Malfosse, from the disastrous results to the Normans. These men of Kent were worthy forbears of those of whom Napier wrote seven hundred and fifty years later that, " though they saw all their generals killed, yet would they not abate their battle." (The English infantry at Corunna.)

The slaughter of Senlac was the chief cause of the collapse of English resistance to the Norman invasion. The thegns and nobility of Southern England were virtually exterminated, and the country was left leaderless. Neither Harold nor his two brothers, Gyrth and Leofwine, were men to submit without striking another blow, but the young Atheling was without influence. The Northern Earls, Eadwine and Morkere held aloof in the vain hope that their lands would not be menaced, and the ineradicable vice of disunion made further immediate resistance impossible to organize.

Not all the survivors of Senlac were content to abide the fortune of war. Several hundred, deprived of their lands, sought a voluntary exile, and took service in the Warangian Guard at Constantinople. Some of them were probably among the English who defended Dyrrachion in 1081 against the Norman, Robert Wiscard, and it is like reading the story of Senlac again to hear the tale of slaughter inflicted there by the English axes, and the stubborn defence of their Standard to the death. There may have been Sussex or Berkshire men who, ten years later, held Kastoria to the last man against another Norman, Bohemund. It is pleasant to record that the Englishmen (" Angli," to distinguish from the Scandinavian element in the Warangs) were said to be the best and most trustworthy troops of the Eastern Emperor. Their descendants were among the defenders of Constantinople in 1204, and Gibbon quotes an authority for saying that in 1325 the English tongue and the national weapon were still in use.

If we can fairly say that a fortunate combination of circumstances gave William his opportunity and victory, it is fair to add that the subsequent events which united the kingdom under his authority were due to his political sagacity and military energy. The terrible vengeance he took on

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districts where his troops met with opposition, and the politic clemency with which he rewarded submission, were the surest methods with which to impress the panic-stricken Witan. In view of the desperate local resistances of the four years following Senlac, at Exeter, York, Chester and many other places, it is clear that the national spirit had only been stunned, not subdued. With time to recover, the leaderless state of the country could have been remedied, but the Conqueror gave no breathing space, and with the offer of the Crown when he appeared before the walls of London his whole position was profoundly strengthened. From an invading enemy, a visitation of which England had had plenty of experience, he became the lawful King, crowned by the Church, and sworn to uphold the ancient laws of the land. Armed force against him became rebellion, instead of a patriotic duty.

There must have been many Englishmen who, remembering how a former foreign King, the Danish Canute, had brought peace and prosperity, found the precedent a strong argument against a renewal of fighting. There is, in fact, no doubt that William desired nothing more than to be a second Canute, ruling wisely according to the laws and abiding by his Coronation oath, whereby he swore to reign at least as well as any of the former Kings. But the crime of his unprovoked assault upon an unoffending people brought in its train the punishment of a reign stained by bloodshed and rebellion. Canute gained his kingdom in peace and brought peace to his people. William won his crown by war and violence, and found himself forced to maintain it by violence. If we cannot ascribe the sufferings of the country under the rapacious Norman nobility to William's fault, it is just to remember that but for his ambition no Norman castle would ever have been built to be a scourge and an object of hatred to Englishmen.

Except for two instances, there is only cause for pride in the way England met her conqueror. The country was intelligently warned, it responded loyally, even in the face of the spiritual thunders of Rome, and fought bravely. Of these instances there is sufficient explanation, though no excuse for one, the disinclination of Eadwine and Morkere to march South with Harold. From a modern viewpoint, it was inexcusable, though the two vacillating Earls were not actively traitorous. There were plenty of precedents for an

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invader seizing some portion of England and settling down in it for an indefinite period without unduly disrupting the life of the country, and they probably expected that the Duke would content himself with occupying the personal territory of his rival. It was unprecedented to ask the men of Northumbria and Mercia to defend the coast of Sussex. National unity was far from being complete, and a lesser man than Harold would have probably thought himself justified in leaving Northumbria to the mercies of the Norwegian invasion. Even the great Alfred and the valiant Eadmund Ironside had been content with but little more than half the kingdom.

It has been remarked that William landed without the goodwill of a single native born Englishman. This would not have been true if Tostig, Harold's elder brother, had not fallen three days previously, fighting against his own countrymen. The exiled Earl seemed to have thrown all restraint and decency behind him. His conduct in first seeking service under William, then in ravaging part of the South coast with a marauding expedition of Bretons, and finally in joining Harold Hardrada, is a black stain on the patriotic record.

The long-drawn-out hostilities in various parts of the country make sad reading. The die was cast, once and for all, at Senlac, but one can but sympathize with those Englishmen who from time to time rose in desperate and foredoomed revolt against the Normans. If their efforts had been simultaneous, they might have gone near to success, but the sum of courage and sacrifice that might have been sufficient to free the country was frittered away in separate and isolated risings.

No story of those four years would be complete without the name of Hereward. " Had there been three more men like him," said his slayers, " the Normans would have been driven out of England." It is almost sacrilegious, but unfortunately true, to add that most of his feats, including his heroic death, are purely legendary. But it is a brave tale, and long may it continue to flourish.

If there is a field in England destined in the march of centuries to be another and a greater Senlac, may there be a people living in the land who will meet death and defeat as bravely as did those Englishmen of olden times. If there be any left then who can read aright the story of the Norman Conquest, they will surely not lose courage, but write " Resurgam " over the buried glory of their country.

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TEN YEARS AFTER

By C. A. L. BROWNLOW.

DURING the Great War and immediately after the Armistice many must have wondered how the devastated areas of France would recover their peace-time condition of wealth and productivity.

Would towns and villages again arise where red rubble or a notice board were the only signs of former habitation? Would the top soil, torn and rent by shell and spade, ever be fertile again? How would the millions of shells, bombs, and bullets, the acres of barbed wire and the desolating debris of war be cleared away? What of the soldiers' graves, scattered by their tens of thousands—would they be forgotten? What of the countryfolk, torn from home and land, would they return? Such questions many asked themselves.

Ten years after, on revisiting the battle-fields of Picardy, one finds the answers.

Towns and villages have sprung up again, better built but, curiously enough, unchanged in plan. The roads take the same twists and turns and retain the same awkward corners as of old. The houses have grown, not in fresh places, but upon the old foundations. Individualism has triumphed.

The trenches and shell craters have been filled in, though traces remain in the white chalk deposits on the surface of the soil and in the countless shell crater depressions which in summer give a remarkable dimpled appearance to the miles of ripening wheat. Saplings have been planted along the highroads, yet here and there still stands a full-grown tree, forlorn veteran bearing the wounds and scars of war.

The barbed wire, the shells, the litter of armies have disappeared except that occasional evidence of the past can be seen in a fence of German barbed wire or in an unexploded shell or two, placed upright by the roadside, awaiting destruction. On the open miles of ploughland, here and there, the sinister grey shapes of concrete machine-gun emplacements appear, and in the towns odd hutments linger in dilapidation.

These few scars and relics, the war cemeteries with their serried rows of white headstones, and the divisional war memorials, alone bear witness of the years of battles. How has this been accomplished?

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In a new French café over a glass of black coffee and cognac, I was told the story by an Englishman who had watched the whole process of reconstruction. You must get out of your head, he said, our false popular ideas about the French. Our contact with them during the war helped us to understand them better, though we are apt to slip back into wrong preconceived notions. Remember that in truth the soil is the foundation of France. She is essentially agricultural, and her people own and live by the land. Her national policy, always aiming at a self-contained and self-supporting nation, fosters the farmer by practically exempting him from direct taxation and by import duties that will ensure the growing of corn being a profitable concern. All these villages are really collections of farms.

You will see, then, that there was a powerful natural instinct urging these people, displaced from their homes by the war, to return. That return was a sight noble in its simplicity and nearness to nature. They came back at once after the Armistice to this land of desolation, independently by families, lucky if they had a demobilized soldier amongst them. So they trekked back, unwatched and unsung, to repair by sweat and toil the ravages of war. They came in country wagons drawn by mixed teams of country breds, mules and draught horses cast from the British Army. A vast mattress usually topped the load. A cow followed behind, and somewhere fowls were carried. Arrived at the place where their home once had been, the family sat themselves stolidly down amid the mud holes, rank grass, war filth and litter. Scavenging the battle-fields, they built shelters of corrugated iron and lived by some miracle. Patches of ground were cleared, vegetables began to grow, and a little wheat. Year by year the area under cultivation increased.

Meanwhile the Government of France took steps to reconstruct the destroyed buildings and clear the battle-fields. Upon their prospects of compensation from the Germans, they raised internal loans for very large sums which were allocated to reconstruction. Those who had suffered loss submitted their claims, and if these were substantiated they were credited with an appropriate sum for rebuilding. Individuals were not given actual money, but received a "bon" or credit for expenditure up to the authorized amount.

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Contractors undertook the actual building, being paid periodically by the Government according to the work done and the credit allowed. The new buildings are far better than the old. The once familiar lath and plaster has been replaced by brick, oak takes the place of deal, and tiles now floor the kitchens. The Germans objected; why, they asked, should they be forced to pay for replacements on a more expensive scale? Because, the French replied, you have not only caused the destruction, but for years you caused also these men to lose their livelihood, and you shall, therefore, compensate them by better dwellings. So the work of reconstruction went ahead, and as the years passed the houses rose from the battered ground. And then came trouble. Reparation money was not forthcoming on the anticipated scale, or, in other words, the security for the loans was shaky. Squeezing the Boche proved no easy task. Contractors' payments fell into arrears and many were faced with ruin. Yet in spite of all difficulties, the houses were built.

It is worth noting that the first buildings to be erected were the barns for storing the harvest, so that the land could be brought under the plough as soon as possible. Also it is remarkable that little difficulty seems to have arisen over claiming land from which all familiar marks had been obliterated.

Concurrently with the rebuilding of the villages, the Government arranged for the repair of the roads and railways and for the clearing of the battle-fields. Owing to the shortage of labour in France, large numbers of foreigners—Poles and Italians mostly—were imported and employed. By manual labour, slowly, bit by bit, the trenches and shell holes were filled in and the barbed wire cleared away.

In addition, private individuals contracted to clear certain areas of shells and war debris, making a profit on the valuable metals found, such as lead and copper.

The special Graves Department set up by the British Government has collected the scattered bodies into central cemeteries whose sacred land has been given by the French nation.

Thus gradually year by year a steady progress has been made until to-day, ten years after, the devastated battle-fields bring forth the fruits of the earth. Peace has conquered war. Life has gained a victory over Death.

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SAND DEVILS

By George Stanley.

"LOOK at those devils," shouted Cox, the pilot of a two-seater aeroplane, to his companion in the observer's seat.

King, the observer, followed the direction of the pointed arm, and on the horizon saw a motley collection of dancing wisps. He was only recently out from home, and did not at first recognize them as Sand Devils. Even as he watched they grew in size and travelled rapidly across the horizon on a converging course.

Down below, the thin strip of palm trees, along the banks of the sinuous river stood out in marked contrast to the expanse of dreariness, which a merciless sun had baked to a dark brown. Even the aerodrome itself was difficult to recognize in the distance from these several thousand feet, for, with the exception of the few temporary hangars, it was the same colour as the surroundings ; moreover, the line of Sand Devils now blocked the view.

The pilot, having no desire to penetrate this barrage of sand before alighting at the aerodrome, decided to alter course and await until the atmosphere cleared. Even as he turned the aeroplane's head, the treacherous wind suddenly changed its direction, and, owing to the unending sameness of the ground below, the drift of the aeroplane to leeward was not apparent. Almost before Cox realized it, the aerodrome was lost in the distance ; an instinctive uneasiness in his mind, he again turned, but now flying against the wind was a very different matter and progress was slow. In order to increase speed, he came down to a lower altitude and opened the throttle to its fullest extent.

The distant Sand Devils soon lost themselves in the horizon, but as the machine sped through the air, small vortices of sand seemed to spring up all around, executing a derisive dance to the music of the vibrating engine.

Without further warning the aeroplane struck a tempestuous patch in the atmosphere and was tossed to and fro, now up a couple of hundred feet, now flung into a sideslip. Cox had all he could do to maintain the vehicle in the air,

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and any attempt to steer a definite course was quite out of the question, especially as the quick movements had set the compass spinning. Grains of sand beat a ceaseless tattoo upon the air vehicle, blinding the occupants and clogging the controls. As suddenly as it had occurred, the disturbance ceased altogether, and the aeroplane was once again in still air.

" Where is the aerodrome ?" shouted Cox as he wiped his goggles and rubbed his eyes. The observer scanned the horizon, but there were no signs of the aerodrome, only a succession of Sand Devils ahead of them rushing madly in all directions.

" Don't see any signs of it now. Last saw it to the north-east. What about landing and working out our position ? " responded the slightly elder youth, an individual of small but wiry build, with rugged and hard-set features.

The surface of the desert was perfectly flat and afforded excellent landing facilities. Here and there were clumps of dried camel thorn, but they were easy to avoid, and the aeroplane came to rest without the slightest jar.

" Nasty business," vouchsafed Cox, as he climbed out of the seat. " We may as well have a look at the carburettor ; the engine spluttered a good deal on the way down."

The pilot took out his map and drew a small circle round the spot which marked the aerodrome. " Here, come and look at this,"—to King who was still fumbling in his cockpit. " Let's check over our movements together. When that whirlwind struck us we were within range of visibility of the aerodrome."

" Yes, that was a quarter of an hour ago. Visibility was about twenty miles I should say "—the other nodded—" so we must have been within this twenty miles circle ?"

" To the south-west, I should say. During the last quarter of an hour we seemed to fly to all points of the compass, actually I suppose, an equivalent of, say, seven minutes straight flying. Add ten miles to the south-west, and that is where we are as near as damn it."

" That's it. Oh, we are O.K., and the old compass will soon settle down."

" Yes. Well, now for the carburettor."

The pilot left the other studying the map and started to remove the engine cowling. As he examined the carburettor, he gave a shrill whistle and the blood rushed to his

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cheeks, for running his finger round the surface of the float chamber, he found it coated with sand.

" Great Scott, look at this !" to King, who joined him when he heard his whistle of surprise. " The carburettor is full of it, and goodness knows how much more has got into the engine. No wonder she spluttered." He carefully removed all the sand he could see and then agitatedly ran his fingers through his hair. " Think we had better start up before anything else happens." He turned and climbed up into the cockpit. " Give the prop. a swing will you ? Petrol on, ' Contact.' "

King took the huge propeller by its tip and attempted to swing it round, but the engine showed no signs of life. Again and again he tried with the same result.

" This perishing stuff has completely mucked up the engine," observed the youth in the machine, with a worried look upon his face. " How on earth we got as far as we did is a mystery. Suppose there is nothing for it now but to wait."

King, exhausted from his exertions, sat down in the shade of the wing, whilst the other fired signals of distress.

" Shouldn't waste them, old chap ; there is nothing in sight and heaven knows we may need them more later on."

It was now eight o'clock in the morning and the sun was beginning to become uncomfortably hot. With the exception of a hasty morning cup of tea, neither of the men had partaken of any food. They continued work on the engine, but after a couple of hours realized that it was hopeless and decided to take turns in keeping a look-out, standing up on one of the seats in the machine. It was a heart-breaking affair, for as mid-day approached the rays of the merciless sun became fiercer and fiercer, whilst the unfortunate watcher could take no cover. Perspiring freely, they suffered agonies of thirst, heightened by the cruel mirage effects. As they stood scanning the horizon, cool delicious pools appeared in all directions.

Since the machine originally had ascended on a short aerodrome test flight only, it was not loaded with the usual emergency rations and water, the only liquid being that in the radiator, which King emptied into one of the spare petrol drums during the afternoon. He estimated that there was just sufficient to last them both a couple of days if the water rations were cut down to a minimum.

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Throughout the night they kept their weary vigil, and with the morning sun came renewed hope.

"The Base is bound to send out machines to look for us and find us in the end. We have only got to stick it out," murmured Cox with determination.

That was just the point, thought the observer to himself. Could they stick it? He had heard tales in the Mess how difficult it was from the air to distinguish an object in the desert. His jaw took on a firmer line as he gazed into the distance. An unending view of desolation stretched to the horizon in all directions, no sign of insect life, not a blade of vegetation, except the dried camel thorn; a complete negation of all that made life possible. Never before had he experienced such sinister remorselessness of Nature. During the sea voyage out from England, the immensity of the ocean had left a deep impression upon his mind, but that was totally different from this. The sea conveyed an idea of perpetual motion; the passage of the ship through the water set up pleasant sound vibrations; the bows of the vessel threw up foam-crested waves; the spray scintillated in the sunshine; the swirl from the propellers rising to the surface produced curious curves in the wake of the ship—all uniting in a grand manifestation of vibrant life. The desert was the very antithesis, and here they were condemned to inaction in its awful grip.

* * * *

The sun sank rapidly over the horizon, its dying rays of gold, crimson and purple playing with magnificent brilliance on the sand-laden atmosphere, a picture that no human hand could paint; then, in the twinkling of an eye it disappeared and night spread out its dark blue mantle, dusted with myriads of twinkling stars. But King saw none of these things; a half-formed thought which had come to him earlier in the day, began to assume definite shape.

"Look here, old chap," he said suddenly to his companion, breaking the silence that had descended upon them. "The aerodrome cannot be much more than twenty miles away; I propose that one of us make a dash for it. Your place is by your machine, so I will go. I could reach it in five or six hours, and might even meet something on the way."

The other shook his head doubtfully. "It's hopeless; and besides, doesn't one walk round in a circle or something

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like that when foot-slogging in the desert? Better not try; you might lose yourself."

But King was enthusiastic. "No, I shall be all right if I go now. The Pole star will give me my bearings, and I should get much farther during the night than in the blazing sun. Can't get completely lost, as I must strike the river if I keep due east."

Cox still looked doubtful. "What about water—got anything to carry it in?"

King grunted an assent. A few minutes later, he got up and divided the remaining water and, taking some bullets out of his pouch, laid them beside his companion.

"Better keep your gun beside you, and here is some more ammunition, as I cannot carry it all."

They shook hands, and the next moment the observer stepped off into the darkness of the night.

II

Mahomet Ali certainly had good reason to be pleased with himself, for trade had been brisk during the past few weeks spent on the coast; all the furs and skins he had brought from the northern mountainous province had fetched a good price down south, and now the camels in the caravan were well loaded with dates and carpets, all bought with the proceeds of the recent transactions. Moreover, none of his camels had died on the journey, and the last ten procured before setting out on the return trip were bought for a mere song. Indeed, Allah was good, and as he sat on the back of the leading beast, he surveyed the burning desert with a contented mind. Only a few years ago things had been different. The small matter of a raid on some agricultural tribes, an interfering authority, and then a term of imprisonment. Yes, he hated and feared the cursed infidels who flew here, there and everywhere, minding everybody's business, until raids on the tillers of the soil became a hazardous matter.

At his side rode his evil counsellor and partner in business, one Said Hassan, a forbidding cross-eyed individual of Turcoman extraction. Ali, however, possessed a certain dignity, and with his white abba, rifle laid across his knees, dark, piercing eyes set above an aquiline nose, presented a commanding figure.

The camels were strung out in a long line and plodded slowly with clumsy gait across the hot sand, their jaws eternally

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chewing, at each movement exposing long yellow teeth, their half-closed eyes regarding the world with a supercilious air. Around their necks strings of sapphire blue beads and copper ornaments jangled at every step, and the bales of merchandise swung uneasily over their backs. In front of the pack animals, Ali, his partner, and their wives rode in comfortable saddles, whilst at the side of every tenth animal walked a camel herdsman.

Ali's train of contented thought was disturbed by Hassan drawing his attention to a spot in the distance.

" 'Tis but a dead carcase," declared Ali, casually glancing in the direction indicated.

" A dead carcase it may be," responded the other, who, in spite of his cross eye, possessed the keener vision, " but carcases with two legs may be valuable. I see no vultures, and it could not have been there long ; undoubtedly, it is the will of Allah that the clothes and belongings should not be left to be torn to pieces by the jackals." His thick lips parted in a malicious leer, exposing a set of beautifully white teeth, the only redeeming feature of his countenance.

A wheezy chuckle escaped from a plump figure which had ridden up close behind the two men in front. Said turned round quickly to behold the figure of his chief wife, Fatima. He was in an ill-humour, and ever since he had taken to himself the gazelle-like Zulma, his fourth wife, this Fatima had plagued his life with her constant attentions.

" What sayest thou, clucking hen ?"

" I did but laugh at thy wit, O my Lord."

" Thou art like a babbling brook. Get thee to thy place with the other women and listen not to men's conversation."

The woman turned meekly enough, but behind her veil, her mouth was set hard, the blue ornament in her nostril quivered, and there was an ugly look in her eyes.

Ali's attention during this interlude was concentrated upon the carcase in the distance, and he urged his camel to a trot towards it. As he approached the object he saw that his friend was correct, and it was the body of a man—an infidel, judging by the clothes. It was dressed in khaki uniform, and there were woven wings on the breast of the tunic.

Said, who had left the caravan soon after the other, now arrived upon the scene. " What think you of the carcase? Shall we strip it and leave it for the jackals ?"

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Ali shook his head. "See, he is still alive; I have a better plan. Bring some water and dried dates, and we shall take him with us."

"What! that dog of an infidel—with us? Nay, I spit upon him."

"Thou wast ever a fool, O Said. Give me water."

The other sullenly handed over a gourd and watched his companion's movements in silence. "Does the infidel understand Arabic?" he asked presently, as King opened his eyes and in a dazed condition looked about him whilst drinking from the gourd.

Ali continued speaking to him in Arabic, but King shook his head.

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Said presently.

"Take him back with us across to Yussuf, who will surely reward us out of the ransom he will demand."

"There is much desert to travel over yet, and then we shall have to get him over the frontier. How shall it be done with the inquisitive police? Far better that I should slit his throat"—his hand went to the cunjar sticking out of his belt—"and leave his naked body for the vultures and jackals."

Ali raised his eyebrows slightly. "And hang later in the market place?"—quietly. "Is there not room with the women, and have they not spare cloaks and veils? Since when have these hands lost their cunning in trussing up a man with ropes?"

"Words of wisdom indeed, though, by Allah, I would as soon see his dead carcase."

When King opened his eyes, he was unable to appreciate the situation. He felt a shocking pain in his head and had a dim recollection of having stumbled in a wadi. The draught of cooling water put fresh life in his veins and he began to recover his senses. His first thoughts then were for his companion, and in voluble English he tried to explain to the two Arabs that his companion had to be rescued, pointing desperately in the direction from which he had tramped. They only shook their heads, not understanding a word of what he said. Suddenly King gave a whoop of joy and pointed to three specks on the distant horizon, the faint noise of the aeroplane engines just being audible.

Ali, who was accustomed to quick thinking, said a few

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sharp words to the other; the next moment King found himself securely pinioned with his wrists tied together behind his back, carried over to one of the camels and strapped to the seat. A black cloak was thrown over his shoulders, a veil over his head, and the caravan moved on.

The gagged airman was powerless to free himself, only just being able to move his limbs to the uneven movements of the camel. Twenty yards ahead Ali and Said rode unconcerned; on his right side was the plump Fatima who, wobbling to and fro in her seat, addressed various remarks to him in Arabic which he did not understand, whilst Zulma, the newly-acquired wife, riding on his left, looked at him with dark hostile eyes which convinced him that he could seek for no help in that quarter. Indeed, in spite of her pretty features and desirable figure, she possessed all the relentless ferocity of the Bedouin. Behind were the pack animals. King looked helplessly around, weary and sick at heart, for even if escape were possible, he would be just as unfortunately situated as when they found him, and even if the aeroplanes were to pass overhead, he had no means of attracting their attention. A few minutes later, the aeroplanes came towards them and then turned away.

III

Marshall, the Flight Commander in charge of the large twin-engined aeroplanes dispatched from the base to search for the missing airman, turned to Turner who sat beside him holding the controls.

"Poor old King couldn't have walked very far from the machine; from what Cox said he had been adrift for a couple of days before Tubby found the 'plane. Of course, Cox was pretty far gone when they got him aboard, and possibly his ideas were a trifle hazy as regards time."

"Yes, possibly. King was a fairly tough nut to crack? You knew him intimately? He and I were on a signalling course together—one of the stoutest, and it seems such a rotten show for him to hand in his checks in a godforsaken place like this."

"Yes, by Jove, and the worst part of it is that we might go on searching the desert for eternity without finding him."

The pilot altered the course of the machine to the north. "Humph! a camel caravan I should think," pointing to a line of specks in the distance.

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The other fixed his glasses on the objects. " A fairly large one, too. Quite a number at this time of the year start trekking north. They don't look very interesting." With that the aeroplane formation turned away.

Some minutes later the Flight Commander altered his mind, and Turner again approached the caravan.

" Are we to land and question them ?" the pilot asked of his senior.

Marshall nodded, and scribbled down a signal for the W.T. operator to transmit. " I am telling the other machines to circle round low whilst we land and interview these Bedoes." He leaned back and passed the slip of paper into the compartment behind. " One is never safe with these gentry," he remarked presently. " If they get a fellow at a disadvantage they might do anything."

After several minutes the aeroplane executed a few graceful spirals and came to rest near the line of camels. Motioning to the two men leading the caravan to stop, Marshall alighted and, closely followed by Turner, walked over to them.

" Salaam alekum,"—in greeting from Turner to the Arab who appeared to be the leader.

" Wa alekum es salaam," came the customary reply.

Marshall was faintly amused, as these few words of greeting were the only Arabic words that his companion knew, and the conduct of the inquiries would now fall upon his shoulders.

In a few sentences, the Flight Commander explained their mission, but the nomads, expressing their regrets, stated they had not seen anything of a derelict aeroplane and certainly no British officer. If they were sufficiently fortunate to come across the missing sahib, where would be the best place to take him ? Marshall gave them the necessary information, and added that naturally they would receive a reward.

For a moment Said looked across to Ali, and his eyelid flickered ever so slightly.

Whilst this conversation was taking place, Turner idly examined the camels and their burdens from the short distance; he knew that it was not the thing to do to gaze at Arab women folk, but curiosity forced him to bestow a surreptitious glance in their direction. It was but momentary, and then his eyes seemed focussed on the distant horizon ; when he finally

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turned towards his companion he just caught the flicker of Said's eye.

Marshall having exhausted all his inquiries, prepared to return to the aeroplane. "They don't know anything, and seem rather stupid; it is only a waste of time staying here," he remarked.

The other youth, however, was in no hurry to depart, and taking out a cigarette from his case slowly lit it. "Would you mind asking the old birds," he said in between the puffs, his fingers beating an idle tattoo upon the case, "if they would care to sell any of the carpets, which I suppose they are carrying in those bales."

The Flight Commander put the question to the Arabs, but they showed little desire to do any business, being anxious to proceed with their journey in order to arrive at a certain oasis before nightfall. Good-humouredly, Marshall translated their response to his companion, who had ceased the irritating finger tattoo and was again staring into space.

Turner nodded, a grim look of determination having spread over his face. "In that case," he said slowly—— "Hands up, you blighters"—suddenly whipping out his revolver and covering the two astonished Arabs. Said hesitated for a moment, as though he contemplated seizing his rifle, but a bullet quickly lodged itself in his arm. It all happened so quickly that the other officer was completely at a loss to understand what had occurred, though he had the presence of mind to draw his own revolver and throw the Arab rifle out of reach.

"I will keep them covered, Sir, if you will go to the middle woman and remove her veil. For the last few minutes her foot has been moving the cloak in a series of regular Morse signs—the S.O.S. call, in fact. I tapped out in Morse on the cigarette case the interrogative reply, and from the further movements of the cloak I think you will find . . ."

"King, by Gad," gasped Marshall, pulling off the cloak and veil. As he lifted the exhausted captive from the camel, the bulky Fatima leant over and whispered a few sentences. As she thought of the forbidden rifles secreted under the bales of carpets, a satisfied look of revenge stole into her face.

"Clucking hen—babbling brook!" she chuckled to herself softly.

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A NEW LINK IN THE CHAIN TO INDIA

By Lieut.-Colonel H. E. Crocker, C.M.G., D.S.O.
(*The Essex Regiment*)

FOR over a century constant efforts have been made with a view to reducing the route to India. The opening of the Suez Canal was an epoch-making event, which shortened a six months' trip to one of a few weeks' duration. Constant improvements, and the construction of newer and faster ships, have still further reduced the journey by sea, which is cut down to a little over fourteen days by a cross-country journey through France. This route constitutes the accepted means of transit, and there is no doubt that, for comfort and convenience, combined with speed, it has no rival at the present.

There is another link in the long chain of communication which is rapidly assuming an aspect of vital importance with regard to speed, and this link is the trans-desert route from Syria to Baghdad, connecting with Europe by sea and by rail via Constantinople on the West, and by rail with Basra, and the western ports of India by sea, on the East. Think what this means. We can now catch the 11 a.m. boat special at Victoria on Monday, and be in Constantinople by 5.15 p.m. on the following Thursday. The long-projected line from Haidar Pasha on the Asia side of the Bosphorus through the Taurus Mountains to Aleppo and Syria has now been completed, and we have only to cross the Bosphorus to the terminus at Haidar Pasha and catch the train via Eski Shehr and Adana to Aleppo, and on to Damascus, where we arrive at 9.35 p.m. on Sunday.

We have thus journeyed by train from London to Damascus with the two short breaks of the British Channel and the Bosphorus.

We now come to the new link in the chain, which consists of a regular motor service straight across the desert from Damascus to Baghdad. The Nairn Transport Company run a weekly service, leaving Damascus at 7 a.m. on Fridays, and reaching Baghdad at about midday on Saturdays. The first-class saloon car halts for dinner at Fort Rutbah, half way,

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and then resumes its journey through the night. The second-class touring cars halt for the night at Rutbah, and reach Baghdad about 4.30 on Saturday afternoons. There is, strictly speaking, no road, in the generally accepted sense of the word, but there is practically no limit to the space available, where each driver selects the best route he can find, avoiding ruts and holes made by cars during the rains.

We crossed the desert to Baghdad a short time ago, and found it a delightful journey. We travelled second class, and, apart from the important question of finance—£13 second as against £20 first—we considered the second class far preferable, though no doubt the big first-class saloon is more comfortable. Lunch is provided on the way. At Fort Rutbah an excellent dinner is served for both classes, and, in addition, a good tea and breakfast for the second-class passengers, who have a good night's rest in bed, starting again at 5 a.m. on Saturday morning.

There is, of course, the possibility in the wet weather of the convoy being stuck in the mud and being unable to move either backwards or forwards. This is a contingency with which one has to reckon on. Reserve rations are carried by the convoy, and one can only wait with what patience one can summon till relief in the shape of light cars or aeroplanes, dropping food, can arrive. The eastern section of the journey, from Fort Rutbah to Baghdad, coincides with the air mail route from Egypt to Baghdad. At Fort Rutbah there are large supplies of fuel for the planes, and a large wireless installation has been erected. The train journey from Baghdad to Basra, according to the time-table now in use, takes two days—*i.e.*, from 2 p.m. one day to midday the second day. There seems to be no reason why it could not be accomplished in one day.

Under the present arrangements there is no attempt made to co-ordinate the three services of Nairn cars, trains and ships. The convoy reaches Baghdad one Saturday, and the boats leave Basra the following Saturday or even Sunday week. There is a loss of time between Baghdad and Basra of at least five days. If all three Companies worked together, there seems no apparent reason why the convoy should not reach Baghdad on Friday in time to catch the afternoon train, which would arrive at Basra the following day in time to catch the mail boat lying at Magil. The boats reach Bombay on the sixth day after leaving Basra—that is to say, a boat

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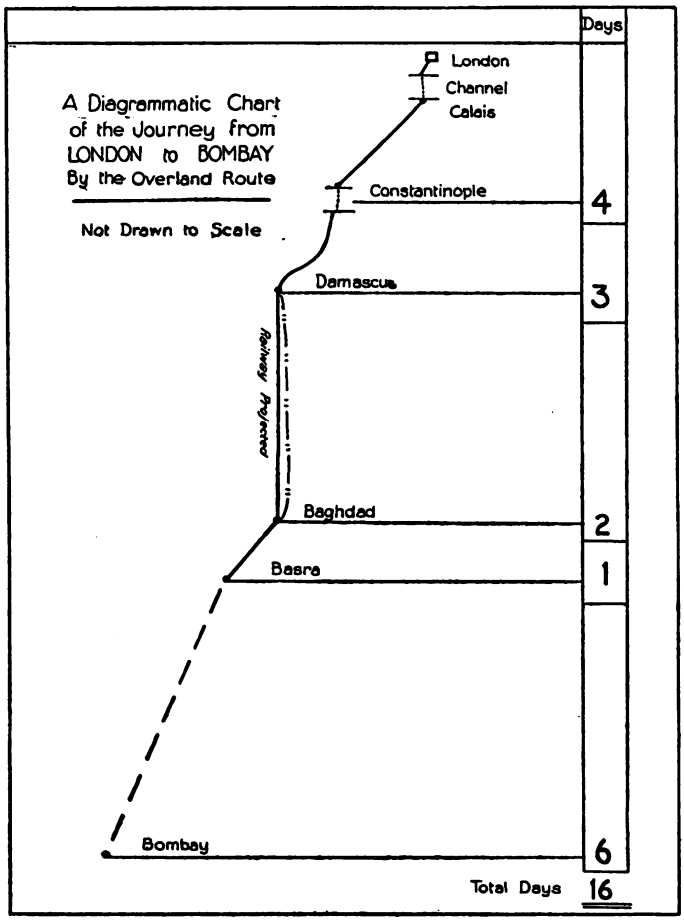
leaving Basra on Sunday morning would arrive at Bombay at about 10 o'clock on the following Saturday morning.

To recapitulate: Given that all services concerned on this route were co-ordinated in direct transit with as little



delay as possible, the time-table from London to Bombay would work out something as follows:—

London to Constantinople, by train ...	4 days.
Constantinople to Damascus, by train ...	3 days.
Damascus to Baghdad, by convoy ...	2 days.
Baghdad to Basra, by train	1 day.
Basra to Bombay, by ship	6 days.
Total	16 days.

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There are in reality two routes between Baghdad and Syria—

(*a*) Beirut—Damascus—Baghdad, by the Nairn Transport Co., connecting with the railway to Constantinople via Aleppo ; and

(*b*) A second overland route by rail from Baghdad to Kirkuk, and by car onward to Mosul, which would take two days. From Mosul to Aleppo by car, a distance of about 300 miles, in two days.

On account of the attendant discomforts, this route is to be avoided. There does not appear to be anything in the nature of an organized service of cars, and passengers must make their own arrangements. The time occupied is about the same in each route, but the northern cannot be compared with the southern from a point of view of comfort and efficiency.

Passports and the coinage, with rates of exchange, of the various countries through which one passes on the overland route cause continual annoyance and difficulties. There are so many visas required, and the exchanges are so complicated, that it would be preferable to make the journey from Beirut to Genoa by sea, and thus escape the task of having to obtain visas for the intermediate countries. Personal experience recommends the simple method of handing one's passport to one of the large Travel Agencies, with a list of the visas required, some time before the journey is to start, and they will obtain the required visas without further trouble. It is a good plan, too, to make out a scale of exchanges, so that one can see at a glance the relative values of the coinage, and their sterling equivalent.

So far we have considered the passenger. Now, what about his baggage ? In this respect we will only consider the Nairn convoy across the desert, where the weight per head is limited to 80 lbs. Anything in excess of this amount is charged for at the rate of ninepence per pound, a considerable figure. Prior to making the journey, we had cut our kit down to the bare minimum, consisting of suit cases and canvas bags containing our bedding. On this we had to subsist for at least five weeks. They were all small pieces, and were easily lashed on to the Buick touring car in which we crossed the desert. Anything in the nature of a cabin trunk or large box is carried in the baggage lorry.

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It is interesting to note that a trans-desert railway between Amman, a station on the Transjordania line east of Jerusalem, and Baghdad has been projected, and the route surveyed. We passed a small camp on our way through the desert, where a well is being sunk for water for the use of this line. It is estimated that it will be completed by the end of 1930. Striking off from as far south as Amman, it will not help much in the direct route from London to Baghdad, as it would occasion a considerable detour southwards from Damascus. It will, however, be of the greatest service to passengers travelling from Egypt to Iraq. A branch line from Damascus, connecting with the Palestine line in the neighbourhood of Rutbah, would reduce the journey from Europe by one day. This railway will constitute a most important link in our chain, and we shall, when it is completed and open for traffic, be able to go by train direct from London to Basra in little over a week. It would be a monotonous journey, and one hardly to be lightly undertaken without good and sufficient cause.

For those who dislike the sea passage, this land route should prove a great blessing, as the sea route will be reduced from close on three weeks to five days, from Karachi to Basra.

It seems reasonable to consider the feasibility of putting faster ships on this run, and thereby reducing the passage still further; but we have to remember that, outside the entrance to the Shatt-al-Arab, there is a bar some three miles wide, which will not allow ships drawing over a certain amount to pass.

Lastly, we have to consider the financial side of the question, as to whether our new link in the overland route from Europe to India will prove a sound financial proposition; or, in other words, will it compete successfully with the shipping lines. Here we must consider the two principal factors of speed and finance. Given that the time necessary for the journey can be materially reduced, at an approximate equal cost, we may expect that a large proportion of passengers will prefer this route to the all-sea journey.

So far we have considered the overland route from the point of view of the passenger. There still remains the cargo and trade point of view, which we will now take into consideration.

With the completion of the trans-desert railway, we shall open up an entirely new trade route between Europe and

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the East; for, no matter how much we may resent it, the passenger is regarded as "cargo" by the transport companies, and often as "a damned awkward cargo, too," as an exasperated ship's decorator once expressed it. The problem of a new trade route is a complicated one, involving many side issues, each demanding a fair share of our attention. There are three main essentials to be considered, which are

(1) Trade—*i.e.*, produce, crops, etc.
(2) Markets.
(3) Transport.

(1) *Trade.*—The chief products of Mesopotamia are oil, grain and dates, with perhaps a large local trade in hides. The production of grain depends on—

(*a*) Irrigation.
(*b*) An agricultural population.

With regard to (*a*), there is an unlimited water supply from the two great rivers, the Tigris and Euphrates, but comprehensive irrigation schemes must be inaugurated in order to exploit this supply to the greatest advantage. Some such schemes already exist, and extensive areas are under cultivation, but the acreage now under crops is but a minute fraction of the crop-bearing soil. Given an adequate water and labour supply, the amount of grain that the country could produce is practically unlimited. Oil pumps are required in the place of pre-historic water hoists now in universal use. Many oil pumps are, however, now being used by the large landowners near Baghdad and other towns.

Far and wide throughout the country the remains of vast irrigation works can still be seen, proving that this branch of the Civil Service received great attention under the sway of the rulers of the land in olden time. Many of the kings took to themselves special credit for having opened some great canal, and brought additional regions under cultivation. We know that at one time Mesopotamia was regarded as the granary of the world, and there is nothing, as far as the country itself is concerned, to prevent a repetition of this happy state of affairs.

(*b*) The Arab population is comparatively scanty, and is, to a great extent, in a state of flux, by which is meant a floating population, consisting largely of nomads and semi-nomads, who either live for their flocks and herds alone, moving about over the land in search of pasturage, and

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despising agriculture as beneath the true Bedouin, or those who from time to time have forsaken the hard life of the wanderer for the more settled existence of an agriculturist, and have developed into a semi-nomad—*i.e.*, one who moves twice a year, from tents to mud houses, according to where he sows his light and heavy crops. He is essentially an "agricola," and does not possess any flocks and herds except a few goats and plough cattle. There is a third division of Arabs who are town dwellers, and are not agriculturists.

The truth is that the agricultural population is totally insufficient for the task of cultivating the country to any great extent. In the days of old it must have been thickly populated, but with the advent of the Arab the old peoples died out, and there is no one to replace them. The question of populating Mesopotamia with the surplus population of India might be well worth considering.

To sum up: Mesopotamia can produce a practically inexhaustible supply of grain. All she wants is labourers to cultivate the land, and water to irrigate it. Water she has in plenty—labour she has not. The answer lies in—first, irrigation schemes; and, secondly, immigration.

There are productive oil-fields in various parts of the country. The oil is refined at Abadan on the Shatt-al-Arab, and shipped in tankers all over the world. There is a project on foot to construct a pipe line across Arabia to the Mediterranean, thus "short-circuiting" the Suez Canal with its heavy dues.

(2) *Markets.*—Given favourable prices, we could count on a ready market for our corn and oil in Europe and India and the East. The westward "trade flow" is the only one that concerns us at present.

(3) *Transport.*—The new line from Baghdad to Damascus or Palestine would tap the resources of Mesopotamia and carry the grain direct to Mediterranean ports. The journey from Baghdad to the ports should not occupy more than two days, or three at the outside. There would be no difficulty here. Mesopotamia has but one line of railway, the direct line from Basra to Baghdad, running west of the Euphrates. This line would serve the fertile lands through which it passes, but there is no means of transport for the rich inter-river plain—the real "Mesopotamia," or "land between the rivers." During the war a line was constructed from Basra to Amara, on the Tigris, and another line from Baghdad,

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east bank, to Kut-al-Amara. Presuming that the Willcocks scheme for the irrigation of the inter-river territory came into being, there would be an instant demand for efficient railway communication through this great district. This seems to point to a new line from Baghdad West between the rivers. There would be but one river to cross, the Hai, somewhere near Kut-al-Amara, and there should not be great difficulty in the construction of the line. Light lines might be run from the main line to tap outlying districts as required, but the gauge should be the same throughout to avoid breaking bulk; the idea being that the grain should be transported direct from the estates to the elevators at the port, ready for loading on to the freighters. This would create a demand for an entirely new port organization of deep-sea wharves and jetties where the freighters could lie alongside, and a complete installation of elevators and all the modern appliances of a port.

We might go a step further and transport our oil by rail to a refinery on the Mediterranean. Oil obtained from the Mosul and east of Baghdad districts might be dealt with by this route, which would obviate the long sea route round the coast of Arabia and save the Canal dues.

From the foregoing we see, therefore, that the results of the new link in the chain of communication are considerable. The supply of grain is undoubtedly of primary importance, and here we have a direct chain of cause and effect, the postulate of which may be formulated in the demand for a food supply in Europe.

We can show the net result in a chart commencing at *Demand* and finishing at *Supply*, passing through such items as transport and labour on the way, the whole conducive to one grand total summed up in the one word *Revenue*, for there can be no doubt that the vast trade flow thus made possible by the new link must inevitably bring in a considerable revenue.

It is impossible in a short essay of this nature to do more than touch on the vast possibilities for transport to the East, all tending to become practical possibilities through the opening of an overland route. It would affect not only passenger traffic, but the transit of merchandise direct to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, with the resultant construction and development of ports, with their deep water quays and loading and discharging gear. An altogether new

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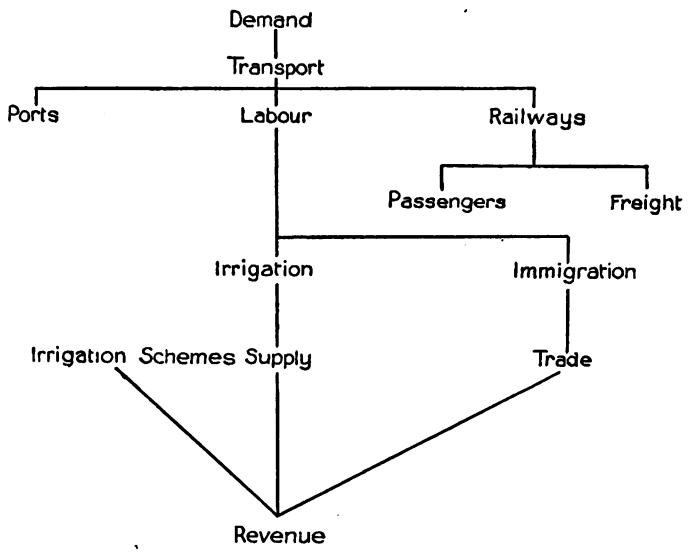
trade will spring up which should pour an ever-increasing stream of revenue into the coffers of the Palestine Government.

All this, however, is but surmise, and very much in the clouds. It may be but a dream, it is true, but it is a dream that has possibilities, and who can say that it is impracticable? It doubtless demands a great deal, and takes a great deal for granted, but given the necessary conditions—which are not impossible—there seems no reason why this state of affairs should not come to pass before many years have sped One line of railway would have saved Napoleon's army in Russia; one line of railway would feed Europe from Mesopotamia, which was, and once again may be, the Granary of the World.

Chart Showing Links Between Supply and Demand



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THE ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL NAVAL HUNT CLUB

By its Originator.

THE actual source of origin of the organization known as the Royal Naval Hunt Club was located in Portugal, in the valley of the Douro wherein grow the vines producing the particular type of grape which, in conjunction with a particular kind of soil, and a particular sort of climate, eventually produces the glorious wine which in all probability has had more effect upon the history of England within the last two hundred years than anything else. Pitt (and Port) defied Napoleon, and Port (without Pitt) has sustained and inspired the makers and servants of the British Empire up to the time of its apogee in Great Victoria's reign.

It was on a Sunday in July, 1908, and, in accordance with the usual vagaries of the national climate, a wet Sunday, that the originator, at the moment acting First Lieutenant, the proper holder of that office being on leave, sat by himself at a round table after a rather belated luncheon in the Mess at the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham. The Mess was never very full for lunch on Sundays, and some small matter having detained him, he had lunched late and almost alone. There was no need for haste. Officially he was on duty, and consequently would remain in barracks, but until after four o'clock there would be "nothing doing." He was quite well aware that eventually he would compose himself to sleep in an arm-chair, but there was time for dalliance before such customary procedure was adopted.

Naturally a Christian gentleman has a glass of Port after lunch on Sunday. The originator had one. Though no more than some thirty years of age, he was sufficiently "old-fashioned" to have no desire to smoke with it. He sipped it, and regarded his surroundings. Both the surroundings and the wine afforded him a certain amount of satisfaction. Though only appointed in the previous March, after a prolonged period of ill-health, he was on the Mess Committee, and had designed and seen to the provision of proper liveries for hitherto ill-clad Mess servants. Also, he had acted as Wine Caterer, and in this capacity had been instrumental

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in substituting a genuine product of the Douro Valley for certain over-fortified compounds of variegated grape-juice formerly supplied under the sacred name.

Both he and the world were at peace, one with the other. Quite obviously the occasion demanded a second glass !

Now, to a man alone at table, the second glass usually conduces to reminiscence. Accordingly the originator ruminated upon things in general, and somehow his thoughts strayed to the subject of fox-hunting.

" The Himage o' War, with only twenty-five per cent. o' the danger."

To him fox-hunting was not only a sport but almost a religion. Never a gamesman, it was his one real recreation, in which he had indulged to the limit of his resources.

He had been fortunate in having a little money which had enabled him to hunt with some twenty or more different packs in the provinces. The Shires he had never attained to.

Always he had found the Naval officer welcomed with open-handed hospitality, and frequently (in those less difficult days) that very little in the way of monetary contribution was demanded of him.

There must be others in the Service, he reflected, who were devotees of the chase, so (here was the birth of the idea) why not form some sort of brotherhood to band them all together for mutual good fellowship and the support of what they all held so dear ?

And so to the smoking-room for cigar and coffee (and, oh ! yes ! a liqueur of the oldest brandy), pencil and paper.

Title ? Naval Officers' Hunting Association ? No. Don't like " Association," smacks a bit of formality, of " Agendas " and " Resolutions " ! Club is the right word, and carries the proper tang of convivial fellowship.

" Naval Officers' Hunting Club " ? M'yes. But might delete " Officers' " ; the proportion of the Lower Deck addicted to fox-hunting being negligible.

" Naval Hunting Club " ? " N.H.C." Not bad, but a Club formed from a Royal Service might be accused of disrespect to its august head if it omitted the titular prefix. " Royal Naval Hunting Club " then ? " Hunting " ? No— " Hunt "—that's better ! " Royal Naval Hunt Club." Good !

Object ? H'm. What *is* the object of the damn thing ? Cigar's finished. Better light a pipe for this.

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Rough draft :—" The object of the Club shall be to bring together—at an Annual Dinner, if possible—all Naval officers who hunt ; and in some way to endeavour to benefit the sport of fox-hunting."

Humph ! Annual Dinner very nice *if practicable*. Naval officers rather scattered about, though. Those on leave or half-pay, and actually hunting, perhaps not too willing to come to London for a dinner.

Benefit fox-hunting ? Only possible way is for members to pay their dues in whatever county they may find themselves ; and for the Club to subscribe as handsomely as possible to the Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. Suggest annual subscription to Club, from the total of which only working expenses for postage, etc., should be utilized, and balance paid to Hunt Servants' Benefit Society. Also, if dinner held, take up " cap " for same object there. M'yes. Don't seem to be much more that's practicable. Do for a start, anyhow.

Aha ! a kindred spirit in sight ; just come in from lunching aboard his own destroyer.

Yes. Two small whiskies and sodas, please. The " kindred spirit " was known and beloved by all who knew him as " Sandy " Nevile. Dead, alas ! before the outbreak of a war to which he would assuredly have distinguished himself.

There was ne'er a Nevile out of Yorkshire that was not a sportsman, and " Sandy," though an ungraceful horseman, was one to the backbone.

He read and approved the draft scheme, and promised to do his best to further it. A few weeks later the originator was transferred to another sphere of duty altogether, which, whilst retaining him upon the Active List, practically severed any real connection with it.

" Sandy " passed the draft scheme on to others. And by them it was developed into its present form. But from that wet and windy Sunday in July, 1908, until this present day, the originator has had no part or lot in it, or anything whatsoever to do with it.

That it was liable to be misunderstood he was made aware one day in the Season 1912-13, when hunting with a Dorset Pack.

A very gallant sportsman belonging to the county rode alongside him and asked if " he had heard of this new scheme to enable Naval officers to hunt for nothing ? "

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Naturally, he replied that he had heard of no such scheme, nor did he believe that one existed.

But those were early days. So far as the originator, long since retired and peacefully cultivating a cabbage patch, can gather from the Press, the Royal Naval Hunt Club is in evidence at least once a year at its Point-to-Point Meeting. Of its other forms of activity he has no knowledge.

But he thinks that he can lay claim to his title fairly enough, in that he supplied the germ of the idea. A germ cultivated originally in the Douro Valley, and injected by means of that second glass of Port after luncheon on a wet Sunday in July, 1908.

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A FORTY-EIGHT HOURS' SHOOT IN PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA

By N.O.

THE ship was lying in Beira, and, as the result of laborious spade-work undertaken three months ago, we gathered that the Portuguese authorities had arranged a shoot for the British officers.

In the first instance, the invitation was extended to the Commander-in-Chief, the Chief of Staff and other dignitaries, but later we learned that, owing to many social functions, these officers would be unable to accept, with the result that six wardroom officers were invited instead.

On Monday night we landed our bedding and a change of clothes, and these were deposited in the station. Early on Tuesday morning we landed with rifles, glasses and ammunition, and, after a short but heated dispute with the Customs House officials over the former, were allowed to go to the station, where we found the Portuguese officer who was looking after us. Luckily his name was Portugal, which presented no difficulties to our memories or British pronunciation. We had met him on board and ashore several times. He spoke very reasonable English and was a first-class fellow in every way.

We found all our gear packed into a carriage, and after half an hour's wait started for our destination. This was the headquarters of the Commandant of the district where we were to shoot, and all the organization of the shoot had been in his hands.

After a three hours' train journey, including an excellent lunch on board, we reached the Commandant's house. Although he had a touch of fever, he was absolutely determined on coming with us and making it a good show for us.

After a whisky and soda, we started off in two cars for a two and a half hours' drive to the second halting-place—a large native village with a most imposing array of porters and askaris drawn up on the left of the track and their wives and piccaninnies on the other side. These greeted us with great ceremony and were obviously pleased to see the Commandant. Shortly afterwards two lorries arrived with stores and our

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bedding, and these were unloaded and the gear turned over to some of the porters, who started off for the camp.

Meanwhile the wives and children had started a dance in our honour, and those we saw all followed the same procedure. A stamping, clapping, chanting circle or part of a circle was formed with two performers in the middle who were continually relieved by those surrounding them. They started by reciting the good points of the Commandant and possibly any they could discern amongst us, but the main theme then and at all other times was the vast quantities of meat such noted hunters would secure. At the end we threw them a few of the smaller pieces of money and went over to the porters.

Here we met the machila for the first time. It consists of a hammock slung on a thick bamboo pole with an awning over the top and side curtains. Eight porters to each machila, working four and four, the four not on the machila carrying rifles, glasses, etc. They went at a stiff jog-trot and covered a surprising amount of ground. It was a fair track, winding amongst native fields and wooded country, and, with the exception of occasional thorn-tree branches, gave easy passage to the machilas.

After an hour or so we came to a ford of the river, here at least a quarter of a mile broad, and one or two of the heavier members of the party got their after ends somewhat wet where the hammock sagged heavily. At each village that we passed through, and in the fields where the women were working, we were greeted with shrill ululations, and invariably our porters smartened up and started a solo and chorus. Solo would mention a game animal's name, chorus would grunt and bark, etc., in imitation, then about five words in description of the animal, and so on. This was interspersed with personal remarks (usually well meaning) about their cargo.

About three hours of this and at dusk we arrived at the camp, which was a most picturesque spectacle.

We heard that some of the men, with their families, had been walking for three days to get to this camp. In addition to the askaris, boys and porters (about 150 in all) that the Commandant had provided, there were at least 200 more amateur porters, with their families, drawn from the surrounding country on the trail of meat.

The camp was set in a fringe of tall trees on the edge of an extremely flat plain fifteen to twenty miles in diameter, with hills all round. In the centre was a thatched, half-

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walled large hut for us to feed in, and in a close semi-circle were eight canvas tents for sleeping in. On the other semi-circle and farther off were the native huts with large fires in front. Add to that the last colours of sunset and all the natives drawn up just clear of the camp to receive us, and it made a picture not easily forgotten.

On approaching the camp where we first came on to the plain, we had seen a number of water-buck feeding, looking extremely large in the falling light and rising mist.

We arranged our sleeping accommodation, and did the very small amount of unpacking that was necessary before moving across to the dining-hut where we had heard glasses chinking. A most imposing spectacle—white cloth and napkins and five different kinds of glasses. After a bitters we sat down to an excellent supper, and after a short talk on the morrow's activities we went to bed.

A combination of mosquitoes and excitement stopped me sleeping very much, and at 5.30 I called my mate in the tent. About six we were all up and had a splendid breakfast. By 6.30 we were off in our machilas, having only the vaguest idea of what we were after, or the plan of campaign.

After an hour it became fairly light, though still very misty, and my porters began to give signs of excitement, so I turned out and saw some indistinct shapes among the tall grass and reeds some way off. On closer inspection these shapes proved to be eight water-buck ewes, all apparently very suspicious of us. I got out my glasses, and, after a long search, made out two bucks to the right and tried to stalk them through the reeds. It was nearly hopeless, for the reeds crackled heavily. After about a quarter of an hour, however, I reckoned I was within 400 yards of the nearer and larger buck, so I raised my head to have a look and saw the two of them, slightly farther off than I expected, and looking in my direction. As soon as I began to subside they whisked round and were off, so I fired at the larger. This brought him up short and he hung his head down and shook it, looking very sick. Considerably cheered, I made off after him to make a job of it, but it was nothing like so easy as that.

It was then nearly 8 a.m., and for three hours I followed that buck, and only once did I get within shot again, when I hit him too far back. After that he lay down under a tree, and I remembered hearing that if one leaves a wounded animal for a short time he gets stiff, so I sat down, very thankfully,

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as it was very hot, and had a cigarette. We then moved over to the tree about 800 yards away, but saw no signs of him. The dew had dried off the grass, so my slight tracking abilities were useless, and though I got all the men who were following me—about forty—they could make nothing of it. Feeling very downhearted, I moved out of the trees on to the plain and got my glasses out. After a search, I made out some animals about two miles away, with a number of men coming up from the far side. This appeared an excellent chance, so I left all but one of my men and went off across the plain as hard as I could go. After ten minutes or so we got into a gully about eighteen inches deep and went along this for half a mile until we were barely half a mile from the quarry. Here I slowed down and went along crouching, until the gully petered out 500 yards from the game which proved to be two water-buck, five ewes and one wildebeest bull. I lay down and awaited the arrival of the other stalkers. Very shortly afterwards they came up from my right front and broke the animals across me at about 400 yards ; the ewes were away first, and the two bucks and wildebeest in the rear. I made some very rapid and exceedingly poor shooting at the better buck until he was too far off. I then changed to my other rifle and, shifting my aim to the wildebeest, managed to plug him through the heart. A very cheering spectacle, and most imposing to see a big beast go literally a complete somersault and lie without movement.

I went up and found him with a very fair head and in first-class condition. I waved the porters up and left them to their very congenial task of butchering with every known form of knife, while I searched for more game with two boys.

It was now past noon, and extremely hot, so I decided that I would work back to the porters and thence to camp. This I tried to do, but after about three quarters of an hour gave it up, for I was somewhat tired, and got into the machila, only to be roused almost at once by one of the " boys " calling to me, " Baas, Baas." I was half asleep, but jumped out to see several water-buck ewes and one wildebeest bull breaking past us about 300 yards away amongst bush and timber. I had two snaps at the wildebeest, the second landing just under his nose. This turned him, and he came back again in fine style, enabling me to get a clear shot at him. I bowled him over after he had run about a hundred yards with a bullet in his heart.

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By this time I was extremely tired and very hungry, so we made tracks for camp, getting in shortly after 2 p.m. An exceedingly well-trained house-boy had some hot water ready for me, and, while I was pouring this over me, produced a tray bearing whisky and soda, the latter pleasantly iced. We had been out for eight hours since breakfast, and during more than five of them had been walking under a hot sun, so one may imagine that it was welcome, all the more that it was so unexpected, for we were forty miles or so from the nearest place where ice could be obtained.

During this very pleasant interval the other members of the party returned, all successful, with stories of the very great numbers of water-buck, wildebeest and zebra that they had seen. These I had missed, owing to my chase of the water-buck in the forenoon.

After lunch and a short siesta, three of us went out for a stroll through some wood about a mile from camp, pleasantly intrigued and, personally, not a little scared at the information that there might be lions there, as a Portuguese had been eaten last year while shooting. We saw nothing in that line, however, and had two unsuccessful stalks after water-buck, as I was very keen to get one after my earlier failure.

We returned to camp before six, just as it was getting dark. After supper the head man of the porters approached the dining-hut, where we were yarning and smoking. He sat on his heels there for a few minutes and then clapped his hands and said something quietly. Two or three more of the elders now approached and followed suit, the Commandant explaining to us that they were praising our shooting and hunting prowess and thanking us for the meat. After suitable acknowledgment, a further "conversation" took place, and we were told we were invited to watch a dance. So over we went to a cleared space by their huts and, with the help of a moon, two acetylene lamps and many torches, watched a very fine spectacle. Over three hundred men, with nearly as many women and children, decked out in the horns of the beasts we had shot, in pieces of fur, coloured cotton and anything else that took their fancy—and very happy and excited after a colossal amount of meat—were formed into a circle. For hours they performed every imaginable form of dance, from hunting dances imitating the various beasts down to other dances which seemed to be

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not so respectable. After a short hour of it, however, we quietly faded away to bed and left them to it.

As the following day was to be the last of the expedition, I received strict injunctions to wake early and call two of the others. We proposed to start about six and get over to the far side of the plain, where the greatest number of game were said to be.

This duty I had no difficulty in carrying out, as I did not sleep well owing to Beira colic—a trying complaint which our black brothers described somewhat appositely as "Tummy belong me walk about." In camp was an askari bugler, a man of about fifty who had been in the West Africa Frontier Force, and therefore spoke English of a sort, and to him I entrusted the task of getting our three lots of porters up. Allowing for a little natural Portuguese "hanging on the slack," and talkativeness, he managed this very well, and we were able to start at about 6.15 a.m. It was very cold with a heavy mist, almost a fog, so that it was not until about 7.30 that one could start making things out, and the three of us got out and started walking across the plain strung out a quarter of a mile apart. After half an hour we made out some water-buck and went after them, but they would not stand within 600 yards, so we gave them up and moved on. Later, we saw a vast mass of black beasts working into the bush about a mile ahead of us. Through my glasses I made them out to be wildebeest, but even with glasses the askari bugler insisted that they were buffalo and, as he had been instructed to keep us away from them, would not let us go near them. However, two of us went on for a short distance, but finally gave it up as the animals had dived into the bush by then, and the askari continually pleaded with us to leave them alone. My feelings were mixed, as I have no experience of buffalo, and one imagines they might be very awkward in fairly heavy bush, but even at the shorter range that we reached before the last disappeared I was not sure that they were buffalo.

After this we made off into the middle of the plain again, and in half an hour were rewarded with the sight of forty or fifty water-buck on the far side of a sheet of shallow water, which was covered with all manner of water-fowl. When I got up to this I sat down and had a look at them through glasses, and found it most interesting. Only two or three of the most suspicious old ewes had noticed us, and the remainder, comprising every size and age, were peacefully

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feeding, with the youngsters playing about like kids. After a time I had picked out two buck on the right of the herd, one with a very good pair of horns, so I got up and made for them. There was no vestige of cover. It was merely a question of going quietly towards them as close as they would allow, and, when within range, firing.

It was most exhausting work going through the water, as there was about eighteen inches of mud at the bottom and hippos had used it for their play-ground, so that whenever one trod in their footprints it meant an increase in depth of another foot or more—most disconcerting when one is trying to make a quiet and inconspicuous advance. Just before arriving at the further shore the buck broke, so I opened fire on the larger of the two with a .303 B.S.A. long rifle that I had, and shot most atrociously. Certainly the range was long, commencing at 350 yards and rapidly increasing, but of the ten rounds from that rifle and another five from a .33 Winchester I don't think one was within five feet of him.

Thoroughly weary and disgusted, I staggered out of the mud to have a look round, and found the other two guns busily engaged with the rest of the herd between a half and three-quarters of a mile away. I decided if I lay down these might come my way, so I did so very thankfully, and it appeared to work up to a point, where they all shied off again. On looking round for the cause, I found my so-called gun-bearer capering about half out of the water, washing himself. Not the least of my trials in a trying day was the fact that I could talk no language that he understood. However, forceful Anglo-Saxon reduced him, and about five minutes later I got one very easy shot—the only shot, in fact, that approached 200 yards' range. This I missed disgracefully, and went on missing as the buck departed at great speed.

Really disheartened and feeling ill, I turned about and, after an hour's walking, came up to my hammock again. I took off my boots and leggings and put them on the awning to dry, unlaced my knee breeches and got in, telling the boys to go to camp.

After half an hour's going, during which I dozed, I heard a hist! from one of the boys, and cocked a languid eye over his side to see him pointing. Slightly more interested I followed his arm and saw two buck standing half a mile away. I grabbed my rifle and, without waiting for boots,

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boys or ammunition, I made the machila go on towards camp, while I walked up to the two buck alone.

During my walk up I decided I would let them break twice and the third time I would have a plug at them. As I walked I had a look at them, and decided they were the same two that I had chivvied about three hours previously. One was dark with a pair of fine horns, the other much younger and lighter coloured, with fair horns. According to my plan, they stood until I was a short quarter of a mile away and then bolted for about half a mile, gradually slowing to a trot and stopping. As one will on these occasions, I said to myself, " I will wait until I get to that green patch and then let drive." Accordingly, I put 300 yards on the sight and walked slowly on to my patch. I knelt there and fired at the further and larger buck, and was overjoyed to hear the bullet tell loudly. I at once switched to the other one and bowled him over as he was getting into his gallop. Meanwhile the first one had come down. I paced the larger and nearer buck and made it 430. The first I had hit in the base of the neck as he stood looking at me. The bullet had gone into his chest, through his heart, and stopped just under the skin on his left side. The other was shot through the chest. The larger buck was the nearer as they lay, for the smaller had run about forty yards before I shot him. This ended our shooting, as we were due back that day. On my return to camp I found everyone else busy packing up, and everyone had been successful again.

Finally, we arrived on board, very weary but happy, at 1 a.m.

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THE PESHAWAR VALE HUNT

By "Vive le Sport."

Illustrated by "Snaffles."

"Hurrah! blister my kidneys! the dahlias are dead!"
—M.F.H. John Jorrocks.

PESHAWAR in the hot weather is, as most soldiers know from experience or from hearsay, a veritable furnace. Towards the end of October, however, the early mornings begin to relent in their fierceness, and then one can almost imagine that autumn feeling which is so priceless at home.

With these first signs of the forthcoming cold weather, we begin to appreciate Mr. Jorrocks' joy at the death of the dahlias in Regent's Park. With the beginning of November, Peshawar rapidly fills up, troops return from the hill station, those on leave in England have nearly all returned, and local leave is finished. The wives of civilian officials and of Army and Air Force officers return from Kashmir, and a couple of dozen visitors in the form of sisters or friends of residents arrive from England.

Of these people, some two hundred hunt with the Peshawar Vale at one time or another during the season: from the time cubbing starts in October till the middle of March when hunting ends, the size of the "field" would probably average about one hundred.

Much could be written about the "field" in the Peshawar Vale. It is the fashion to refer to the "field" in this hunt in a tone of voice which implies that they are collectively quite impossible so far as hunting is concerned. A listener not in the know would expect to hear that every hound in the pack had either been ridden over or kicked, and that a good hunt was the last thing in the world that could be possible with such an ignorant field behind the sterns of hounds.

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"Two men were looking through prison bars,
One saw the mud, the other the stars."

We think the "field" in the Peshawar Vale to be one of the happiest collection of mortals we have ever met. Light-hearted errors are made and, when so made they are quickly corrected by responsible persons with the interest of good sport as their motive of correction. Those corrected invariably respond to the best of their ability; we say it thus because sometimes it is impossible to respond if the horse of the corrected person has different views to the rider on its back! We have not heard of a single case of a hound having been ridden over or damaged, nor have we heard of a run having been spoiled through hounds being pressed.

As for the ladies, of which a large number hunt, their gallantry is the admiration of all, and as future mothers of Empire their children should be supermen. Both men and women give one the impression that somehow or other, if hounds run, they mean to be in at the end. There are few laggards, and it is a common thing to see over one hundred followers in at the death after a run of an hour.

The Peshawar Vale country was hunted by regimental packs from 1865 to 1868, and in 1869 the Peshawar Vale Hunt was founded by the R.H.A., then quartered in Peshawar,

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and has been kept up ever since. The Master and Whips are all regular officers of the Army or Air Force. Hounds are partly imported from England and partly bred by the Hunt, and generally some thirty couple are maintained. In the hot weather hounds are sent up to the Murree Hills.

The Hunt is kept up by a subscription of Rs100 per member

"This is a common obstacle which has to be negotiated there being no gates. It is triple bank conducting a double irrigation channel."

and by donations, and it also derives some additional income from a really well-organized Christmas horse show, and an annual Point-to-Point takes place, which shows that the Hunt is a thriving concern.

Thursdays and Sundays are the usual hunting days, with an occasional bye thrown in.

If a line twenty miles long is drawn east and west through Peshawar with Peshawar in the centre, and this line represents

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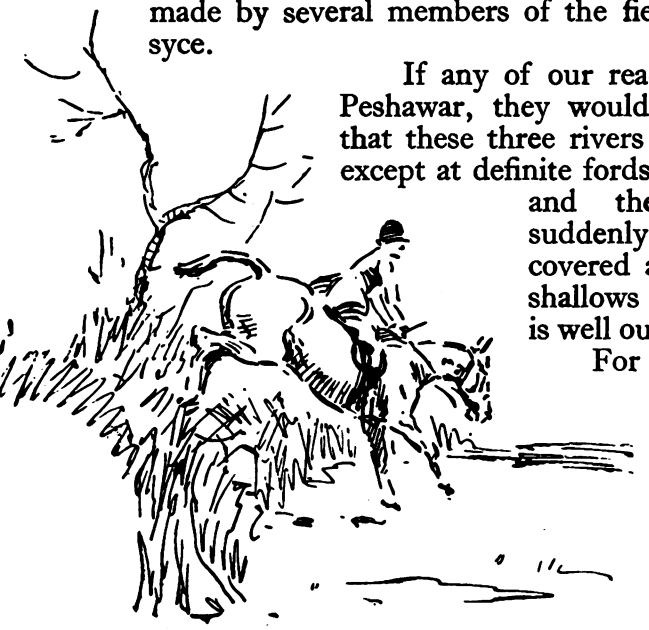
the diameter of a circle whose radius is ten miles, then that half of the circle which lies to the north embraces the country hunted by the Peshawar Vale Hunt.

To the north-west and north lie the Mohmand mountains, and it is said that before now hounds have had to be whipped off to prevent them going into tribal territory.

From north-west to south-east three great rivers flow through the Vale—the Kabul, the Nagoman and the Shah Alam. It was in trying to follow his hounds across the Nagoman River in 1918 that Lieut.-Colonel Irvine, the then Master, was drowned in spite of gallant efforts to save him made by several members of the field and also by his old syce.



If any of our readers happen to come to Peshawar, they would do well to remember that these three rivers are very tricky to cross except at definite fords because they are rapid and the river bed shelves suddenly. In one foot of ground covered a horse can go from the shallows to water so deep that he is well out of his depth.

For the rest, the Vale is typical agricultural country, well farmed, growing wheat, barley, lucerne, maize and sugar-cane, with, in places, market gardens and orchards. It is in the sugar-cane that jackal are generally found. Large areas of cane are grown, and cutting starts at the beginning of the hunting season. Early in the season, therefore, coverts are large, and it is often difficult for hounds to get their " Jack " away, but by Christmas coverts are reduced to a reasonable size, and in the latter half of the season the " Jack " often goes away at once. The " going," generally speaking, is good, though of course it is very heavy in those fields which have just been irrigated.

It is a great country in which to follow hounds, because there is absolutely no wire and a man can ride straight. There is every sort of obstacle to negotiate, from the big rivers referred to above to mud walls, Irish banks, small irrigation

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cuts, single and double, and large yawning ditches as in the Meath country. The worst sort of trouble to be met is the triple irrigation cut, which generally causes a lot of grief.

To the question, " What sort of horse should one ride in this country ? " we find it difficult to give a good answer. The fact is that all sorts of horses and all sorts of ponies are used, and they all go well ; the range includes country breds, English, Australians, Arabs and stud bred horses and ponies. We believe that anything on four legs will meet the case provided the man at the " helm " means business. Anyway, at the end of every hunt everyone with whom we have discussed the matter has always assured us that " their " horse was the best horse in the hunt ; they ought to know, so they must be right !

There are numerous villages scattered throughout the Vale, and there are several landlords in each village who let out land to various tenants in their own villages. These farmers appear to welcome the hunt and seem to enjoy seeing the followers crashing over any or every obstacle that their country offers. Only once did we see a farmer angry, and he had a good deal of excuse ; it was when someone inadvertently broke a small irrigation dam, which wasted thirty minutes' work. Several Indians follow hounds generally on small country bred ponies ; they go quite well, and every one is only too glad to see them out. Pathans are fine men and good sportsmen.

It is 7 a.m. Dawn is just breaking, and in this early light as we stamp about to keep warm the line of mountains all round becomes visible with a red glow in the sky. Groups of people can be seen dotted about, whilst others are getting out of cars or off their horses after a long hack. Syces with their horses behind them are huddled together round the small fires which they have lighted under the shisham trees which are frequently found all along the roads. Then comes the hound van, which saves many a weary mile of road work. People get mounted and there follows a short jog to the covert side, and then more often than not a rattling good hunt, and home to a second breakfast at eleven o'clock.

Sometimes it happens in this world that everything goes right, and on one Sunday late in the hunting season of 1927-28 " Kismet was particularly achchha." The writer's wife was to have her first day with the Peshawar Vale Hunt, and, had we been asked to choose the best possible series of events to

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make for a perfect day, we should neither have had the wit nor the presumption to ask for what actually occurred. That there should be two good hunts, the first of which should be short and finish on a main road, so that it would be agreeable for a woman to ride home alone, and that the second should embody all the events for which the country is famous, seems almost too good to be true. Such, however, is what occurred, and it was a glorious day's hunting that was enjoyed by over one hundred people on February 26th, 1928. The fact that it was not unduly long, either as regards point or time, makes the telling of it all the more attractive, because it might be

described as an average hunt for the end of the season and gives one a good idea of hunting conditions in the Peshawar Vale.

The meet was at Pajaggi, about four and a half miles out from Peshawar, at 7 a.m. Hunting in this country always means getting up very early in the dark, because scent gives out as a rule by twelve noon. Breakfast was at 6 a.m., and having been given a lift, we left in a car at 6.40 a.m. The horses were waiting for us about a mile from Pajaggi, where they had been given a small extra feed. The unpardonable sin had occurred, and we were a few minutes late ; however we jogged on to the first covert, about a mile to the north. This is a plan adopted by the present Master to prevent any chance of the " Jack " being disturbed in covert by the noise inseparable from a meet.

Just as we arrived at the covert side we saw hounds streaming away on the far side, and away we went. It was a rattling fast hunt of fifteen minutes, the distance covered was about three miles, and the " Jack " was marked to ground. Every sort of obstacle was encountered, and it was enough to tax a beginner's nerve to the fullest extent. This had brought us to the southern bank of the Shah Alam river, which, with two or three smaller but quite deep streams, had to be forded to bring us to Nahakki, which lies between the Shah Alam and Nagoman rivers, and which the Master

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had decided to draw next. We were then nine and a half miles from Peshawar, and my wife decided to go home; as the road was unmistakable, she decided to go alone.

At that moment another "Jack" was halloed away, but only two couple of hounds could be induced to leave covert; the rest of the pack were hunting another "Jack" in the sugar cane. The Master decided to take a risk and to go on with the two couple of hounds; these hounds hunted beautifully for about half a mile, when luckily the "Jack" turned up sharp to the north. This turn enabled the Whips to get up with the remainder of the pack, which after endless trouble they had managed to coax from the sugar-cane patch at Nahakki.

The hunt then went merrily on, the "Jack" taking a westerly line in a series of big S bends between the two rivers. The pace was good and there was scarcely a check for forty minutes, when hounds were brought to their noses. The "going" was good and there had been little or no grief, but now the hunt had reached the neighbourhood of Hassanabad, which stands on the banks of the Shah Alam. It soon became clear that our quarry had crossed the river; hounds quickly got across and picked up the scent on the far side. The greater part of the field were lucky in finding a ford some two hundred yards away, but one of the Whips was seen to swim the river, and then two other followers tried to do the same a little farther up stream. They were unlucky and soon got into difficulties. Their horses got mixed up with each other, the current was fast, and it looked as though there might very easily be a nasty accident. Someone shouted to "H," one of the unfortunates, to let his horse go and swim for it, but as he had just been kicked in the wind this was not easy, especially in hunting boots. However, he made a great effort and soon made considerable headway. Someone waded in and offered him the end of a thong to tow him out, but having so nearly reached the bank he did without the proffered help and got in under his own steam. The other man and both horses were soon quickly out and both got mounted again. "H" discovered at this moment that he had lost one of his stirrup leathers and announced the fact with an intonation of annoyance; but, as someone remarked at the time, it was better to lose that than his life which he had nearly succeeded in doing.

By now everyone had crossed to the south bank of the

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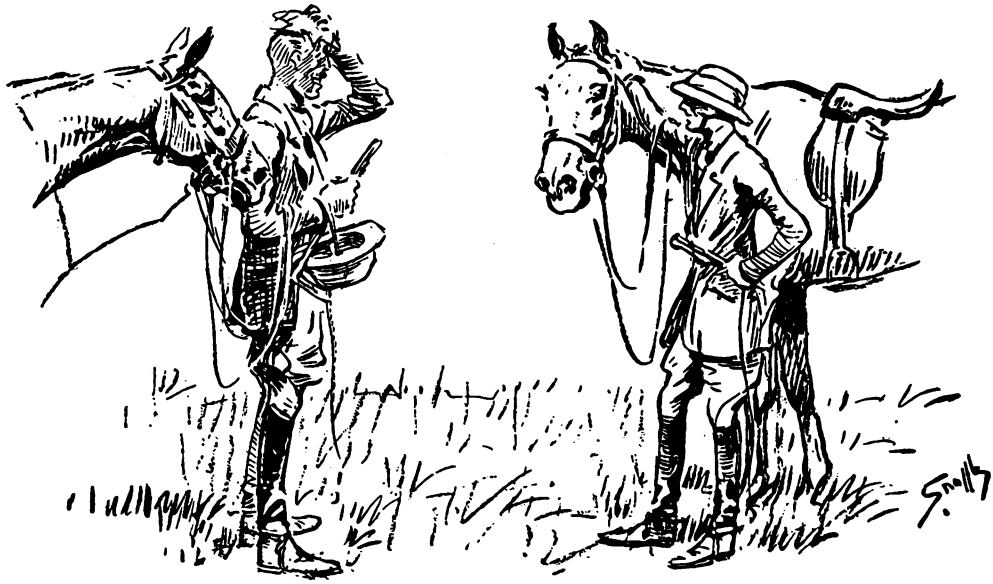
river, and hounds soon marked their " Jack " to ground in a bank overhanging the river. It was a priceless run, and perhaps it was as well that it finished here, for most horses had had enough and it gave much needed relief. It must be remembered that it was the second run and that it had come almost immediately after the first one, and the sun was beginning to get warm. It had lasted for fifty-five minutes, the point was five miles, and it was seven miles as hounds ran.

Occasionally the country is not so good ; we have seen hunts in which the " Jack " has taken hounds over several miles of stony waste and dried-up nullahs, and on these occasions the " Jack " generally gets away with his life, because scent gives out on the parched-up ground. One such hunt recently carried us to within a couple of miles of the Jamrud Fort after an eight mile hunt, the last four miles of which were over this stony waste land.

Comparisons are odious, and fortunately there is no need to compare, because if geographically one is so placed that one can hunt with the Peshawar Vale Hunt, it is quite impossible to hunt with any other pack in the world. But of this we are sure : that whether one has hunted in Meath, in Leicestershire, or anywhere else, and one subsequently has the opportunity of hunting with the Peshawar Vale Hunt, one could never enjoy anything more thoroughly than the early morning hunts that this latter pack provides.



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MENTAL TESTS IN THE ARMY

By An Education Officer.

"BILL, have you heard the latest stunt? It's in to-night's Orders?" "No! What is it?" "We've all to be psy—psy—something or other tested." "And what the—— is that?" "Oh, it's that —— Education bloke. Sergeant-Majors and Sergeants first—then the men." "What's the idea?" "Oh, it's a game, I suppose, to do us out of our proficiency pay and make us go back to school."

This was the reception when I, a humble pioneer, introduced Mental Tests to that unit of the Army in which I was Education Officer.

The attitudes of the three sections of the Battalion were different and equally humorous. The officers treated it with mild contempt, the Sergeants with fear and marked hostility, the men were indifferent.

I did not apply the tests because I was a faddist. The problems of my job forced them on me. The Battalion was in Ireland and had to provide Indian drafts. Consequently, education, in spite of Army Orders and Brigade and Divisional Education Officers, could not be continuous, and, to arrange classes and a syllabus that would work, quick classification was necessary.

On applying to an educational friend in Glasgow, I was introduced to Youkum and Yerks "Mental Tests in the American Army." Now this book astonished me and raised my incredulity. Nevertheless, if its claims were true, it was the one book I needed. I decided to try the tests on that body of men—the N.C.Os.—whose abilities and character were already known, and I won the permission of the Commanding Officer and of the Adjutant.

Then, by the help of a brother officer and two N.C.Os. and an elaborate system, it was made possible for me to test the W.Os. and N.C.Os. and mark all the papers without my knowing whose paper I had. And, when my report was compared with the officers' confidential reports on N.C.Os. which the Adjutant had compiled, it was discovered that they coincided and, more than that, that mine were more detailed and exact.

Thereafter they were applied to the whole Battalion, with marked results, educational and military.

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(It must be understood that the following problems refer only to a Battalion being built up after the war.)

EDUCATIONAL.

By the tests I had the following immediate classification :

" A."—Men fit to take a First Class Certificate.

" B."—Men fit to take a Second Class Certificate, but not a First.

" C."—Men fit to take a Third Class Certificate, but not a Second.

" D."—Men unfit because illiterate, but educable.

" E."—Men unfit because illiterate and ineducable.

We then concentrated on men capable of taking a Second by getting them all through their Third with an intensive course, for which they were exempted duty. That done, they passed to another class which was held two days per week.

The men capable of taking only Thirds were then dealt with, and once through their examination they came to lectures, held as duties allowed.

Thirdly, the Seconds were taken and exempted for a course.

Voluntary classes were held for First Class Certificates—except towards the examination—and educable illiterates were given private tuition by a company N.C.O. under my guidance, and under the direct administration of the Company Sergeant-Major (*i.e.*, he fixed their education hours as duties allowed).

Thus was a small Education staff fully employed, without having time wasted either by the " exigencies of the Service " or by trying the impossible. There were no occasions when classes were denuded because of fatigues, and the men were interested because they had an immediate object which they knew they could obtain. They were not given a distaste for learning, for they were not asked to do the impossible.

(New drafts of recruits were fitted into the scheme by means of the tests, naturally, and without breaking the continuity of the others.)

MILITARY.

Now, although seconded for Educational duties, I had a very high opinion of the position of an Educational Officer. I held that I was there to make more efficient soldiers and not

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better scholars. That I did the latter was, I think, due to the former, for I had the training side of the unit with me.

Every man should know something of his regiment. But the history of a regiment is a big thing—ours, for instance, involved one of the most interesting periods of Scottish history as well as some of the most interesting periods of Empire history.

As a result of the tests I had four history schemes, and whilst the men of superior intelligence learned the world movements in which their regiment had participated, the men of low average intelligence learned little more than the meaning of the badge.

At the particular period when I introduced the tests, we were having great trouble with new N.C.Os. Chosen for the most part, for superficial virtues, there were many, many failures. When the results of the tests were issued, the fifty best men were taken and given an intensive course for N.C.Os., six hours per day—*i.e.*, one hour's military drill and five hours' school (which included military subjects, *e.g.*, map-reading and returns). Ten fell out owing to character defects, but the forty left gave surprising and almost startling results.

Thirdly, the members of the " awkward " squad were given a special test and segregated into educable and ineducable. The tests brought out the mental weaknesses of the former, and they were drilled by the education company N.C.O., under my supervision, with good results.

It has always been a great surprise to me that the British Army has not taken a leaf out of the American Army's book and applied, wholesale, the mental tests, or modifications of them. The above outline shows their use on a small scale, and almost assuredly lead one to the conclusion that they would be of great value on a larger scale.

Here is a brief outline of what the tests do. Generally they put at the disposal of the officers knowledge which it takes months of all types of training to supply. They show a man's ability to obey and, although the army theory is implicit obedience of all ranks, modern psychology shows that, whilst some men can obey the most complicated orders, others can obey only the simplest word of command. They find out a man's ability to learn, separate the slow learner from the quick one, show the man who can make a quick decision under adverse circumstances and the man

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who can work out a problem logically as distinct from the impulsive man.

The problem which created the tests is the problem of all armies, though not in such an intensified form. The Americans, once they had decided to enter the war, had to train a national army in less time than Kitchener's army was trained, and with less tradition to help them. Their psychologists gave them these tests, and with them they choose officers, N.C.Os. and specialists of all descriptions, and so forth. The record of Pershing's Army is a monument to the American psychologists, and, if our Army Educational Corps were to apply the tests to our own Army, they would give to that army an instrument which would help it to overcome certain difficulties which an attenuated establishment entails.

Suppose, for instance, that they were applied to recruits. We could then eliminate many who at present enter the " awkward " squad and never leave it. Again, it would bring in an excellent type of semi-illiterate who would make a good soldier, but who, through a hundred and one circumstances and in spite of national education, fails in the education test ; a type worth the Army's training (and the nation's).

A man's whole future in the Army could almost be forecast, and we would eliminate the waste that goes on in choosing N.C.Os. who have to be relegated to the ranks for inefficiency.

In these days of acute specialization, no men would be sent on courses that they would be unlikely to pass, and every man would find his special niche more quickly and with less heart-burning.

These tests would be of great value in Sandhurst, especially if made part of the entrance examination. But as I am not a Sandhurst man, and know little of what goes on there, I hesitate to give details.

I think, however, that I have written enough to show the value of mental tests, and, as they take little preparation and less time to apply—a group of men numbering up to a thousand can be tested in less than an hour—I contend that they are worth the trouble.

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HUNTING*

By " THURLOW."

LIKE shooting—as described in the last issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES—hunting, from the point of view of the officer on leave for some comparatively limited period, is not so simple a matter as it was in days gone by.

Even more than in the case of shooting, the landowner and the farmer together, formed the backbone of hunting, and both are now fallen upon parlous times. So many country homes have been broken up and either stand empty or are occupied by people who neither know nor care anything for sport that, unless a man has many and wealthy friends, the hospitality which was once so delightful a feature of English country life is far to seek. " Come for the week, I can mount you for three days." How many serving fighting men receive such pleasant missives now ? Very few, we fear.

The squire's stables are empty. There is a " tin Lizzie " in the coach-house, and perhaps a battered motor-bike. Partitions of loose-boxes and stalls have been cleared away, and in the place of well rugged-up quadrupeds standing nigh hock deep in rustling wheat straw there appears some pitiful apparatus for the packing of eggs or fruit or vegetables, the outcome of brave attempts to keep " things going."

And the saddle-room ! Perhaps a broken chair or two ; a bleached and cracked set of harness (old " Bess " is rising five and twenty, but she can still do odd jobs with the spring-cart), and some empty paint drums and carpentering gear in place of a dozen or so glistening and glittering sets of " tack," arranged with all the nicety and precision of a battleship or battery ready for inspection. *Eheu ! fugaces labuntur anni.*

Alas ! *Messieurs les officiers* will probably have to provide their own horses and saddlery, possibly their own lodging and stabling, if they wish for a few weeks or months' hunting during leave in Merrie England of to-day.

Nor (it is no use blinking the fact) will they be able to pursue Charles James without quite a decent little balance at

* Hunting inquiries addressed to the Editor will be answered, provided the information required is available. A FIGHTING FORCES coupon must accompany each inquiry.

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their banker's, or such a decent, one might say an unheard of, sort of banker's, in its absence.

But still, they are going to hunt somehow, on this they are determined. Very well, then, let us take the necessary funds for granted. But let us also assume that they are not unlimited.

Such being the case, we may as well rule out " The Shires " straight away—those happy hunting grounds of Crœsus and his kind. The Provinces must be good enough for the likes o' we.

And even the Provinces vary a good deal in the matter of expense. Beaufortshire and the Blackmore Vale do not lag far behind High Leicestershire and Northamptonshire in cost of living (*and* hunting), but fortunately " there are others."

Mention of " cost of living " prompts a query to be addressed to our friends on leave. " Do you want to *hunt*, or do you want to combine an appearance of hunting with what one may describe briefly as ' the jazz life ' ? " Because if you elect for the latter " Your sport will cost you more." The motor has made the combination quite feasible—even in the Provinces, and temptation is not lacking either.

But this is by the way. Hunting, at least for those holding His Majesty's Commission, has certain essential requirements in the way of clothes, saddlery, horses, etc.

It is a positive duty for any officer appearing out hunting to be appropriately clad, and properly turned out. *It is a reflection upon his Service, corps or unit if he is not so.*

But first he must have some place to hunt from. It is not a bad idea to select some locality in which, whilst hunting mainly with one pack, occasional days with some other, perhaps a little more " fashionable " or celebrated, can be obtained by way of a " bust " or treat.

For instance, up North a man might go chiefly with the Middleton and Holderness, say ; with now and again an outing with the York and Ainsty. In a lower latitude he might be a " regular " in Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, with occasional excursions into the Fitzwilliam territory.

Down South, Cattistock or South Dorset might be his " home " pack, with " the Vale " for visits. In the Middle West the same arrangement with a Cotswold pack or the Ledbury or V.W.H. and the Beaufort for a " bust " and so on.

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But much, if not all, must depend upon that balance at the bank, for nowhere can he hunt for nothing.

Here, again, the motor simplifies the making of " excursions," though it need hardly be emphasized that an ordinary car will not convey one's horse as well as oneself.

Having decided where to hunt, the next question is " where and how to live ? "

To those fortunate enough to possess homes in hunting countries the answer is simple enough. But alas ! many young officers—or old ones too, for that matter—to-day have no such roof to shelter under. This question of quarters is closely associated with that of horses.

If jobbing or hiring by the day the horses return to their own stables, and are the responsibility of their proprietor, so that those who have ridden them can lodge at any convenient distance they may fancy.

But if horses are bought, or leased for a definite period, the riders will be responsible for their welfare, and there is only one maxim to go by—" *Live with your horses.*"

Good grooms are very hard to come by, and even the best are distinctly human ; and he is a poor sort of horse-master who, at the end of the day, will hand over his horse to a groom and then depart for some distant lodging from which it is " too much of a bore " to visit the stables until perhaps the next hunting day. Such a one is unlikely to find his animals keep in condition for long, though quite possibly they will turn out of a morning with wonderfully glossy coats and be remarkably " fresh."

A hot, unventilated stable and, likely as not, a " pinch of something " in feeds will account for the first. Lack of daily exercise for the second.

To many officers whose time is limited, hiring by the day is really the simplest and most economical method of mounting themselves. It is usually possible to arrange with a jobmaster for certain horses found suitable to be practically kept for the hirer's sole use if he is hunting regularly, though of course such an arrangement is not contemplated for more than a few weeks.

It would not be economical to pay " day " rates for a whole season.

But—here is a modern difficulty—there are not the number of reliable jobmasters that there used to be. The " small man " in the trade, particularly, has almost disappeared.

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Yet it was often with the " small men " that, of old, comfortable little temporary arrangements could be made. Possibly one supplied one's own " tack " and saddlery (*his* was apt to be hard and weather-worn), but it was possible to strike a bargain with him, with some give and take on either side.

But the modern jobmaster has usually to run his business upon a fairly large scale in order to make both ends meet. He is confronted with all the problems which beset any form of industry these days, high wages and prices, and higher rates and taxes, etc. So his equine bill of fare is *prix fixe*, with little scope for adjustment.

It is largely on account of the disappearance of the " small man " that the would-be hirer finds himself compelled to go to some hunting centre—or town—where there is sufficient business to make the keeping of a livery stable on the larger scale possible.

As has been pointed out, he himself need not live in close proximity to the stables, but probably he will not want to be too far off. It may be, if he is a stranger, and in consequence has few local friends, that he will prefer to lodge in or near the town, as offering some form of relaxation or amusement upon off days.

We all know the social delights of Handley Cross, but a hint has already been given that they can be overdone, with consequent detriment to the privy purse. Still, country lodgings, with no stables of one's own to potter about on non-hunting days ; no bit of land upon which to get a little rough shooting ; and perhaps no particularly sociable neighbours, can be dull ; and if a man is home from foreign parts he may be forgiven if he appreciates the bustle of streets and the lure of shop-windows, or a look in " the pictures " or some other form of entertainment of an evening.

Time was when he and a crony would be content to sit after dinner over one or more bottles discussing yesterday's run or to-morrow's prospects, but *autres temps autres moeurs*, and few of the younger generation are likely to do that.

As, somehow, serving officers seem to be drawn generally to the South and West, rather than to the North and East when on leave, such a place as Cheltenham is no bad centre for one who hires his hunters and also likes a leaven of urban amenities in his rural bread. It has to be borne in mind that the exiguousness of the bank balance may enforce a stern renunciation of the " Lights o' London," if any hunting is to

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be enjoyed at all, and if Cheltenham is not the Metropolis of an Empire, it can at least supply some of those essential requirements for hunting which have already been mentioned, almost, if not quite, as well as can the Capital.

Clothes, for instance. In the tailoring trade it is said that the finest all-round workmanship is to be found within the Dioceses of Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester, an area for which Cheltenham, if not the geographical centre, is at least a principal outlet or mart.

Actually most of London's best cutters, at any rate of sporting clothes, derive from the Provinces, though, *mirabile dictu*, one or two of the best breeches and habit makers have been of Teutonic origin.

As, in this article, we are dealing mainly with the case of the younger sort of officer on limited leave, one might proceed to weigh the advantages of a town such as Cheltenham as a " centre " for hunting.

We have cut out the Shires, and also much dallying in London Town upon grounds of economy.

Young Nimrod—to advert to the antique manner—comes home on leave from " foreign parts." Of this leave, after " seeing his people " and attending to one or two affairs of his own he can, say, devote a month or six weeks to the serious business of the chase.

He decides to hire, and arranges his programme upon this basis. Suppose he goes to Cheltenham ? Some of us, on return from the Outer Marches of the Empire, have discovered that we need a little professional attention. Maybe from doctor or dentist. There is plenty of this sort of talent in Cheltenham, and well accustomed to Eastern or " tropical " symptoms, too. Moreover, it is highly qualified and quite in " the first flight."

Also, as has been said, we need clothes, particularly hunting clothes, which include boots.

Possibly, too, we don't want too bitter a climate in which either to live or to test the warmth of our covering.

In this rather unique town and its neighbourhood we shall find weather conditions, as a rule, pleasantly mild.

In its famous Promenade we shall find a replica of Bond Street, so far as shops are concerned, and if their prices are not much lower than in that celebrated thoroughfare, the " goods "—our particular sort of goods—within them are quite equal in quality, cut and finish. For hunting kit and

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boots some say that they are superior. No man need be afraid that he " doesn't look right " if he had purchased his raiment from Mr. Alex. Cummings, of the Promenade, or if his boots are made by Messrs. Sharpe or Messrs. Slade, also of the Promenade.

He can mount himself very satisfactorily from the Cheltenham Riding School, Ltd., at three guineas per day, or five guineas a week, or twenty guineas a month. Horses at livery cost £2 10s. a week. He has a large assortment of hotels, pensions, rooms, etc., to choose from when selecting accommodation for himself.

The place has many sporting associations and traditions, an excellent club, and with all its modern improvements and " up-to-dateness " still retains something of the atmosphere of a bygone age, which appeals to the foxhunter.

Perhaps the retired Indian official or Army officer no longer settles there in the numbers in which he used to, but there is still a large proportion of *sahib-log* having Service connexions of one kind or another.

Cotswold, V.W.H. (Cirencester), Ledbury, Berkeley and Beaufort are all within hail, so to speak, and horses can be " boxed on " by rail in most directions. Or, planning an excursion, one can of course hire from some stable within the country to be visited, travelling to and from by car oneself. Perhaps this is not an ideal arrangement, as it means taking some risk with regard to totally strange horses and unfamiliar proprietors, but Cheltenham is a good " intelligence centre " for getting to know about people and horses in surrounding countries, and if Young Nimrod goes about the thing in the right way he will probably find himself not ill-served by various informants.

Whilst an article of this nature is not intended entirely for complete novices in the hunting field, it is possible that there may be some who will read it who are not familiar with the manners and customs of the Sport of Kings.

That there are too many people hunting to-day of whom it might be said that " Manners they have none, and their customs are beastly " is alas ! only too true.

Doubtless much of the behaviour of these really extraordinary folk is due to utter ignorance, though a good deal, one fears, is due also to callous indifference to the convenience, let alone the rights, of others.

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"Manners Makyth Man," and certainly they should be a distinguishing characteristic of the good foxhunter.

One might perhaps suggest a few "Don'ts" for the edification of the novice :—

(1) If motoring to the meet, *don't* tear up to the appointed place of assembly at full speed, scattering pedestrians, scaring led horses, and generally making yourself a conspicuous nuisance. (An excellent practice is to leave the car, and mount one's horse a good half mile away.)

(2) When mounted *don't* barge your way through the throng of other horsemen and horsewomen and press in on hounds to have a look at them. (By all means study them at any favourable opportunity, but a meet is not a travelling circus where small boys fight for the front row !)

(3) *Don't* forget to give a civil salutation to the Master, who is the G.O.C. of the day's operations. His hunt servants, too, are also fellow human beings who appreciate a little courtesy, but *don't* fall into the error that because you happen to be having the day with the pack they are therefore *your* servants also. They have their own work to do.

(4) When moving off to covert *don't* try to force your way to the head of the procession, probably splashing other people by so doing.

(5) When hounds are thrown into cover use your eyes and ears in order to gather as far as possible where the Master or Field-Master wants the field to go, and *don't* go galloping off to take up some private strategic position of your own.

(6) When hounds are running *don't* forget that if anyone dismounts to open a gate for others *they are not entitled to go on* until he has remounted, unless he requests them to do so.

(7) If you are last through a gate and there is stock of any sort in the field into which it leads, *don't* leave it open. SHUT IT !

(8) *Don't* ride close on top of hounds.

(9) *Don't* ride close behind anyone going at a fence.

(10) *Don't* "bump and bore" your way through gaps or gateways which others have reached before you.

And, finally, *don't* forget that foxhunting is carried on, and continues to be carried on, solely by reason of the good-will of landowners, farmers, small-holders and others whose

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material interests are bound up with the soil. And though you " pay " to hunt, and pay quite a lot all told, you have not " bought " the land over which you ride, nor does your payment entitle you to commit wanton damage to growing crops ; to scatter live-stock from their pasture ; or generally to play the part of the marauding mercenary in a mediæval war.

Such " don'ts " as the foregoing are of course really quite superfluous to any officer and gentleman.

They are only inserted here because a vast change in the character of the personnel of far too many a hunting field has taken place since the war, with the result that the novice, properly imbued with the notion that " when in Rome one should do as the Romans do," might quite easily be led to believe from personal observation that ordinary standards of decent conduct can be thrown to the winds when a-hunting, and that the sole object to be attained in the pursuit of the fox is the running of a " go-as-you-please " cross-country race in which the only recognized maxim was " Devil take the hindmost ! "

Space does not permit of a dissertation upon the difference between " Riding to Hunt " and " Hunting to Ride," but the two conceptions of the sport of foxhunting are worlds apart.

The former involves a knowledge and appreciation of hound work ; of the idiosyncrasies and particular habits of foxes (most curiously intelligent animals), and of the whole art and literature (of which there is a vast volume) of the chase.

The latter is in itself simple enough. One has a horse, and hounds running provide an excuse, or opportunity, to " go " as hard as one can, like a greyhound after an electric hare.

If one had gone hard and fast for a certain number of minutes it has been a " good day," although one may not have had the smallest idea as to " how " or " why " one went.

If on the contrary there has been a puzzling scent, the difficulties of which have only been overcome by wonderfully bred " noses " and the most patient seeking-out of an evanescent line by hounds, involving slow progress for their followers, then the day has been " bad " or, more expressively, " rotten."

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No one denies that there are bad days—real bad 'uns—at times. Scentless and perhaps foxless. Cold, wet and depressing. But to the genuine lover of horse and hound even such a bad day is infinitely better than no day at all. After all, there has been a *possibility* of having a hunt all day, and there is a joy all its own in that!

To revert, for a moment, to the question of motoring.

Motoring to meets involves, of course, horses being sent on. But there is a tendency to overlook the fact that it is no great relief to the day's work which the horse is to do unless he is sent on :—

(*a*) Quite slowly (not more than about six miles an hour).

(*b*) Either as a led horse or with a very light weight up.

Of course this does not apply to boxing by train. If Young Nimrod is not a welter-weight he may find that he will get more for his money out of his hireling *if he rides him on and home* himself.

By this is not meant that he will thus have the opportunity of getting all he can out of the animal by inconsiderate means, but that (if he is a good horseman) he will be sure that adequate time is taken upon the road *particularly coming home*, so that no more has been taken out of the horse than is necessary, and, in consequence, will find that if he rides the same horse another day he is so much to the good.

Hirelings have to earn their keep, and stables are apt to be short-handed. Thus there is a distinct prospect of a hard-worked groom or strapper starting late of a morning and making-up for lost time on the way to the meet. The same man or his fellow, bringing the horse home, is as likely to " get it over and done with " as quickly as possible.

Certainly there is little pleasure to be derived from hacking along modern roads, but in many countries it is possible to get about more or less cross-country.

To a meet anywhere within, say, fifteen or twenty miles, Young Nimrod will find himself none the worse for riding all the way out and home. In fact, at the end of his all too brief leave he will be decidedly the fitter for doing so.

Some moderns seem to be positively alarmed at the idea of hacking for five miles.

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We can only say for ourselves that on a good little fifteen-hands hireling we have gone twenty miles to a meet, hunted all day and come home twenty-four, with no ill effects to horse or man ; whilst upon one of our own possessions we have done eighteen and thirty-two upon occasion, and still survive. But there is an *art* in jog-jog-jogging along the highway just as much as there is in galloping across country.

One man will take more out of a horse in half a dozen miles hacking than another will in three times the distance. To the man of moderate means this art is worth studying.

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SHOOTING.*

By Major George Buchanan Scott

THERE is a certain section of the community who condemn field sports, and more especially shooting, on the grounds of cruelty. It will generally be found that such people know scarcely anything about the habits of game, or even how to handle a gun, and so are condemning something about which they are supremely ignorant. There is only one word for such people, and that is " kill-joy."

If game was not preserved and vermin killed there would soon be very little game left in this country. Often a bird " sanctuary " is suggested, but such a thing in this country would simply mean a place where vermin of all kinds would soon congregate in large numbers. In such a place magpies, jays, little owls, etc., would have a rare harvest and destroy countless eggs and young birds ; even the old birds would not be safe from the bigger vermin. A " game " sanctuary in Africa is quite a different proposition, because antelope, etc., *can* protect themselves from the larger beasts of prey, which, moreover, are kept in check under the authority of the Government concerned. All things considered, both from a humane and sporting point of view, the present system of protecting game during the breeding season and shooting during the other part of the season is far and away the best ; nor should it be forgotten that game preservation as practised in this country gives employment to a very large number of people, an important factor in these days when unemployment is so rife. If you are so unfortunate as to meet a " kill-joy," the natural tendency is to leave him or her severely alone, but I would suggest that you should try to reason with them. It is not likely that the " kill-joy " will quickly be turned into a sportsman, but there is an offchance that he or she may begin to realize that there are two sides to every question.

* Shooting inquiries should be addressed to The Editor, 2, Amen Corner, E.C.4, and marked " Shooting " on the top left-hand corner of the envelope. A Fighting Forces coupon must accompany the inquiry.

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Incidentally, I have never known a " kill-joy " refuse a brace of birds, or refuse to eat them at dinner.

Generally speaking, the past shooting season in most parts of Great Britain has been a very good one indeed. Certain districts of Yorkshire and Scotland, where, unfortunately, disease has shown itself among the grouse, have been the exception. Pheasants nearly everywhere have been very plentiful, especially the wild birds, which did very well in the early part of the breeding season. Keepers seem to have had less trouble than usual in the rearing field this season, and I have only heard of a few cases of enteric among the young birds, a great improvement on some previous years.

It is an unfortunate fact, as has been pointed out in a previous article, that partridges are not as plentiful as they used to be. I hope to write more fully on the subject of partridges, and the Euston system, later, but space will not allow me to discuss this most interesting subject in the present article.

The past season has been one of the best since the war, and it is to be hoped that the next will be equally good. Bearing this in mind, it is well to remember that *now* is the time to make arrangements for next year, as shootings of any value are soon snapped up. As has been previously pointed out, I shall be glad to help officers to make the necessary arrangements, provided inquiries are addressed to THE FIGHTING FORCES.

Before a day's shooting it is necessary to have your plan ready, and also an alternative one, as it is impossible to know how the wind may be on the day of the shoot. Many days are ruined through failure to grasp the plan of campaign and by mistakes made in beating. Beaters have a habit of shouting at the top of their voice, " Mark !" on the rise of birds, and a rabbit seems to cause more excitement than anything. This is a very bad habit. The more silent your beaters are, the better chance there is of getting the game forward and over the guns. It is best for the keeper to have a whistle, and blow it on the rise of the birds, and it is only necessary for the beaters, if in cover, to go on tapping quietly with their sticks.

As regards the art of shooting, it seldom happens that a man who starts late in life becomes a really good shot, but

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with practice, *and if he has been carefully fitted for his gun*, he can become a sufficiently good shot to go out and enjoy a day's shooting.

With the introduction of the breech-loading gun, very rapid shooting became possible, with the result that birds have learnt to dread the report of a gun, and are undoubtedly wilder than they used to be. In consequence, in order to out-manœuvre the birds, driving is, to a great extent, resorted to nowadays. It is only in the early days of the season that it is possible to walk up the birds; moreover, on account of scientific drainage, reaping and mowing machines, and drill-sown crops, the stubbles and meadows are not so long or high tufted as they used to be, so there is not the same abundant cover, though there are still places in the North of Scotland where it is possible to shoot over pointers and setters.

Shooting driven birds is very difficult compared to walking up, and unless certain rules are followed there is not much hope of ever becoming a good driven shot. Incidentally, it may be asserted, that shooting driven partridges or grouse is possibly the most fascinating sport there is.

Now for the rules. As regards driven grouse, the first thing to remember is to hide yourself and keep still in the butt, and if you have got a loader with you, do not talk to him during the drive, otherwise you will spoil your own sport and those in the butts on either side of you. The upper part of the body must not show above the butt. The sportsman must remember that birds can see a very long way. The great secret for good shooting is to take your birds in front of the butt, and when the grouse are approaching do not let them get too close before firing. It is a good plan when you first get into the butt to have a look round and see where the butts are on each side of you, then look in front and take some mark about forty yards in front, and say to yourself when the leading birds are there, "I must fire my first shot."

Remember on no account to leave your butt during the drive or let your loader or dog go out until it is all over. When the drive is over the first thing to be certain about is that your gun is unloaded, then leave it in the butt and go and pick up your birds. Never fire a shot anywhere except from the butt. Remember that a person who is known to be a safe shot will get far more invitations than one who is known to be careless.

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Much the same rules apply to driven partridge shooting, except that the usual way of shooting driven partridges is to line out behind a hedge. It is very necessary not to stand too far away from the hedge, otherwise the birds will see you and swerve or even go back. It is best, if the thickness and height of the hedge will permit it, to be in such a position that you can kill your first bird just as the leaders are topping the hedge.

Possibly partridge driving is the most difficult of all shooting, and a high oblique bird is, I think, the hardest shot to be successful at.

In pheasant shooting there is not a great deal of difficulty in shooting them out of a hedge or in a turnip field, but when it comes to high driven birds it is a different story altogether. What unmixed pleasure it is to kill a really high bird! The same rule applies—that is to say, try to get your bird in front, though very often you will find you will have to take him over your head. When you see your bird going off, wounded, with a lot of feathers coming out, it means your shot has hit him too much in the body *and that you are not swinging far enough ahead of him.* It is difficult to know how much to allow, but a very experienced shot once said to me, " For a very high, fast flying bird I always aim about a gate's length in front, which is probably as good a rule as any. Personally I find it very difficult to explain to anybody what lead to give a bird, and when one endeavours to estimate this in feet it is more difficult than ever. The great thing to remember is to swing through with the bird, and not stop or check the swing when you pull; and, finally, always take a cock in preference to a hen.

In my future articles I hope to deal in far more detail with the methods of rearing and shooting birds, also the destruction of vermin. Unless this latter is properly carried out there will be very little to shoot when the season comes round again.

Before concluding this article, I cannot do better than quote the following poem by Mark Beaufors. If everybody, when being taught to shoot, learnt these lines, a great many accidents and spoilt days would be avoided.

The Poem is called

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A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

If a sportsman true you'd be,
Listen carefully to me.

Never, never let your gun
Pointed be at anyone ;
Tho' it may unloaded be
Matters not the least to me.

When a hedge or fence you cross,
Tho' of times it cause a loss,
From your gun the cartridge take
For the greater safety's sake.

If 'twixt you and neighbouring gun
Bird may fly and beast may run,
Let this maxim e'er be thine :
Follow not across the line.

Stops and beaters, oft unseen,
Lurk behind some leafy screen ;
Calm and steady always be—
Never shoot when you can't see.

Keep your place and silent be ;
Game can hear and game can see.
Never greedy, better spared
Is a pheasant than one shared.

You may kill and you may miss,
But at all times think of this ;
All the pheasants ever bred
Won't repay for one man dead.

So if ever one flies low,
Prithee, sportsman, let him go.

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YACHTING*

IN making a regular feature in these pages of yachting notes, one is fully aware of the fact that it is a sport essentially British, and one which finds its sworn devotees even in the most remote outposts of the Empire. Particularly in the Services does it possess stout adherents, and, although perhaps naval officers do not take their busman's holiday as yet on anything like organized lines, it cannot be doubted that in the near future they will follow the admirable lead set by the Royal Engineers Y.C. and others, and run to a sailing or yacht club of their own. Bearing in mind the general requirements of readers of such a magazine as THE FIGHTING FORCES, it is considered most likely that officers who have served abroad may find much to interest them in the maritime doings at such places as Secunderabad, Hong-Kong, Naini Tal, etc.; while, conversely, those now serving abroad may equally reasonably be expected to be interested in the news from Home waters. Assuming this to be the case, fortune is indeed in our favour, for no more opportune moment could be chosen for the institution of this new feature than at the close of one of the best and most successful home yachting years on record. Here, in Home waters, for months everything was as nearly perfect as possible; weather (the most important factor), the number and appearance of craft on the various stations, and the huge influx of recruits to the sport. Racing during the 1928 season, as could only be expected considering the clemency of the weather, was of a very high standard indeed, and, with the exception of Bournemouth Regatta and one or two days here and there, was almost continuous from June to late September. As in former years, the greatest popular interest was centered upon the "big class," an interest augmented this season, however, by no little professional and lay curiosity as to the result of the introduction of Bermudan-rigged craft in the first-class racing

* Inquiries on the subject of Yachting should be addressed to The Editor, 2, Amen Corner, E.C.4, and marked "Yachting." A FIGHTING FORCES coupon must accompany the inquiry.

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fleet. The appearance of two of these new craft—*Astra* and *Cambria*—with their new rig and in competition with the older veterans—*Britannia*, *Shamrock*, *White Heather* and *Lulworth*—with the older gaff rig called naturally for some measure of restrictive ruling intended to bring the racing performance of the former into measurable ratio with those of the latter. The summarized results of the season's racing, however, do not seem to demonstrate the vaunted superiority of the Bermudan rig, and the question which is left to be solved is whether the time penalty on the new rig as it exists is too great. Undoubtedly the adoption of the new rig, in conjunction with the rating rule, has produced in *Astra* and *Cambria* two very fine and shapely vessels with a sail-carrying power no whit less than that of the older vessels. On several occasions, in fact, the new boats were racing in hard winds when the older cutters either gave up or did not start. On the other hand, it is not reasonable to argue in favour of any re-adjustment of rating rules and restrictions upon such slender data ; amongst yachtsmen the fact that the big craft seem to have no hard rule as to when there is too much wind and sea to race is almost notorious, and it must be remembered that, at the Southend Meeting, when it was considered to be too bad for the big class to race, both one design classes and Thames barges raced and made a very fine set of matches. It must, of course, be appreciated that the tendency in the older gaff-rig was to carry too much canvas, and that, consequently, to race in a hard blow risked carrying away gear—an expensive item. Nevertheless, when it is realized that these craft are built solely for racing and for speed, it would seem that any restriction which tended to limit their speed in any way must inevitably prove injurious to the sport and the progress of racing-hull and sail-plan design. In this big class—or the over " 21-metres," as it is now officially designated—the order of success at the end of the season was *Shamrock*, *Britannia*, *White Heather*, *Astra*, *Westward* (schooner), *Cambria* and *Lulworth*. *Shamrock* more than deserved her place at the head of the class ; seldom has she been so perfectly handled or kept in such perfect tune. *Britannia* sailed at her best throughout the season, but in the early summer suffered from numerous light winds—a disaster to such a noted hard-weather boat. Her high position in the list is, however, also due in slight measure to the fact that she received a special " time " concession to allow for her great age. *Astra*

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was unlucky in the early part of the season, first with her sail-trackway, and then with her mast. *Cambria* showed a very fine turn of speed with a reaching wind, but even so it is scarcely possible to agree with those critics who aver that her string of prize flags—two " firsts," six " seconds " and five " thirds " out of thirty-five starts—would have been much larger but for the weight of the restrictions against the Bermudan rig and favouring the other craft with the old gaff rig. After all, there is a limit to the size of mast a racing yacht can carry comfortably, and, without doubt, while the Bermudan sail gains in some ways, it lacks the driving power which nestles in the peak of a gaff-cutter's mainsail.

The " twelves," as ever, provided some amazingly healthy sport, but the price of these craft is still rather high for any great numerical increase in the class to be expected. This season the class split up on the Clyde, South Coast and East Coast, with the result that there was keen racing for them at nearly every regatta round the coast. Not only, moreover, were the older standing regattas well patronized, but members of the class also found their way across the Channel, thus following the now established practice of the " eights " and " sixes." Summarizing last season's work in the class, the new *Mouette* stands at the top with sixteen " firsts," nine " seconds," and four " thirds " out of thirty-seven starts—surely almost a record for a first season.

Passing over, for the sake of balance, the " eights " and " sixes," mention must be made of the smaller racing craft and one-design classes. These, almost without exception, continue to flourish amazingly, and to-day there is scarcely a corner of the Empire where yachting is practicable which does not possess its own local small-boat class. One class in particular deserves comment, and that is the International Fourteen-Foot Dinghy class ; beginning in quite a small way some seasons past, the cult has developed amazingly until these dinghies are now almost numerically stronger than any other " O.D." class. The fourteen-foot dinghy is a boat with an astonishing turn of speed, is safe to handle, affords almost unlimited amusement, is relatively cheap and is in every way seaworthy. With regard to this latter quality, it is not, perhaps, as widely known as it should be that Mr. Fox, the well-known designer, during the past summer provisioned his own fourteen-footer for a voyage and sailed her from his home port of Cowes across the Channel to

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Havre for the regatta—incidentally sweeping the board when he got there. A small dinghy which can make a Channel passage, irrespective of the fact that good conditions were encountered, is no toy, and its sea qualities, combined with the very keen racing in the class make ownership particularly desirable. It is to many a very great source of wonder that this sort of vessel is not held in greater favour in the ward-rooms of H.M. ships. Taking up very little stowage room, and of a standard class all over the world, the acquisition of one of these dinghies by a mess would enable those members who are keen on sailing—and they still exist—the opportunity at almost any port at home or abroad of pitting their "professional" skill against that of the amateur owners of the class ashore—than which, to the seaman's eye, there could exist no better form of liaison.

Turning from racing to cruising, the result of the year's sailing is only what was to be expected from the weather the summer provided. The number of long-distance cruises—from Home waters to Norway, Iceland, Madeira, the Baltic, Spain, etc.—has been considerable, and a very noticeable feature of these is that by far the majority have been conducted under the blue and white burgee of The Little Ship Club. This energetic organization is daily becoming more powerful and more popular, as its membership roll of some 500 of the better-known cruising yachtsmen in the country—after but two years' existence—shows. It is the sort of club which must appeal very directly to Service yachtsmen stationed abroad and temporarily out of touch with Home waters doings. The club journal, issued monthly to members during the winter "close" season, is a veritable mine of sea gems, while Home news and the London branch activities find expression there for the benefit of distant members. The formation of local branches of this club seems to be proceeding apace, and the near future will find, it is rumoured, branches established in Egypt, New Zealand and China. The London Headquarters, the scene of the now famous fortnightly foregatherings of cruising yachtsmen, is at the Old Ship Restaurant in Charing Cross, close to the Admiralty Arch: once the haunt of Pepys, and later, of Nelson, no more suitable rendezvous could be chosen.

One word more. As mentioned above, it is intended to make these yachting notes a regular feature of each issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES. We take this opportunity also of

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telling our subscribers that any inquiry they may wish to make upon this subject will be dealt with at once if addressed to the Editor and marked " Yachting." By this means it is considered that we can be of assistance to officers coming home on leave and wishing to get into close touch with the sport or looking about for a likely boat, and, conversely, to put officers ordered abroad and disposing of their craft into touch with agents, brokers, or likely purchasers.

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CONTEMPORARY ART

IT is not often that even London provides, at one and the same time, a bevy of small art exhibitions of especial interest to the Service man. Yet, just this moment, there are no less than three such shows within a stone's throw of each other.

At Messrs. Greatorex Galleries (14 Grafton Street, Bond Street) there is, to begin with, Mr. Philip Rickman's exhibition of his water-colour paintings of " Game Birds and Wild Fowl."

No sportsman could fail to be struck by the artist's admirable work, for, in every instance, he seems to have " got " his birds as we know them. Literally—though, perhaps, it is not strictly the appropriate sort of criticism to make of an exhibition of water-colours—the trigger-finger itches as one moves from picture to picture. Mr. Rickman has treated his difficult subject in a way which is eloquent of intense study in the open ; his birds are living in their poise. Particularly is this noticeable in " Snipe Drumming " and " Over the Marsh." " Goldeneyes Rising " is most attractive, as also is " Over the Stubble." The subject of each picture is treated naturally and in great detail, against a dexterously manipulated, harmonious background.

At the same gallery is also the exhibition of Mr. Paul Brown's drawings and etchings of " Polo and Steeplechasing." Mr. Brown already enjoys a very considerable vogue, especially with his etchings, in the United States ; and it seems more than probable that the same fate must be in store for him in this country. Variously, he seems to work in chalk, crayon and sometimes ink also, but always the result is particularly pleasing, and full of movement and the zest of life. " Triple Bars " should interest Weedon. " Mallet, Mallet ! " is alive in every line. " Hard Riding " and " Nearing the Finish (Blackmore Vale) "—all are most attractive colour studies of polo and 'chasing. The etchings are amazingly pleasing, and rich both in depth and execution : " James Goes Home " —a riderless horse—and " Games End " being especially alluring.

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Leaving these scenes of marsh and field, and cutting across to Messrs. Parker's Gallery in Berkeley Square, one meets a magnificent exhibition illustrating "Battles and Costumes of the British Army in the Past." Just now, when old military—and naval—prints are making a very wide appeal such an exhibition is of especial interest, and one wishes, perhaps, that some of the gems of this collection could find their way into appropriate regimental messes. Apart from sentimental value, moreover, any purchases would be most distinctly of the nature of a wise speculation, for the value of such prints seems to rise almost daily.

It is possible to divide this exhibition into two sections: one a portrayal of battles and outstanding incidents in Army and regimental history, the other a series of colour plates and prints which forms almost an illustrated history of the development of army uniform. It is sometimes said that the Press is the best press-gang; as one studies the truly resplendent uniforms of the early years of the nineteenth century one realizes what a great incentive this splendour of raiment must have been to recruiting. It is of almost absorbing interest to trace, stage by stage, for example, the fluctuating fashions of headgear—busbies, shakos, bearskins, cocked hats, helmets and so on—each marking a decisive epoch of regimental progress until the Crimean War seemed finally to appear as a stabilizer and a spur to efficiency. No less interesting is the observance—step by step—of certain peculiarities in the uniform of some particular regiment or corps—peculiarities often adopted to mark some outstanding event in its history and doggedly retained in some form to this day despite the evolution of buckskins and spatterdashes through pegtops to "slacks," and with the changing hues—from a uniform more magnificent almost than the rainbow which graced the barrack square of 1810 down to our sombre but practical khaki.

It is an exhibition not to be missed, and the catalogue—proceeds of the sale of which are devoted to the disabled service man's Star and Garter Home at Richmond—is a most suitable and valuable commentary upon the various items in the collection.

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CORRESPONDENCE

"THE IMMOBILITY OF CAVALRY."

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

DEAR SIR,

In the October number of THE FIGHTING FORCES you mention in the Editorial, under "The Immobility of Cavalry"—

> "In one exercise a reconnaissance squadron used one motor cycle combination for an essential reconnaissance of the River Rother before dark, and obtained reports on all crossings *when mounted patrols could not possibly have reached the river in time even in one point.*"

The above is incorrect, and perhaps I may be permitted to explain what actually occurred.

Instructions were issued to the squadron in question to carry out a reconnaissance of the River Rother on a front of eight miles and to report—

1. If the bridges were held by the enemy. If so, in what strength.
2. If the bridges were capable of carrying tanks.
3. Had the bridges been destroyed.
4. If the bridges capable of carrying tanks were held by the enemy, and to report suitable places for Kapoking the river.

It may be of interest to note that there were six bridges on a front of eight miles to be reconnoitred, and that the distance from the squadron's bivouac was thirty miles.

Now, the point I wish to make quite clear is *that mounted patrols reached the river at all points before dark and carried out their reconnaissance successfully.*

With regard to the motor cycle combination you mention: one was used, but only after the mounted patrols had reached the river and reported that bridges were held. It then became necessary to carry out a thorough reconnaissance of certain places for Kapoking the river, as rapidly as possible, before dark.

This reconnaissance was carried out by an R.E. officer on a motor bike and the commander of the reconnaissance squadron in the side-car.

There is still, however, one point on which I beg to differ with you, and that is the inclusion of this reconnaissance under the heading "The Immobility of Cavalry."

Since this squadron had marched thirty-five miles the previous day, covered a similar distance on the day in question, and in doing so had to penetrate the enemy's cavalry patrols, and had also assisted in crossing the river the same night, I venture to suggest that this can hardly be termed "Immobility."

Yours faithfully,

"GUIDON."

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[The original rôle of the reconnaissance squadron in question, when the force started from Crawley at 11 a.m., was to reconnoitre the Arun crossings, and then the River Rother. But the force was blocked at Billingshurst bridge until well after 3 p.m., and only subsequently could the squadron commander take up the completion of his rôle. After the enemy had fallen back from Billingshurst bridge—very slowly—the cavalry patrols were pushed down the roads towards the Rother bridges. Actually the enemy did not retire across these bridges until after nightfall. We have no doubt that the patrols reported that the bridges were held by the enemy, but such information was valueless because obvious, as the enemy were still north of the Rother. The real need of the moment—*i.e.*, during the late afternoon—was to discover whether a crossing could be found and forced between the bridgeheads. To do this before dark was only possible by a more speedy means of transport, and the squadron commander no doubt realized this and so made his "motorized" reconnaissance. If the information given by his patrols had been sufficiently complete, there would have been no need to undertake this extremely hazardous motor-cycle reconnaissance.

The paragraph which our correspondent quotes and characterizes as incorrect dealt, of course, solely with this late afternoon reconnaissance. The reconnaissance of "six bridges on a front of eight miles, thirty miles from the squadron's bivouac," successfully carried out, was a fine performance, but it was a whole day's job. We therefore have no hesitation in saying that we stand by what we wrote in the October number. As regards our use of the heading, "Immobility of Cavalry," it was, perhaps, a somewhat loose phrase. "The lack on occasion of effective mobility on the part of cavalry" would have been better, but hardly suitable as a heading.

Cavalry have their limitations, as in fact have all the arms of the Service, including the most modern ones, and it is no good glossing them over.—ED.]

"GEORGE" AND THE MINISTRY OF PENSIONS.

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

DEAR SIR,

At your request, I will try to give some account of what the much maligned Ministry of Pensions have done for me.

One always imagined that a divisional signal officer had a posh job in the last war. I always thought so, but one learns by experience. Certainly no man is more dependent on his officers and N.C.Os. than a divisional signalling officer, and it is half the battle if you knew them all umpteen years before going into action. Notwithstanding all these diagrams and charts of buried and overhead lines, and of visual and wireless stations and "I.T." that are handed to you by the outgoing unit (which the staff love to have and which impresses everyone but Signals), it is generally "team work" between you, your officers and your N.C.Os. that will establish communications in time for the show and prevent you taking to drink.

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However, this is not what you asked me to write about, but memories of those pleasant little shows in the 56th Division started me off on the wrong tack.

Well, we carried on together till very nearly the final advance. One day, being far too inquisitive, I got more gas than was good for me, and managed to get a wound, which returned me via hospital to England and when the end came sent me back to my job with a small disability pension.

Certainly, one Harley Street man warned me " that I was up the pole and for it," but as I managed to keep going for four years before I crashed, it was not so dusty. Pensions then shoved in, gave me 100 per cent., and I bolted for Davos, walked about for a month, then decided to go into hospital for an operation. After that there was no holding Pensions at all. Not only did they insist that I was to lay up, but that it must be at " George's " Sanatorium at Davos-Dorf.

We (the ex-officers who have been through his hands) all call him " George," and he certainly is one of the greatest and kindest hearted medical blokes in all Switzerland. A Swiss, six foot in his socks, simply working himself to death, and still the patients come ; yet he will find time to sit up half the night with you if you are up against it.

Well, " George " was not so concerned about my lungs or my wound which would not close, or my recent operation, but, as he said, " It's the little column that runs the length of your back that is going to be my cross-word puzzle. I shall have to encase you in plaster-of-Paris for long periods each day for at least three years ! It will be bad for you for the first three months, and after that—well, after that you will get used to it."

The first two months were absolute Hades ; you eat little, and you curse a lot. The pain—well, it would have been awful, but " George " doesn't believe in pain, and never lets you have any if he can prevent it. Then you generally get worse before you get better.

My ears went west, as a start, and I had to have another operation (much worse than before), so that with both lungs, ears, spine, an open wound, two operations, and encased in plaster-of-Paris, one might feel down in the dumps, but not with " George."

And then you have Pensions behind you. Pensions will do everything they jolly well can, but one must give them a square deal. If things have to be done and you want extra help, it is not a bit of use springing it on them without a " by your leave," and then writing them rude letters because they ask your doctor. For operations, they telegraph permission, and if you have to meet extra expenses and you put it up to them in a reasonable manner they give you the greatest consideration, which is more than some blokes deserve.

So things are not so bad, undergoing this treatment for the past five years, with plenty of sun and enjoying myself most of the time (after the first two months), learning to play the banjolalee accompanying a gramophone (and think it music), reading every book one gets hold of, writing for some of the magazines, or trying to, and then getting your article returned with the Editor's compliments ; patenting things until your provisional patent expires, as someone had thought of it before, and generally (encouraged by " George") trying to keep busy.

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It is interesting, and now I am going to stagger around again in a celluloid corset, hearing perfectly, with some figure, and a steady gait (no dancing or anything like that). Shall be back in London next summer. Doctors and Davos have performed miracles, but I would rather put my shirt on "George" if he takes you in hand. He's a marvel, and so are the Ministry of Pensions. So many people say hard things about them that I am glad of this opportunity of giving them a good chit.

Yours truly,

GORDON KENNARD.

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THE BOOKSHELF

ADMIRAL BYNG AND THE LOSS OF MINORCA. By BRIAN TUNSTALL. Philip Allan. 16s.

It is indeed most refreshing to find in this publication from Quality House a masterly study involving infinite research and breaking what is undoubtedly virgin soil. So many works dealing with naval historical subjects to-day are what might be termed "revised versions" of narratives and accounts, the whole body-ground of which has been gone over times without number before. There have been few public servants who have formed so useful a foil to the personal bias of historians as the grossly misjudged admiral whose tragic story Mr. Tunstall so cleverly sets forth. Macaulay certainly did not do him justice, while the panegyrists and apologists of Chatham have used him rather as a golden example of Pitt's generosity than a clear instance of doubtful political manipulation. Another point which must inevitably strike the reader and student as he peruses this valuable work is the extremely close parallel which can be drawn between the administrative and strategical bungling prior to the battle off Toulon, and, on the other hand, various stages of the naval operations of the Great War, especially those leading up to the Battle of Coronel. The parallel may even be extended to cover the saddling of our loss of Minorca upon Byng and the attempt to lay some of the onus of the Coronel disaster upon the shoulders of the gallant Cradock. Another factor which emerges from the pages of this book is the age-long predominance in our naval policy of commerce protection before all, the often disastrous political influence which lies in the hands of commercial and industrial magnates, and perhaps, above all, the close connection between the opinions of the uninstructed and easily swayed "man in the street," popular journalism and party politics. That Byng was the perfect example of a martyr offered upon the altar of party politics by incompetent amateur strategists to appease public opinion and hoodwink the public as to the identity of the real offenders cannot for one moment be denied. The author, Mr. Tunstall, has done his work with consummate skill. The part which political jugglers played throughout in the tragedy is demonstrated with impartial clarity; Fowke's share in the catastrophe is clearly shown; while the author's personal investigations at Minorca have enabled him to throw much light upon the questions of terrain and possibilities—factors, of course, relatively unknown to Byng at the time, but without which it is impossible for the student to gauge accurately the full measure of blame or otherwise. On the other hand, the criticism might be made that the immense significance of Minorca as an advanced fleet base in the Mediterranean in those pre-Malta days is not sufficiently stressed, nor is the cramping effect of Anson's Navy Acts upon the conduct of an admiral in battle. The action itself is touched upon very deftly, and those salient points which had a bearing upon the questions arising subsequently at the court-martial are admirably set out. Scarcely a detail in the whole story,

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in fact, is without adequate and satisfying explanation. Byng's subsequent treatment and recall, his imprisonment, trial and death; the political jobbery behind the scenes; the pamphleteering; the prostitution of Dr. Johnson's art, and *inter alia*, that gifted writer's essay into statistics suited to the "popular" intelligence; the court-martial; the "Cousinhood"; Keppel's conscience and how a few members of the court were in the end overawed by those whose interest it was that Byng should suffer the ultimate penalty; and, finally, perhaps, Voltaire's brilliant sally which has become almost a part of our language —"dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres."

Mr. Tunstall has produced a complete study of the whole episode which is at once brilliant and arresting. Carefully annotated and documented, yet written in a style eminently pleasing and readable, the result is one of immense value to the naval historian and the student of our sea history.

FAIR WINDS IN THE FAR BALTIC. By A. F. LOOMIS. W. Blackwood & Sons Ltd. 12s. 6d.

Readers of Mr. Loomis' other books will welcome this account of his latest voyage from England to the tideless waters of the Baltic—and back. An idea which germinated over *amer Picon* in a Dieppe café led to the charter of the English auxiliary schooner yacht *Lucette*, of about 20 tons (Thames measurement). With, as his sailing companions, his wife, Major Noott (the owner of *Lucette*), "Paul" (who had accompanied him on his cruise in the *Hippocampus*), and the yacht's regular crew of two men, the voyage commenced at Lowestoft, and the first passage was made across the North Sea to Cuxhaven under ideal weather conditions in sixty-one hours. Thence the cruise wandered Baltic-wards by way of the Kiel Canal, the voyagers suffering somewhat at the hands of a German broker and gleaning wondrous tales of the Great War at first hand from a German pilot. From Kiel an interesting inshore cruise, involving considerable navigational skill, was shaped for Copenhagen, thence on to Helsingör, and, via Gothenburg and the canal and lakes, to Soderkjöping. Here, after a difficult open sea passage, the anxieties of which were in no way lessened by the presence of abnormal magnetic variation and consequent irresponsible gyrations of the standard compass, the outward voyage was carried to its end at Saltsjöbaden in the Stockholm Fjord. Here the author's wife parted company with *Lucette*, and was replaced in the complement by a Dr. Casamajor who joined by air liner. The return journey then began and was prosecuted by way of the North German coast and Dutch and Belgian coastal waters to Dieppe, where the idea of a cruise in northern waters had first been born. The whole cruise, extending over some six and a half weeks, and covering upwards of two thousand miles, must have been admirably thought out, and sailing men will doubtless admit that such a cruise, where an average speed of 5.3 knots is maintained throughout, reflects greatly to the credit of all concerned. Nevertheless, as one reads of the fickle fair winds, one feels certain that but for *Lucette's* trusty and ever-ready Kelvin engine, which gave her a speed of six knots under power, the cruise would not have been so

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entirely devoid of navigational incident. The admirable account of adventures and advice, ports and persons, encountered *en route* is entertaining in the extreme, as also is " Paul's " taste for languages and etymology. The author has told his tale amazingly well, and the book is profusely illustrated with photographs and a couple of charts of the route. One word of criticism, however, might possibly be levelled—but at the publishers rather than the author. The titles of many of the illustrations somewhat resemble film captions, and we feel that in the text in many places the spelling might have been anglicized. Admittedly the talented author is an American, but the British sailing reader might conceivably feel distress at picking up an English book where some of the words have a strangely foreign look about them and many of the expressions and idioms are quite unknown to him.

SIR MARTIN FROBISHER. By WILLIAM MCFEE. The Bodley Head.

Mr. McFee has added an admirable volume to the Golden Hind Series of famous seamen and explorers. It is the tale of a blunt, illiterate Yorkshireman, yet one who was acknowledged as a " master mariner " by his contemporaries. In spite of the scanty material at the author's disposal, Frobisher's character is well drawn and consistent. He was a severe martinet on board his own ship, and, though he had not the magnetic personality of Sir Francis Drake, must have had something which appealed strongly to the hardy seamen of the day, for his men never mistrusted him nor faltered even when face to face with the hardships and dangers of the North-West Passage. There was undoubtedly some attribute possessed by this Elizabethan hero, recognized by his own crews and touching a sympathetic chord in his sailor biographer of to-day, which, though undefinable, holds all seamen in its thrall.

In this book the spirit of the times has been well captured. We read of the gold lust and the universal belief in the limitless supplies of gold in the new world, of the arrogant hidalgoes, in velvet and plumes ; we are given vivid sketches of Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins and many another old sea-dog. We see, too, from a new aspect, that amazing character, Queen Elizabeth.

This book will recommend itself even to those who are not historically inclined, and it is praiseworthy in that it has helped to bring back into prominence the name of one of our most famous seamen.

THE MURMANSK VENTURE. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES MAYNARD. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. 20s.

Whenever a forlorn enterprise has to be carried out in some distant and dreary locality, more especially when the enterprise involves dealings with diverse and strange nationalities, then let us have no feelings of mock modesty, but assert without fear of contradiction that an Englishman is the best man for the job. Such was the task which faced Sir Charles Maynard when he was ordered in May, 1918, to take charge, not only of the small expeditionary force destined for Murmansk, but of all the Allied troops that might be collected in the Murmansk area as well.

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Whatever doubts there may be regarding our action in North Russia after the signing of the Armistice, there can be no question that our original intervention was justified. Germany had long had her eyes on Murmansk and Petchenga, and had she succeeded in establishing submarine bases at these ports, at a time when the transportation of American troops to France was in full swing, the consequences might have been disastrous. As it was her designs were not only effectually countered, but Sir Charles Maynard carried the war into the enemy's country, and his various expeditions along the crazy railway that ran from Murmansk to Petrozavodski, on Lake Onega, make excellent reading. At the outset his motley troops comprised French artillery, a Serbian battalion, a scurvy-stricken Finn Legion, some Russians and Poles, with a stiffening of Marines and a landing party from H.M.S. *Cochrane*. In Finland there were over 50,000 Germans, and though it may be claimed that the appalling country was decidedly in Maynard's favour, taken in conjunction with the advantages due to command of the sea, yet it was mainly thanks to his magnificent bluff that he was able to immobilize this formidable force until reinforcements on our side and disasters to the German main armies in France rendered the situation free from anxiety. As the German menace decreased that from the Russian Reds became ever more formidable, and soon developed into active hostilities. Sir Charles is somewhat sweeping in his statements with regard to those who dispute the necessity for us to continue to render assistance to the anti-Bolshevik elements after we had ceased to be at war with the Central Powers, but the utter rottenness of the governing elements under the Czarist regime makes us doubtful whether it was worth risking British lives in this venture. Still those who are prone to characterize England's efforts at this stage as merely a political gamble would do well to read this soldierly narrative, and they will find that England has little with which to reproach herself. From start to finish of this venture, whenever a call was made for reinforcements, whether it was in men or money or material, it was England, infinitely tried as she was, who almost invariably answered the call, while France, though her resources had been tapped to the uttermost, never failed to shoulder her part of the burden.

This is a most attractive book; it is well illustrated and has some quite adequate maps.

HISTORY OF THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS THE LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT IN THE GREAT WAR. BY COLONEL H. C. WYLLY, C.B. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 25s.

This volume deals only with the action of the two Regular Battalions of the Leicestershire Regiment, and is a clear-cut, understandable narrative which adds to the reputation of the well-known military historian by whom it is written. Colonel Wylly is entirely uncritical—a pity, we think—for this stirring history contains many lessons for the future—but he has been lucky in the documents placed at his disposal, and from these it is possible to gain many a side light on certain

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noted actions and phases of the war. The 1st Battalion was in France throughout the war, and fought at the Aisne, the First Battle of Ypres, Hooge, the Somme, Cambrai, during the German March offensive and the final phase of victory. The writer actually saw the 2nd Battalion march away from Bareilly in September, 1914, *en route* for Marseilles. Even in those days of peace, Lieut.-Col. Blackader, as he then was, was known as one of the best Commanding Officers in the British Army. He rose to the rank of Major-General, and his amazing and all-too-rare gift for grasping essentials, though it occasionally brought him into conflict with those ultra conservative elements which were such a heavy handicap to the Army, would, in the normal course of events have taken him to very high command had he not been compelled to resign in June, 1918, owing to the necessity of undergoing Pasteur treatment due to a bite from a dog. His death in 1921 was a very real tragedy.

The Battalion fought magnificently at Neuve Chapelle. The following account contributed by Colonel Gordon, the then Commanding Officer, is of extreme interest :—

" At 8.5 a.m. our leading waves advanced, and within half-an-hour we had gained our various objectives with little opposition and very few casualties. The whole country in front was open to us—no wire, no enemy in sight, and certainly a big enough gap to push through a mass of men and cavalry. . . . I have talked to very many who were present on that day, and no one who was actually in the battle had the slightest doubt that we could have been in Lille in a few hours. But ' slow ' was the order . . . troops were to be relieved, sections of the front taken over, and all the usual staff work gone through, occupying hours and hours of time, and the golden opportunity was missed. . . . A like chance never presented itself again." It was the old, old story, a " White Knight," unimaginative form of generalship, a hesitation to take risks, which so often proved a hindrance to British arms in nearly every theatre of war.

From France the 2nd Battalion were ordered to Mesopotamia at the end of 1916. During the attempt to relieve Kut, a period of intense depression, of daylight advances against entrenched positions, with little or no gun preparation, with a lack of machine guns, and the knowledge that their wounded were undergoing indescribable sufferings, the 2nd Leicesters fought with the dogged, stolid inimitable sense of devotion which is the glorious characteristic of the British infantry of the line.

After Mesopotamia came Palestine, inspired leadership, and glorious victory.

The writer, owing to his pre-war knowledge of the 2nd Battalion, has been tempted to say more of them than of their sister battalion, but the story throughout is good and will, we hope, find its way into many a home in the city and county of Leicester. There are some excellent maps and illustrations.

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SOME ASPECTS OF MECHANIZATION. By COLONEL H. ROWAN-ROBINSON, C.M.G., D.S.O., R.A. William Clowes & Son, Ltd., 94 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. 5s.

Nearly the whole of the chapters contained in this little book appeared in the *Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette*. The opening chapter deals with the Experimental Armoured Force, and the author, whose judgments by the way are mainly based on newspaper reports, appears to be satisfied both with the work that has been carried out by the force, and with its commander. There follows a good chapter dealing with the question of command and control of such a highly-mobile force as this, and the author is fully in favour of control from the air. It is an interesting point and, if it is adopted, it is obvious that command of a force on service will not be the comparatively safe job that it has been hitherto. Colonel Rowan-Robinson points out, with much justification, that, had this method been adopted during the war there might have been some remarkable results and barren victories changed into decisive successes. Umpiring, too, according to the author, will have to be conducted to some extent from the air and there is no doubt that ground umpiring, in these days of mobility, has proved a failure. "A mixture of smoke and blasphemy" was the semi-official record last year of the attempt to adjudicate in a battle between opposing tank forces.

The most important chapter deals with the application of mechanization to India, and we cannot agree with the author that there is no need to change the Cardwell system. His arguments are that it has served its purpose admirably in the past, and that its rupture would destroy great traditions. Modern conditions are so utterly different from anything that has existed hitherto that we must be prepared to break away from the old regime, and, for ourselves, we cannot see how a full measure of mechanization, which the author admits is most desirable, can function efficiently if it is to be super-imposed upon the Cardwell system. Colonel Rowan-Robinson has recently retired from the Service, and we hope to see many more examples from his able and ready pen. But the only hope of interesting the British public in Service affairs is to realize from the outset that ninety-five per cent. of them are profoundly uninterested in these matters. We would suggest to him, therefore, that it is no good describing the technical and tactical details of reconnaissance as "matters of consuming interest." In fact, even a great many soldiers might regard this description as over-coloured.

WITH A WOMAN'S UNIT IN SERBIA, SALONIKA AND SEBASTOPOL. By I. EMSLIE HUTTON, M.D. Williams & Norgate, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

It is not given to everyone to write attractively about a good piece of work, well done. Dr. Emslie Hutton has known just how to move, to charm, and to entertain her readers, and it is with the heart and brain, and through the eyes of a very charming personality that we follow this Scottish Women's Hospital Unit from France to Salonika

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and Serbia, and then to the Crimea. It is not alone the skill, the indomitable pluck, and the missionary zeal of these women that leaps to us from these pages, but like a golden thread running through the book, is the author's power to note the many sidelights of life. The characteristics of an alien peasantry, the beauties of a new country, the subtle ties between two Highland races, the native music, the wild flowers, harvest time—a clear understanding mind remains acutely aware of it all, even in the midst of a grim typhus epidemic and the appalling responsibility, resolutely faced, of running an improvised hospital, for 400 men, far from the supplies and resources of the base.

Not, indeed, is this a cold statistical history of a brave endeavour, but a lively record of brave, suffering men and wonderful, reliant, ministering women. "Comme des dames sont practiques," said the patients. "Sont des garçons manqués," grunted the taciturn Médicin chef—but with all their skill and their genius for improvisation they never lost a priceless feminine quality and, after the Armistice, in the lonely spaces of Serbia, surrounded by an aftermath of despondency, they turned to our small Ally with a warm maternal gesture, and folded a stricken population in their strong, young arms.

The story of General Wrangel's retreat from the Crimea, and the plight of the White Russians is new perhaps to many, and the last chapters dealing with their history are by no means the least interesting in a most attractive book.

SHIKAR. BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. H. STOCKLEY, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C. Constable. 12s.

In his recent book, "Big Game Shooting in the Indian Empire," Lieut.-Col. Stockley gave much serious and admirable advice to the young officer intent on *shikar*. In the present volume he frankly lets himself go and tells of his own experiences with amazing gusto and sense of enjoyment, and with a literary style that is in every way delightful. One chapter dealing with the life-history of a black bear which ravaged the flock of the Kashmiri herdsmen in a ravine of the Kaj-i-Nag Mountains for four years on end, is in its way a masterpiece, and can only be compared, in its infinite fascination, with Ernest Seton Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted." Lieut.-Col. Stockley is an expert hunter and tracker, a first-class shot, an ardent naturalist, an explorer, and a skilled photographer. He must also be, for he is still on the active list, an artist in the matter of getting leave. His shikar adventures, as recounted in the present book, range from the Himalayas to those glorious blue mountains of southern India, the far-famed Nilgiris, from the "Roof of the World" to the pleasant hunting grounds of Upper Burma, wherein he tracked for days on end that most dangerous of all wild beasts, the "tsine," or wild ox of Burma. There are hunts after Nilgiri Tahr, Markhor, Sind Ibex and Lesser Kudu, and a perfectly delightful chapter which deals with "Quaint Beasts and Queer Habits."

This book, which is admirably illustrated, would make a delightfu present for any man, or boy, for the matter of that.

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FIRST-CLASS POLO. TACTICS AND MATCH PLAY. BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. C. RICKETTS. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 5s.

Field-Marshal Sir George Milne has written a foreword to this admirable little book, and points out that polo is only at its best when played *as a team*. The author, who was No. 3 in the famous Alwar team during the years 1900-1903, propounds a theory of tactics which cannot fail to be of immense value to captains of teams, and more especially regimental teams. These tactics were triumphantly put into practice by the Maharajah's team, and Brig.-General Ricketts has done a real service in putting the system into writing. The book includes a general survey of tactics, the attributes of a good Back, No. 3, No. 2 and No. 1, and some excellent chapters on the Throw-in, Sticks and Hitting, Practice and Captaincy. There are some good explanatory diagrams.

VISCOUNT HALDANE OF CLOAN, O.M. THE MAN AND HIS WORK. BY VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, K.G., SIR CHARLES HARRIS, G.B.E., K.C.B., SIR H. FRANK HEATH, G.B.E., K.C.B., SIR CLAUD SCHUSTER, G.C.B., C.V.O., K.C. Humphry Milford, Oxford University Press. 1s.

This little pamphlet contains four tributes to one of the greatest of our public men and the brief commentaries on Lord Haldane's life-work in various departments are of very great value as an object lesson to the oncoming generation. Lord Haldane's work at the War Office is dealt with by Sir Charles Harris. This brief account of the greatest of our War Secretaries, distinguished alike for his grasp of essentials and for his intuition with regard to the future, might be read with advantage by every soldier who takes a broad outlook on his profession.

MY MYSTERY SHIPS. By Rear-Admiral GORDON CAMPBELL, V.C., D.S.O. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. 20s. net.

One has grown almost accustomed since the war to the appearance of naval reminiscences—and army ones also—written by the chief actors in the various dramas. Yet only when we get down to isolated endeavours and forlorn hopes do we seem to get at the bare unvarnished fact, do we hear of the gallant actions of ships, officers, and men—told without fear or favour, and with that becoming modesty and an admission that there is some good in an enemy. Of this order is most decidedly Admiral Campbell's epic of the mystery ship. Of these vessels we have gained occasional glimpses here and there from other sources, but never have we been permitted to follow the whole course of their progress from collier to mystery ship—and to triumphant victor in evenly matched battle. This book contains much to interest the student of naval war, and as much to interest the general reader. After a brief historical resumé of the precedents for such type of warfare the author proceeds to narrate the manner in which the humble Cardiff

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collier *Loderer* was prepared for the great adventure, and we see clearly the incalculable value of the R.N.R. officer's experience in the assistance rendered by " Mr. Mate "—Lieut. Beswick. The ship's disguise had to be perfect in every detail; not one precaution could be omitted: moreover, various devices were adapted so that the ship's very identity, characteristics and nationality could be changed at will and in a few hours.

So the enthralling narrative proceeds. We read of the end of U68, of the chase of a mine-laying submarine, of the difficulties of a naval officer when faced with handling the actual routine of a cargo boat under the eyes of discriminating port officials—and then the destruction of U83 and the end of H.M.S. Q5. Not content with this record, however, the author proceeded to fit out the *Pargust*—delightful name—and " collect " U29. Finally, we come to the creation of H.M.S. *Dunraven* and her famous fight with her submarine. There can be few more glorious pages in the annals of our naval history than this epic struggle. The author closes his story with a vastly interesting commentary on this form of warfare and one is forced to conclude that, successful though it undoubtedly was, it would have been even more so had we not disclosed our hand by using the " mystery ships " before we had enough of them to shatter the submarine menace at a blow—an error of policy strangely parallel to the premature disclosure of the tank weapon ashore.

Altogether this book is too good to be reviewed—no review could do it ample justice. It is a most valuable addition to the naval history of the war, and a still more valuable chronicle of derring do.

HIS MAJESTY'S COASTGUARD. By FRANK C. BOWEN. Hutchinson & Co. 18s. net.

This well-known but little understood arm of the public service has long merited its historian, and in Mr. Bowen has found someone who fulfils this rôle to perfection. The coastguards of our youth, with their familiar kit—and telescope—and their ever-ready willingness to oblige youngsters with a yarn or details of some distant hull-down ship, have vanished—or rather have been transformed into a new body of men. From its earliest origins—in the days of the old Coast Blockade—Mr. Bowen traces out the amazingly interesting story of the old coastguard force with its developments and vicissitudes and one is forced to realize that this invaluable body of men was for years very much a " nobody's " child. Of the work it did, of its routine and of the conditions it lived under we glean, for the first time, all that there is to be known. We see the creation of the Coastguard as we knew it, we see its growth, the introduction of wireless, the multiplication of its burden of duties cheerfully borne and we see its war-time application to the country's needs. Hastily, we skip the bitter chapter of the tragedy of the Coastguard Force in Ireland during " the trouble," and embark upon the new regime—as yet in its infancy. Mr. Bowen has left no stone unturned to give us the whole facts of each and every

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phase, and is to be congratulated most heartily upon his presentation of a most readable and valuable book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(To be reviewed in the next number.)

UNDER THE RED JACK. BY C. H. J. SNIDER. Martin Hopkinson & Co., Ltd. 12s. 6d.

THE LIFE OF ALCIBIADES. BY E. F. BENSON. Benn. 12s. 6d.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF CANTEENS IN THE BRITISH ARMY. BY THE HON. SIR JOHN FORTESCUE. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

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